CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

I 854
2

HISTORY AND
TRAVEL DEPT.

854 a
2

EXTRACT FROM RULES.

27-Books may be retained two weeks and may be ONCE renewed for the same period.

30-A fine of three cents a day shall be paid on each work, whether bound in one or more volumes, which is not returned according to the provisions of the preceding rules ... and no other book will be delivered to the party incurring the fine until it is paid

EXTRACTS FROM CITY ORDINANCE.

SEC. 1162-Any person who shall willfully or maliciously cut, write upon, injure, deface, tear or destroy any Book, Newspaper, Plate, Picture, Engraving, or other thing of value belonging to the Chicago Public Library, or any of its branches, shall be fined not less than $5.00, nor more than $50.00 for every such offense.

FOR REFERENCE USE ONLY

# THE IDLER

IN

# ITALY.

VOL. II.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/idlerinitalyseco0002coun

# THE IDLER

IN

# ITALY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1839.

DISCARD

I. 854
2

LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS,
Stamford Street.

12612

# CONTENTS

OF THE

# SECOND VOLUME.


FLORENCE.—The Medici — Associations—Architecture—Piazza del Gran Duca—Palazzo Vecchio—Gualdrada—Her Story—Giovanni Buondelmonte—Climate of England and Italy contrasted—Villas—The Cascine—Gallery—Venus de' Medici—Titian's Venus—Dancing Faun—Niobe and her Daughters—Wrestlers—Apollino—The Arrotino—Heroes of Antiquity—Mercury of John of Bologna—Raphael—Titian—Michael Angelo—Endymion of Guercino—Parmegiano—Correggio—Benvenuto Cellini—Gabinetto Fisico—Cosway—His Paradoxes—Laurentian Library—Church of Santa Croce—Fæsole—Milton—Galileo — Boccaccio — Cathedral — Church of Santa Maria Novella—Friendship between Boccaccio and Petrarch—Palazzo Pitti—Luther—Salvator Rosa—Vandyke—Bronzino—Canova's Venus—Associations of the Pitti Palace—Cosimo, First Duke of Medici—Eleonore de' Toledo—Duke of Ferrara—Cardinal John—Don Garcia—Countess of Albany—James Stuart—Alfieri—Similarity between him and Byron—Capelli dei Depositi—Sacrista Nuova—Bartolini's Studio—Love of the English for Portraits and Busts ..... Pages 1—37

SIENA.—Cathedral—Pope Joan—Chiaji Chapel—Earthquakes of 1797—Popes Gregory VII. and Alexander III..... 37—43

RADICOFANI.—Buon Convento, scene of the Poisoning of the Emperor Henry VII. by a Friar, at the Sacrament—Lake Bolseno—Brigand Cavern—Orvieto—Montefiascone—Viterbo—Funeral .... 43—45

ROME.—First View—Corso—Mournful Contemplations—Coliseum by Moonlight — Duchess of Devonshire — St. Peter's — Museum of the Vatican — Apollo Belvidere—Pantheon—the City from the Monte Pincio — Villa Borghese — Capitol — Dying Gladiator—Museum of the Vatican by Torchlight—The Pope—Cardinal Gonsalvi—Villa of Princess Pauline Borghese—The Heart of General Le Clerc—Driven from Rome by the oppressive Heat..... 45—58

TERRACINA.—Tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii—Take an Escort at Velletri—Their Appearance and Fears—Pontine Marshes—Associations with the Æneid and Odyssey—Castle of Theodoric .. 58—61

MOLA DI GAETA.—Albergo di Cicerone—Site of Cicero's Formianum—Spot where he was Murdered — Unburied Corpse of the Constable de Bourbon—Basso Relievo by Salpion, an Athenian Sculptor..... 61—64

NAPLES.—First View—Campo Santo—Bay—House-hunting—Gaiety of the Streets at Night—Vesuvius—Engage the Palazzo Belvedere, at Vomero—Drives—Grotto di Posilippo—Chiaja—The King—Prince and Princess of Salerno—Princess Christine—Description of the Palazzo Belvedere—Neapolitan Cooks supply Family Repasts at a stipulated Price per Head—Sir William and Lady Drummond —Sir William Gell—Hon. K. Craven—Mr. Hamilton, Minister to Naples — Colonel Chaloner Biss—The Abbé — The Mole—The Itinerant Filosofo—Polichinel *versus* the Monk—Hon. R. Grosvenor—Beauty of the Women—Duchess di Forli—Princess Trecazi —Princess Centella—Prince and Princess of Belvedere—Museo Borbonico—Principessa Partano—Left-handed Marriages of Princes—Villa Floridiana—Italian Servants—Strong Perfume of Flowers in Italy—Prince Buttera—Palace at Capo di Monti—Tomb of Virgil —Grave of a nameless Englishman—Monument to a Lap-dog !— Inscription on a Stone Bench near the Tomb of Virgil—Palazzo Portici—Madame Murat, Ex-queen of Naples—Portraits—Murat and his Wife endeared to the Neapolitans—King of Naples— Anecdote of Him—Pozzuoli and Bay—Lower Class of Neapolitans —Effect of Climate on the Women—Violent Thunder and Lightning Storm—Bed of Princess Christine struck by Lightning—Her Courage—Sir William Gell—Grotto de' Cani—Daily Cruelty to a Dog—Lago d' Agnano—Lucullus—The Pisciarelli—Mr. Mathias, Author of "Pursuits of Literature"—His Peculiarities—Anecdotes —The Opera — The Royal Box — Admiration of the Princess

Christine by the young Nobles resented by the King—Fodore and Lablache—Italian and English Audiences — Sir William Drummond contrasted with Sir William Gell — Museo Borbonico—Amusing Observation by an English Girl—Cumæ—Grot of the Sibyl—Lucrine Lake—Streets of Naples—Lower Classes—Partiality of Neapolitans for Theatrical Exhibitions—Palazzo Favorita—Personal Appearance of the King—His Simplicity and Distaste for Parade—Archbishop of Tarentum—Pompeii—Accompanied by Sir William Gell—Lines to Pompeii—Forum Vinalia—*Recherché* Collation—Sir William on Luxurious Habits of the English—Italian Noble's Remark on English *Hauteur*—Inadequacy of Descriptions in Writing—The New-born Infant—A Family Scene—Museo Borbonico—Procession of the Fête de St. Maria Piedigrotta — Difference in London and Neapolitan Populace towards Majesty—Herculaneum—Accompanied by Sir William Gell—Museum at Portici—Ceremony of the Miracles of St. Januarius—Anecdote concerning the Liquefaction of the Blood—Ceremony of Ordination—Church of St. Januarius — General Sir Andrew Barnard—Campo Santo—Piazzi—Abbé Monticelli—Archbishop of Tarentum—Duc di Rocco Romano—Neapolitan Ladies—Sir William Gell—Sir William Drummond—Hon. Keppel Craven—Lord Guildford—His Devotion to the Greeks—*Brazeros*—Count, now Prince, Paul Lieven—Mr. Richard Williams—Prince L. —Lord Ashley—Mr. Evelyn Denison—The New Year—Signor Salvaggi—Duc di Cazarano and Marchese Giuliano—Their Devotion to Murat — Carnival—Singular Mode of dispensing Bons-bons—Drowning of Miss Bathurst at Rome—Fatality in her Family—Strange Disappearance of her Father—Her Body never found—Dragging the Tiber—Victims of Assassination—Disregard for Life in Italy—Violent Impulses of Italians—General Remarks on the Environs — Lord Dudley and Ward — His Eccentricity — Lord Howden—Mr. Cradock—Mr. George Howard ..... 64—167

ENVIRONS OF NAPLES.—Salerno—Nocera di Pagani—La Cava—Entrance to Salerno—The Cathedral—Subterranean Church—The Bay—Italian Language barbarous when uttered by the Lower Classes—Pæstum—Temples of Neptune and Ceres—Mr. George Howard's Poem on Pæstum—Mr. Charles Mathews—His Imitations of Italian Mendicants—Neapolitan Boatmen—Amalfi—Manufacture of Maccaroni—The Amalfians—Chair-bearers—Gragnano —Beauty of its Women—Castellamare—Torre di Patria—Beauty

of the Women—Sir William Drummond's "Origines"—Villa Gallo, at Capo di Monte—Lord Dudley's Opinion of Lord Ashley—Lord Ponsonby—Beneventum—Mr. Charles Mathews's Imitations—Vesuvius—*Milor* Grandorge—Opinion that the English are all Shop-keepers—Lachryma Christi—The Fat Englishman—The Ascent—The Descent—Albums of the Hermitage—Inscriptions ..... 168—208

Naples, *continued.*—Death of Lord Byron—Lines on his Death—Lines to his Memory—Hon. Keppel Craven—Other English Travellers—Mr. Mathias and the imprisoned Bird—Mr. J. Strangways and Mr. H. Baillie—Young Men of the present Day—Duke of Rocco Romano and Prince Ischittella—Accomplishments of the Neapolitans—The Ladies—Their Freedom from Coquetry—Mr. Millingen—The Bolivar Yacht—View from the Bay—Mr. Herschel—American Fleet—Mr. Livingstone—Island of Caprea—Ana-Capri—"Sympatia" of the Caprians—Arrival of Maria-Louise—Her Appearance—Conduct to her Husband contrasted with that of Princess Catherine of Wirtemburg—Water-fête to Maria-Louise—H. M. Ship Revenge—Admiral Sir Harry Neale—Commodore Crichton—Son of Captain Deacon—Mr. Wemyss—Italian Lady's comparison between Sir William Drummond and Sir William Gell—Mr. Hamilton, Neapolitan Minister—Island of Ischia—Mr. J. Strangways—Hermit of Monte d'Epopeo—Taste of the Lower Classes for Buffoonery—Nightly Music—Fête-dress of the Ischians—Island of Procida—Promontory and Plain of Sorrento—Authoress leaves Belvedere Palace for Villa Gallo—Mr. Henry Baillie—Two Captains Dundas—H. M. S. Cambrian—Commodore Hamilton—Mr. Henry Fox—Mr. J. Townshend—H. M. Ship Sibyl—Captain Pechel—Midshipmen Howard and Tollemache—Family of Count Camaldoli—General Church—General Florestan Pepe—Filangieri, Prince Satriano—Duc and Duchess de ——— —Ladies of the Ricciardi Family—Murder of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt by Brigands—Death of the King of Naples—Lying in State—Silver Tears on Hangings—The Fortunate Dreamer—The Disappointment—Neapolitans addicted to Lotteries—Lunatic Asylum at Aversa—The Patients—The Rival Sovereigns—The Priest—Mr. Cutlar Fergusson—Leoni, the Improvisatore—His extempore Sonnet on the Death of Lord Byron—Mr. Henry Fox—Sir Wm. Gell's Gout and Cheerfulness—Mr. Richard Westmacott—Mr. Uwins—Annual Exhibition of the Dead in the Church of Santa Chiara—Impressions it

produces—Remarks of Spectators—Duc de Fitzjames—Dinner at Archbishop of Tarentum's—Son Altesse Royale, Prince Gustave of Mecklenbourg Schwerin — Count Beckendorff — Casimir de la Vigne—Arrangement of Neapolitan Dinner-tables — Neapolitan Dishes—Piazzi's Remarks on the Herschels—On the Merging of Ancient Titles — Prince Satriano—His Parents—Casimir de la Vigne—His "Columbus"—Colonel Hugh Baillie—Madame Nicola —Her Father, Comte Francesco Puoti—Regrets on leaving Naples —Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, jun. and his Cousin—Anecdotes of young English Gentlemen—Of a Neapolitan—Leave-taking—Archbishop of Tarentum—Piazzi—Monticelli—The Ricciardis—Salvaggi —Rocco Romano—Filangieri—Pepe—Ischitella—Cazarano—Puoti —St. Angelo—English and Italian Friendship contrasted 208—281

Rome.—Mr. Mill's Villa on Mount Palatine—Mr. and Mrs. Dodwell —Le Comte Alexandre De la Borde and his Son—Mr. Jerningham —Mr. B. Gurdon—Kind-heartedness of the Italians—Their interest in Mr. Moore, an English Valetudinarian ..... 281—285

Florence.—Lord and Lady Normanby—Mr. Henry Anson —Marquis de la Maison Forte, French Minister—Marquise d'Esmengard— Mr. Francis Hare—M. de Lamartine—His Appearance and Manners—His Wife and Child—Lord Dillon—Lady Dillon and Daughter—Demidoff, the Russian Crœsus..... 285—289

Genoa.—Vividly recalls Byron—Mr. Barry's Byron MSS.—Byron's Lampoons—Lord John Russell—His Social Character . 289—291

Pisa.—Duc and Duchesse de Guiche—M. de Lamartine—The Cascina—Barbarous Mode of changing Foreign Names of Places— Pleasures of Pisa—Curious Clause in Agreement for a House— Objectionable Clause withdrawn—Lung' Arno—Lanfranchi Palace —Lanfreducci Palace—The Spina of Giovanni di Pisano—*Naïve* Request of an English Lady—Signor Anguillesi—Professor Rossini —Greek Colony—Prince Michael Soutzo—The Princess—Archbishop of Mitylene—Monsieur Mostras—Reunions at Pisa—Count Pozzo di Borgo, Nephew to the Ambassador—The Countess— Count and Countess de Maestre—Private Theatricals—Death of the Duke of York—His Character—Carnival—Sir David Wilkie— Elegant Compliment to the Duchesse de Guiche—Mr. Lister, Author of "Granby"—Visit to Leghorn—English Cemetery—Tomb of Horner—Smollett's Grave—Singular Epitaph—Prince and Princess

Carragia—Their splendid Jewels—Dinner at Archbishop of Mitylene's—Dinner in the Forest—The Pisano ..... 292—309

Florence.—Beauty of its Flowers—Walter Savage Landor—His Appearance and Genius—Casa Pecori—Landor's *real* Conversations—Duc de Richelieu—Prince Borghese—His Obesity—Princess Pauline—Her Suit for Restitution of Conjugal Rights—Its Consequences—Mr. Hallam—Lord Lilford..... 309—319

Rome.—House-hunting—Palazzo Negroni—Convenience of a Fourgon—English and English Shops—Duc de Laval Montmorenci—His Forgetfulness—Lord Howick—Mr. Wood—Besetting Sin of Young Englishmen—Mr. Hallam—Mr. Terrick Hamilton, Author of "Antar"—Sir William Drummond—His altered Appearance—*Bal Masqué* at the Duchesse de Bracciano's—Duchesse de St. Leu—Prince de Montford, Ex-King of Westphalia—Princesse de Montford—Mr. J. Steuart—Lord King—Count Funchal—Marchesa Couzani—Dreadful Accident to her Child—St. Peter's—Duchesse de St. Leu—Her Conversational Tact—Her Diamonds—Marchesa Camarata, Daughter of Princess Eliza Bacciocci—Prince Louis Bonaparte—Romances and Music of Duchesse de St. Leu—Her Heroic Character—Presents the Authoress with a Turquoise and Diamond Ring worn by Empress Josephine—Château de Bracciano—Ghost Stories—Sir William Gell's Nervousness—Deserted Village of Galleria—Mr. Hope, Son of the Author of "Anastatius"—Comparison between clever Fathers and their Sons—Madame Letitia Bonaparte—*Madame Mère*—Her Sensibility—Colonel Tiburce Sebastiani's Account of the singular Manner of Napoleon's Birth—His Account of Madame Bonaparte—Affecting Anecdote of Napoleon and his Mother—Prince and Princesse de Montford, Ex-King and Queen of Westphalia—Their Palace—Their Memorials of Napoleon — The Princess contrasted with Maria-Louise—La Contessa Guiccioli—Her Appearance—Leave Rome—Conclusion ..... 319—358

THE

# IDLER IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, *8th June*.—The approach is imposing, and prepares one for the grandeur and beauty of a town that surpasses my expectations; much as they had been raised by the various descriptions I had heard and read of it. A thousand associations of the olden time recur to memory on viewing this noble city. The Medici, those merchant princes to some few of whom Florence owed so much, from Cosimo, the *Padre della Patria*, to the licentious, depraved and banished Alexander, seem to be brought before us with an identity that they never were invested with while we perused their histories in cold and distant lands. Through the streets which we now pass paced many a brave and many a dark spirit, "fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil;" and many a branch of that family, the catalogue of whose crimes, as given by the old historians, forms one of the darkest that ever made a reader shudder. Here was born Catherine and Mary de Medici, whose ambition, and reckless mode of satisfying it, have

furnished so many atrocities to the page of history; and here figured Bianca Capella, more fair than chaste, whose tragic death formed a dramatic sequel to her romantic story.

Here shone the lovely Elenore of Toledo, niece to the grand-duchess of that name, and wife to her profligate son, Don Pietro de Medici; who, suspecting her virtue, removed her to Caffaggioli, a country residence of his family, and there plunged a dagger in the heart he had alienated from him by a series of actions of the most open depravity. This crime was acknowledged by Francisco, his brother, then reigning duke, to Philip of Spain, who took no steps to punish it; notwithstanding that the family of the murdered victim, and in particular the Duke of Alba, evinced their just abhorrence and indignation at the ruthless deed.

Here, too, dwelt the beautiful Isabella de Medici, daughter of Cosmo I., and wife to Paul Orsini, Duke of Bracciano. The rare personal attractions, and still more rare mental endowments, of this lovely and ill-fated woman, rendered her the universal favourite, as well as the acknowledged ornament of the Tuscan court. Fondly beloved by her father, he encouraged, rather than censured, her unwillingness to leave Florence, where she continued to reside until his death, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of her husband to induce her to accompany him to his home. Soon after the accession of Francisco, Orsini, maddened by the general admiration which his beautiful wife excited, and more especially by his jealousy of Troilus Ursino, a relative of his own, arrived at the court after a long absence from Florence. He pressed her with such a

show of affection to accompany him to a residence of his, named Cerreto, that she yielded to his request, though not, as it is said, without a presentiment of danger; and was strangled by him while he feigned to embrace her. How are the annals of the house of Medici stained with crime, and how vividly are they recalled to memory when beholding their abodes!

Yes, Florence is rich in associations. Poets, statesmen, historians, sculptors, and painters, whose works still charm us, have bequeathed names to her that recall great and delightful images to our minds; and we forget the actual present in dreamy reveries of the past. The old structures, too, that seem built to bid defiance to the ruthless destroyer, Time, take us back to their founders, and we people them anew, in imagination, with a race long passed away. Each of the palazzos remind one of their original destination, when *strength* was considered so requisite an essential in the dwellings of men not unfrequently exposed to the violence of factious feuds and foreign aggression. There is something peculiarly interesting in the appearance of these dwellings, half fortresses and half palaces. They are fraught with the history of other times, and are models of massive grandeur. I admire the Tuscan style of architecture, its broad masses and rustic bases, its deep cornices and solid architraves. Each mansion presents a picture of feudal power, in which good taste was not neglected.

*9th.*—I feel so much pleasure in wandering about the streets, that I have no inclination to visit the galleries until the effect of the first novelty of this

place has subsided. The *Piazza del Gran Duca* is a delicious spot to saunter through; and the portico, which occupies one side of it, may be gazed on for hours with admiration. Here is the Judith of Donatelli, represented decapitating Holofernes, admirably executed in bronze; the Rape of the Sabines, in marble; and the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, so much and so justly celebrated. Who can look on this noble statue without remembering the obstacles and difficulties under which that great artist and eccentric man executed it? difficulties so graphically detailed by his own pen. The Palazzo Vecchio stands at the corner of the Piazza, and forms a fine feature in the picture. Here passed the most stirring events of a period pregnant with all the virtues and crimes that mark the struggle between the defenders and assailants of liberty. In front of the entrance to this massive structure are placed the colossal statues of David and Hercules; the first by Michael Angelo, and the second by Bandinelli. How powerfully does the David display the fearless genius that created it! —a genius that seems to have delighted in difficulties, and who loved to call into play every nerve and muscle of the frame he was forming. Michael Angelo was prodigal in his display of muscular power in his statues, and not unfrequently impaired the grandeur of their effect by it.

10*th*.—In no place have my thoughts been carried back to the past so forcibly as at Florence. The contests between the Bianchi and the Neri, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, their sanguinary feuds and reckless violence, seem as if not of recent date,

when I beheld the scenes where they occurred. The chaste and stately Gualdrada, referred to by Dante when noticing her grandson Guidoguena,

"Nepote fu della buona Gualdrada,"

seemed to glide past in all the majesty of her beauty. It was of this lady that the story is related, that when the Emperor Otho IV. was present at a festival in Florence, he was struck with her rare beauty, and inquired who she was; when her father had the baseness to answer, that she was the daughter of one who, if it was his majesty's pleasure, would make her admit the honour of his salute. On overhearing this speech, she arose from her seat, and blushing, desired her father to be less liberal in his offers, for that no man should ever be allowed that favour except him who should be her husband. The emperor was delighted by her resolute modesty, and calling to him Guido, one of the bravest of his barons, gave her to him in marriage, raised him to the rank of count, and bestowed on him Cresentino and a part of the territory of Romagna as her portion. I quote the story from memory, having read it in the notes to Dante long ago.

Where is the spot in Florence that has not been stained by the blood of her hostile sons, unnaturally waging war against each other, for that omnipotent tempter and polluter of the human heart, power! Yet who does not turn from such associations to repose on gentler ones, and to dwell with a sigh of pity on the victims to such fatal feuds?

The young and brave Giovanni Buondelmonte

whose life paid the forfeit of his broken vows; when forgetful of his engagement to a fair scion of the house of Amidei, he yielded to the lighter charms of one of the Donati; and was murdered by the vengeful brothers of the deserted lady while yet a bridegroom. The divine Dante, the Shakspeare of Italy, has noticed these unhappy nuptials, which were followed by so long a series of bloodshed, and led to the war between the Guelphs and Ghibellines.

> "Ricorderati anche del Mosca,*
> Che dissi, lasso, capo ha cosa fatta,
> Che fu'l mal seme della gente Tosca."

Numberless works, perused long years ago, are brought back most vividly to memory, as I saunter through the places where the scenes they described were enacted; and it seems as if youth and its memories were renewed by the vividness with which the histories that then excited such a thrilling interest are recalled to the mind.

11*th*.—The flowers of Florence are considered among the most beautiful of Italy; and grow so abundantly in the environs, that the rarest, or at least those considered the rarest in our colder clime, may here be purchased for a trifle. This is a luxury to one so fond of these summer visitants as I am;

* Mosca degli Uberti was the person who persuaded the kinsmen of the Amidei family to the assassination of Buondelmonte. "Disse che chi pensava assai cose, non ne conchindeva mai alcuna, dicendo quella trista e nota sentenza, Cosa fatta Capo ha."—*Machiavelli.*

"Questa morte fu la cazione e cominciamento della maladette parti Guelfa e Ghibellina in Firenze.—*G. Villani.*

and as I look at the tables and consoles piled with them, I feel that I am indeed in a more genial, though always less beloved, land than mine own. Dear, dear England, why, with so many blessings, are sunshine and equality of climate denied thee? Why are thy children exposed to such frequent and sudden changes of the atmosphere as to impair, if not destroy health?—one hour offering us the semblance of summer, and the next chilling with the blast of winter? Well might my friend John William Warde write from London, that "the summer had set in with its usual severity." Yet there are people who maintain that ours is by no means a bad climate; but these are doctors and apothecaries who live by it; or wine merchants whose cellars are emptied in the vain and pernicious effort to counteract its effects. To me it is delightful to sit on an open terrace or balcony enjoying the balmy night air, unshawled and unpelissed, and feel it gently waving my hair, and steeping my brow with its freshness. In England a catarrh or rheumatism would be the inevitable result of such an imprudence; for the dews of night refreshing the earth, though a pretty image for a sonnet, is rather a dangerous ordeal for a delicate constitution.

The nights are delicious at Florence. The moon, reflected as in a mirror, on the placid Arno; the spires and towers that rise at every side silvered with its rays; and the sounds of the guitar continually passing and repassing on the Lung-Arno, gave an indescribable charm to them, which appears to be felt alike by all classes, if I may judge by the numbers of persons

in the streets. The upper class refresh themselves after the Opera with a drive along the Lung-Arno; and the working class, who have been pent in during the day, stroll forth with a guitar, and a companion or two, to serenade some humble beauty; or for the mere pleasure of hearing their own music in the fresh air of these balmy nights.

12*th*.—The view of Florence from any of the hills that surround it is beautiful. The mixture of the brightest foliage with the most picturesque buildings, and the blue Arno winding through land, rich in the most luxuriant vegetation, now hiding itself behind a vineyard or olive grove, and then becoming revealed as it glides between fields of waving corn or verdant grass, constitutes one of the most lovely features of the scene. The Apennines have a fine effect in the distance; and look as if placed by nature to guard this favoured spot from the assaults of rude blasts, or to imprison the genial heat that renders its soil so luxuriant.

There are a number of pretty villas in the immediate vicinity of Florence, embowered by trees and flowering shrubs; and such is the clearness and purity of the atmosphere, that they can be seen at a considerable distance. The Cascine is one of the prettiest drives imaginable, and is well attended in the evenings by neatly appointed equipages, very different to the obsolete leathern conveyances I remarked at Lucca. The Florentines have adopted many of the English improvements in carriages introduced into the city by our popular minister to their court, Lord Burghersh; and the not less popular Lord Normanby,

whose elegant hospitalities have made a most favourable impression on them. The Cascine is to Florence what Hyde Park is to London, or the Bois de Boulogne to Paris,—the fashionable lounge; where smart equipages and beauties are displayed, acquaintances met, and fine horses and their riders seen. This difference, however, exists between them: bouquets are sold and given—the news of the day repeated—and the *soirée* of the previous one discussed, or the coming one arranged: for at the Cascine the carriages are all drawn up *en masse*, so that the inmates may talk to, or convey messages to their acquaintance. The gentlemen ride from carriage to carriage dressed *à-l'Anglaise;* and are only to be distinguished from my countrymen by a greater display of politeness than the latter generally exhibit. The hat is held *off* the head, and the head is lowered an inch or two more when bowing to a lady than is that of an Englishman; and the countenance wears a profounder air of respectful homage. The less frequented part of the Cascine presents a very agreeable drive. The verdure of the grass, the luxuriance of the foliage, and the abundance of pheasants and hares that run across the green glades to hide themselves in the leafy coverts, make one fancy one's-self many miles from a populous city The Arno winds along one side of this beautiful park, and a delightful walk is formed on its bank.

14*th*.—There are few pleasures more fatiguing than that of viewing an extensive gallery of fine works of art. And the more gratified the mind has been by the objects, the greater is the sense of exhaustion experienced. I spent a considerable portion of yesterday

in the gallery, and left it with my memory filled to overflowing with a chaotic mass of bright hues and finely-chisselled forms, out of which only a few objects stood forth distinctly; but these are deeply engraved on my memory. Much as I have been accustomed to see good casts from the statue, the Medicean Venus surprised as well as charmed me. There is a purity, a modesty in this inimitable work, that precludes the feelings of embarrassment with which women contemplate a nude statue in the presence of men. It is the personification of ideal loveliness, refined and spiritualized from every indication of human passion,—coldly, chastely beautiful. Not so is the celebrated picture of the Venus by Titian, which is placed immediately behind it, forming a violent contrast to its celestial-looking neighbour. This glowing picture is all of earth, its beauty being wholly voluptuous, unredeemed by any expression of intellectual refinement. Titian should have painted the Cupid Anteros by her side, to indicate that hers is the beauty that enchains the senses only; yet, on reflection, this allegorical indication is not necessary, for the whole picture explains it, breathing an atmosphere of sensuality. The Venus de' Medici must always charm women; the Venus of Titian, men.

15*th*.—I have been again to the gallery, and am amazed and delighted with the treasures it contains. The Dancing Faun peculiarly struck me: never was movement more happily expressed; it seems to stagger in the dance, half intoxicated by the juice of the grape and the excitement of the motion. The Niobe and her Daughters arrested my attention for a consi-

derable time. The despair and anguish of the mother is finely expressed, but the daughters appeared to me somewhat cold and affected; as if thinking, like Cæsar, of dying with decent dignity. But the task of giving diversity and truth to sixteen expiring female figures was so difficult, that one cannot be surprised if the artist has not been quite successful; and the exquisite execution of the mother redeems the less happily-finished daughters. I again contemplated the Venus de' Medici, and found my admiration of it increased instead of being diminished. Such is its exquisite beauty, that the eye turns from the admirable statues that surround it, to dwell on this *chef-d'œuvre*. The Wrestlers, the Arrotino, the Apollino, and the Dancing Faun before noticed, are placed around the Venus. The Wrestlers display all the development of muscles and veins that their occupation requires; but as I am neither an amateur of wrestling nor a connoisseur of anatomy, this group afforded me little pleasure, although willing to admit its acknowledged merit. The Apollino is more expressive of grace than power; and as we imagine a combination of the two in the god, I was somewhat disappointed in looking for it in vain in this tasteful statue. The Arrotino has led to so many and unsatisfactory opinions among the cognoscenti, as to its true denomination and destination, that whether it be a *rémouleur*, slave, barber, or spy, I leave to those more interested in such important matters to decide. Every year furnishes some new and fanciful hypothesis on this point; each maintained with no little warmth and pertinacity by its supporters. The excellence of the work is often overlooked in the angry

discussions to which the intention of the artist who designed it gives rise; for antiquarians are more prone to engage in hypothetical dissertations, to display their own *savoir,* than to render justice to art. I might fill whole pages with the various opinions, and the as various reasons for entertaining them, which are circulated in relation to this statue; but a perusal of some, and the oral communication of others which I have been most reluctantly condemned to hear, have sufficiently fatigued my patience to deprive me of all inclination to commit any of them to paper.

16*th.*—Again at the gallery, making acquaintance with the faces of the Heroes of Antiquity, and comparing the expression of their countenances with the notion I had formed of them from a perusal of their histories. Alexander's physiognomy bears the impress of the impatience attributed to him, an impatience which cost Clytus his life. Cæsar's looks less vainglorious, but more sensual. Pompey's countenance is an interesting one; and there is that in it, which was said to have been remarked in Charles I., namely, a mournful expression, as if occasioned by a presentiment of his fate. Trajan's is a stern face; the forehead low, and the features large and not finely formed: nevertheless, it is not unpleasing, and I looked in vain for any indication in it of that severity which he exercised towards the Christians; unless it might be found in the compression of the brow, which is indicative of a want of liberality of mind. My companions were amused at my fanciful hypotheses on physiognomy, and asserted that they were founded on the well-known characters of the persons on whose faces I pronounced.

Yet, notwithstanding their *plaisanteries*, I maintained my opinion—like a woman, and an obstinate one too; and not the less pertinaciously because my argument was based only on fancy. Caligula and Nero were pointed out to me as proofs of the falsity of my system; for neither, it was asserted, bore in their countenances any mark of the cruelty that stained their lives. But I think differently; although I cannot go all the length of the writer of the "Galerie Royale et Impériale," who observes of Caligula, "*Il avait une pâleur habituelle, que le marbre semble indiquer.*" I confess I did not discover more than the ordinary whiteness of marble; but paleness being considered a certain indication of cruelty, and Robespierre having been reckoned the palest man in France, the tint may be taken as a type of this vice, when the features fail to support the system of the physiognomist.—The Mercury of John of Bologna is the very personification of lightness and grace. It looks as if it had only alighted on earth for a minute, and that the next breath of air would waft it to the skies. There is buoyancy, if not motion, in the whole figure.

17*th*.—Sauntering through galleries, filled with the finest works of art, during the mornings; wandering in the afternoon through streets, to nearly each palace of which is attached some stirring history connected with the past; and driving in the evenings in the beautiful environs of this charming city, is a delicious manner of passing one's time. The mind awakens to a new sense of enjoyment, and becomes conscious of an increased capacity for appreciating the various objects that delight, while they expand

it. The novelty of the scenes, and the zest with which they are enjoyed, brings back the feelings of youth; feelings so soon blunted when we continue to dwell in the same routine of life, and habituate ourselves to reflect only on what immediately surrounds us. The viewing other countries, and the treasures they contain, with the pleasant vista in prospective of returning to one's native land, with a memory stored with agreeable images and recollections, is surely a happy condition. But even this is not without alloy; for how often, when most charmed, do we sigh for the presence of those dear to us at home, who would have enhanced our pleasures by partaking them.

What striking contrasts, when mutually compared, do the pictures of Raphael and Titian offer! yet each so beautiful in its respective style; the first realizing the ideal of female purity and softness, amounting nearly to celestial loveliness; the second all the voluptuousness of earth-born, earth-loving woman. The Madonnas of Raphael have all the simplicity of innocence, mingled with an expression of maternal tenderness, that no other painter ever yet succeeded in portraying. To these creations of his exquisite pencil, he carefully avoided giving any resemblance of the Fornarina, whose picture, painted *con amore* by her lover, respires the passionate, but unintellectual beauty, that chained his heart to earth, but precluded not his imagination from personifying the purity worthy of Heaven. Raphael could paint both styles of beauty equally well; while Titian's peculiar excellence lay only in the portraiture of the voluptuous. I refer of course only to his female portraits; for his male pic-

tures have all the dignity and expression of intellectual power that art of the highest kind can give. A holy Family by Michael Angelo is, by connoisseurs, pronounced to be a *chef-d'œuvre*; but is, to my taste, far from being a pleasing picture. It looks hard and laboured in the colouring; although the drawing is, like all his works, full of spirit and force. The Endymion, by Guercino, is charming; and I noticed a group of young ladies descanting on its merits with all the gusto of amateurs, and the science of experienced artists. How much Parmegiano loses in estimation, when his pictures are placed near those of Coreggio! the latter all natural grace; the former too often straining at effect by attitudes full of affectation. Parmegiano imparted his own mannerism to every subject on which he worked; and yet some of his pictures have charming things in them. I like them too, because they remind me of some of Cosway's beautiful drawings, who almost redeemed the affectation of which he was accused, by the elegance with which he invested it.

19*th*.—The more I frequent the gallery, the more do its treasures delight me. When I behold the bright tints and glorious forms glowing as freshly as if centuries had not elapsed since they were first executed, I can hardly fancy that the cunning hands that have given them to posterity, are long mouldered in the dust, and the models from which they worked, mingled with their native clay. Beautiful art! that snatches loveliness from the rude grasp of all devouring time, and transmits to us the charms that inspired genius to work such prodigies. We seem to commune

with the mighty dead, when we look round on the works they have left us. Here are the triumphs, for which they laboured through a life often poisoned by disappointments, and clouded by cares. The reward that incited them to achieve these *chefs-d'œuvre*, if it failed to reach them when living, has at least been lavishly accorded to them since their deaths; and each succeeding year exhibits increasing crowds of strangers flocking from remote corners of the earth to dwell with delight on their works, and to offer the tribute of affection and reverence to the master-spirits who created them. Raphael, Titian, Coreggio, and a host of others, are no longer names vaguely known to us; but are regarded as the hosts, if not the friends, who have bidden us to banquets, where we have richly feasted, and laid by a store of grateful and beautiful recollections.

20*th*.—Examined the cabinet near the Tribune, appropriated to the *bijouteries* of the fifteenth century, some portions of which, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, are exquisitely beautiful; and all as costly as precious stones, gold, and rare workmanship can render them. Earth and ocean seem to have been ransacked to enrich this collection of Lilliputian treasures; which look as if formed to gratify the caprices of some spoilt child of royalty. What profanation of genius thus to employ it! when the hands that modelled the beautiful trifles that resemble fairy gifts, which I this day saw, possessed the power of producing the Perseus and the Medusa. Benvenuto Cellini, in his Memoirs, says, "the Duchess* was lavish of her caresses to me, and

* Elenore de Toledo, wife of Cosmo I.

would gladly have had me work for her alone, and neglect the statue of Perseus, and everything else." But although I reflect with regret on the time of a genius like Cellini having been frittered away on the *bijouterie* I beheld to day, I confess that, with the admiration of my sex for such gems, I was inclined to covet their possession; and more than once wished that they were safely lodged in a certain antique cabinet, in a certain boudoir, in a certain mansion, in St. James' Square.

This rare and beautiful collection contains vases of the most delicate proportions, formed of the precious metals, and of lapis-lazuli, onyx, sardonyx, agate, malachite, jasper, porphyry, and rock crystal, enriched with gold arabesque work, in which are set diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. The whole looks as if meant to decorate the palace of some baby king, not yet out of petticoats; rather than that of persons arrived at full maturity. Such exquisite toys seem as if made to be presented to a fairy queen, and might well justify the longing of an earth-born one. What imperial lady might not desire to possess the golden vase designed by Benvenuto Cellini, and executed by the brothers Giovanni Paolo, and Domenico Poggini, which he describes as follows—"I set them to make a little golden vase, wrought with a basso-rilievo of figures and other ornaments; this belonged to the Duchess, and her Excellency had it to drink water out of." Well might the Duchess have told him, when he brought her the diamond purchased of his enemy, Bernardone Baldini, that she set as high a value on the work as on the diamond, which cost twenty-five

thousand crowns. Yet this same work, as Benvenuto relates, they (the Duke and Duchess) had afterwards taken from it, that the jewel might be re-set by a German, or other foreigner, in compliance with the suggestion of the envious Bernardone. No wonder that, after having experienced the princely condescension and courtesy of the chivalrous Francis I., of France, the proud and fiery nature of Benvenuto chafed beneath the indignities heaped on him by the *tracasseries* of the Florentine court.

21*st.*—I entered the Gabinetto Fisico to-day, and though I only remained a few minutes in it, I carried away a sense of loathing that has not yet left me. Surely some restriction should exist to preclude women and men from examining these models together! I entered with a female companion only, but retreated when I observed men and women, some of them, too, young ones, contemplating objects which, although highly useful for scientific purposes, are certainly of a character unfit for this promiscuous exhibition. It is meet that we should know that we are fearfully and wonderfully created; but not that we should witness the disgusting details of the animal economy in all its hideous and appalling nakedness and truth. What a lesson for personal vanity does this exhibition convey! yet probably few view it in this light. For me, I fear that its fearful images will recur to my memory when I behold some creature, in the zenith of youth and beauty, who almost believes she is not formed of the perilous stuff so shockingly delineated in the Gabinetto Fisico.

22*nd.*—Paused to-day before the portrait of my

old friend Cosway, which is among those of the artists who have presented their resemblances to the gallery. Poor Cosway! how like, and yet how unlike, the original is this picture Idealized, and Parmegianoed even as much as those charming female portraits he used to paint; of which I have often heard him say, "I represent them not as they are, but as they ought to have been." "Alas! poor Yorick, where be your gibes now? your gambols? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?" How well do I remember the last day he dined with me! when he literally did set the table in a roar, by the seriousness of countenance, yet comicality of manner, with which he maintained his paradoxes. Half offended was he that some of his most valued friends who were present could doubt his startling assertions; one of which was, that those only died, who had not made up their minds firmly to resist the grim tyrant. Lords Mulgrave and Harrington, Sir George Beaumont, General Phipps, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Mr. Locke, of Norbury, were of the party; and all laughed too heartily, I am sure, ever to forget it. I sigh when I reflect that the advanced age of some of these estimable individuals precludes the hope of their being left long to adorn the society of which they are such agreeable members. Perhaps this dread endears them still more to their friends.

23*rd.*—Saw the Laurentian Library to-day, which contains many rare and very valuable manuscripts. Among them is a Virgil, and the Pandects of Justinian; some Greek and Latin classics of the 11th century; and richly illuminated manuscripts, the colours

of which are as vivid as if only recently laid on. The Missal of the Florentine Republic was the book which most interested me; for it contains portraits of the Medici family, introduced into the margin. Many of the Greek manuscripts which were shown to me were, I dare say, those brought to Cosimo, the justly-named Father of his country, by Chalcondilas, Agyropyle, Lascaris, and Guzu: who rescued these precious memorials from the flames, when, in 1453, the Turks took possession of Constantinople, and consigned them to destruction. The liberality of Cosimo de' Medici, and the encouragement he extended to literature, induced the erudite Greeks I have named to seek protection at Florence, and to bring with them these remains of their former treasure.

The esteem created in my mind by the character of Cosimo, invests his degenerate successors with an interest which their own demerits were well calculated to destroy, and softens the asperity with which they ought to be judged.

A Petrarch was shown me, with portraits of the poet and his Laura, said to be drawn from life. Neither possesses any of the attributes supposed to distinguish beauty or genius; but this may have been the fault of the artist who has perpetuated their countenances.

The finger of Galileo is among the treasures of this library. It is placed under a glass case, and points to the skies, which his daring and vigorous mind contemplated, until its mysteries were solved by him, and the wonderful phenomena of its movements explained to his contemporaries. It saddens the mind

to reflect on the treatment experienced by Galileo; and makes one rejoice that the terrible engine of superstition and bigotry, the Inquisition, has been destroyed.

*24th.*—Saw the church of Santa Croce, which contains the tombs of Galileo, Michael Angelo, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, and Alfieri. That of the last is by Canova, and is adorned by a female figure representing Italy, which has rather a theatrical effect. There is something calm and, though sad, soothing to the mind, in contemplating the last earthly resting-place of men whose works have often beguiled many an hour. The facility with which churches are entered in Italy, and the opportunity thus afforded to the living of standing by the narrow homes of the illustrious dead, are most conducive to reflections of a salutary nature. The feverish excitements of life are calmed during such visits; and we return to the busy haunts of men, less disposed to participate in, yet more charitable to, their follies. The positive enjoyment of the balmy air, blue skies, and all the charms of ever beautiful nature, are felt too with a keener zest when they are encountered after an hour or two passed in "the dim religious light" of a church, and the contemplation of the dwellings of the dead. A sentiment of pity, that they who once as keenly tasted the pleasures we now experience, are shut out for ever from them, is mingled with our feelings, and a sense of the brevity of existence is forced on us, that, to some minds, is not without a charm, though it be a mournful one.

Florence and its environs, beautiful as they are,

acquire fresh attraction from the memories with which they are blended. What English visitors can look at Fesolé without remembering that our own Milton has visited it too; and commemorated it and Galileo in his Paradise Lost?

> "His ponderous shield,
> Ethereal temper'd, massy, large, and round,
> Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
> Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
> At evening from the top of Fesolé,
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe."

Who can forbear dwelling with deep interest on the meeting of two such master minds as those of the "starry Galileo" and Milton, and fancying their conversation? Galileo, already with impaired vision in those eyes which had so long contemplated the heavens, and made such discoveries in their starry lore, that, dazzled by the wonders they descried, they became at a later period shrouded in darkness; and Milton, doomed to lose his sight, which seemed to have been only granted to him long enough to have filled his glorious mind with images whose brightness never escaped from it, but embued his works with unfading light long after he himself had ceased to enjoy all physical sense of it. I love to think of this meeting, when my eyes dwell on the sunny Fesolé, and people its summit with two such spirits.

I love, too, to turn to the spot where Boccaccio led his companions, to escape the ravages of the plague and beguiled the hours by relating the Decameron; although I wonder how, flying from a pestilence that

had torn from them dear and fond ties, they could still enjoy existence, and indulge in a levity so ill suited to the time and circumstance. Mysterious and inexplicable human nature! in which selfishness is so deeply rooted as to teach us a lesson that love deems to be impracticable—forgetfulness.

25*th*.—Saw the cathedral to-day, founded by Lapo, in 1298, and which boasts the magnificent cupola of Brunelleschi. The architecture of this church is different from that of all the others at Florence, and is neither Greek nor Gothic. Connoisseurs affirm it to be Roman, and to them will I leave the task of demonstration, confining myself to the simple fact, that of whatever order the architecture may be, the effect is imposing. Two portraits in this cathedral attracted my attention; and one of them possessed a peculiarly strong interest for me—I refer to that of Dante, the Shakspeare of Italy, by Orcagna. This portrait, although but a posthumous one, cannot be viewed without strong feelings of interest; and these are increased by reflecting that the same people who banished the original were afterwards proud to possess this likeness of him. The ill treatment experienced by poets from their country would form no bad subject for a work in the hands of D'Israeli, whose contemplative and philosophical mind is so well calculated to render justice to it. How much of this ill-treatment, from the days of Dante down to those of Byron, might, if analysed, be attributed to the baleful passion of envy? But to return to the cathedral: the other portrait is that of an Englishman, John Agesto, who fought, Condottiero-like, in the service of those who best paid,

and served with the Pisans. I tried in vain to imagine some English name resembling in sound to Agesto; but the Italians render some of our barbarous ones so much more so, that I cannot guess at his real cognomen.

Dante is as enthusiastically talked of, and more universally read, in his own country, than Shakspeare is with us. We have, it is true, many who read our divine bard with the zest which so inimitable a genius merits: but we have also still more who *talk of*, than who can appreciate his works; and these are precisely the persons who are the loudest in their injudicious praise. But in Italy, every one with any pretension to literary acquirements reads Dante *con amore*; and are honest in their enthusiastic commendations of him.

The cathedral contains the ashes of Brunelleschi, and of Giotto; and near to it is the Campanile, an exquisite specimen of lightness and beauty. The Baptistery, whose bronze gates were said, by no less an authority than Michael Angelo, to be worthy of being the portals to Paradise, stands close to the two former buildings, and is well worthy of observation, being enriched by sculpture from the chisels of the most eminent artists of the time of its completion. I should have given more time to the study of the Baptistery, and contemplated its beautiful gates with pleasure, had my eyes not been attracted by an iron chain which hangs from its wall; a trophy of the victory of the Florentines over the Pisans. Close to this ungenerous memorial of defeat stand two columns of porphyry, presented by the Pisans to the Floren-

tines, two centuries prior to the conquest of which the chain of the port of Pisa is the record; and they seem to rise reproachfully in front of this disgraceful badge of the victory achieved over their country.

26*th.*—All the world, that is to say the fashionable world, have left Florence for the pretty villas in its vicinity, and for Monte Nero, near Leghorn, the baths of Lucca and Pisa, which are generally resorted to in summer. I like the solitary appearance which the town has assumed during the last few days—it seems more in harmony with its character.

I this day visited the church of Santa Maria Novella, the spot where Boccaccio formed the party of the actors of the Decameron,—tales whose licentiousness not even their merit as literary compositions can redeem. Yet even the licentiousness may not have been without its advantages, for, by exposing the vices which were then so openly practised in Italy, he may have contributed more to correct the demoralisation he painted, than the most serious homily on them could have effected.

The uninterrupted friendship between Boccaccio and Petrarch is one of the rare examples of the duration of that sentiment between literary men, and was honourable to both. They seem to have been more exempt from the irritability peculiar to genius than are the literati of our times. This difference, perhaps, may be accounted for by the want of critical reviews, those powerful engines for exciting passions destructive to friendship between contemporaries.

27*th.*—Spent several hours in the Palazzo Pitti. Its collection of pictures is magnificent. I turned

from the beautiful face of the Madonna della Seggiola, to gaze on the stern countenance of Luther, whose occupation (playing on the spinet) has not softened the severity of its character. His wife, who listens to him, bears no trace of her monastic profession, and her portrait offers no personal attraction to excuse his having induced her to abandon it.

The Three Fates, by Michael Angelo, is a powerful picture. He has represented them stern, and immutable as imagination could portray them; with a force in their hard dry sinews and muscles, that indicate their indestructibility. Raphael's portrait of Pope Giulio II., and of Cardinal Bibbiena, are *chefs-d'œuvre;* so is Titian's picture of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici. On looking at Titian's works, I have been struck by the resemblance to some of them which those of Sir Thomas Lawrence bear. I do not, of course, mean to institute a comparison between them; for, with all my admiration of our best portrait-painter, I see the immeasurable distance between his works and those of Titian. Nevertheless it is evident that, of all the ancient masters, Titian is the one with whose pictures Lawrence has the most deeply imbued his mind, however he may have hitherto fallen short in approaching his model.

The Pitti Palace contains some of Salvator Rosa's best works; among which is a battle, full of force, life, and energy. Salvator Rosa's genius led him to paint only the terrible or the sublime. There is no landscape of his that does not exemplify this fact; for even in his representations of inanimate nature, some stupendous rock, yawning abyss, or blasted tree, pro-

duces this effect, even when the banditti, which he loved to introduce in them, are omitted. This propensity to paint the terrible or sublime, may be traced to have had its origin in the haunts he frequented in his youth, where Nature wore her wildest aspect, and where banditti were not unseldom seen; adding a fearful though a picturesque effect to the composition. It would be a curious and not uninteresting speculation, to trace the peculiarities observable in the works of the old masters to the habits and associations of their juvenile days, which influenced their productions as much as they invariably, though unconsciously, do the writings of authors. I love to pause before a fine picture or in the perusal of some favourite writer, and endeavour to identify what I behold with the life of the artist. I sometimes trace, or fancy I can trace, a refinement given to subjects that appertained not to them, but to the mind of the painter; as in a book I find opinions, often previously treated by other writers, assuming a new aspect, from the peculiarity of the individual through whose mind they have passed. I like a picture or a book that awakens a fresh train of ideas, and compels reflection; but for those works that satisfy only the eye or the reason, without exciting the imagination, I feel little interest.

Rubens' fine picture, the Four Philosophers, may justly be considered one of the most perfect of his works. It is rich in colouring, faultless in drawing, and full of vigour and expression. Andrea del Sarto's St. John in the Wilderness, and Fra Bartolomeo's St. Mark, are admirable works; but among the magnificent collection of the Pitti Palace, Van-

dyke loses none of his attractions,—witness his superb portrait of the Cardinal Bentivoglio. Vandyke seemed to be, of all the artists of his own time, or since, the *peintre, par excellence*, of lords and ladies, and rarely failed to convey to his canvas an air of dignity, and an expression of proud decorum, indicative of high birth and station. Bronzino's pictures please one. There is a transparency in the colouring of his flesh that is very beautiful; but there is much more of animal than of intellectual beauty in his women. They look as if fed on milk and the richest fruits of the earth, and as if they had never been exposed to a rude breeze. In short, they are the personifications of youth and healthful comeliness, without a care, and nearly without a thought.

28*th*.—Again to the Pitti Palace. Canova's Venus does not please me. How immeasurably inferior it is to the Venus de' Medici! I never see a female statue of his without being reminded of his first attempt having been executed in butter; for there is an appearance of softness about them,—strange as it may be to attribute the semblance of such a quality to so hard a substance,—that makes them look as if modelled by the hand in some malleable material, rather than chiselled in marble. There is something affected and meretricious, too, in the air and attitude of his female statues, which conveys the notion that his models have been taken from the Opera House, ere they had lost their roundness of contour by excess of dancing. They look languishing and coquettish; and seem conscious of their nudity and their charms, rather than really modest. Yet

Canova works marble as no other sculptor of modern times has done. The very appearance of softness on which I have remarked, is a proof of his rare excellence in his art; and it is only to be regretted that he did not select models more free from affectation, and with less of the *air petite-maitresse*.

How many recollections of the olden time are awakened by the apartments in the Pitti Palace! many of which have been the scenes of such stirring events in the lives of the family who enriched it with treasures of art. Hither it was that Cosimo, the first Duke of the house of Medici, removed, that he might exhibit the vanity and ostentation which formed such striking features in his character, more splendidly than in the residence which reminded his subjects of the liberty of which he had deprived them. Here it was that his Duchess, Eleonore de Toledo, gave birth to offspring whose crimes entailed no less misery on themselves than on others. From this palace went forth that gorgeous procession, the first exhibition of his ambition to play the sovereign, on the occasion of the baptism of his first-born, Mary; when the Abbess of the celebrated Convent of Marata, followed by one hundred ladies of the most ancient and noble houses of Florence, habited in their richest robes and jewels, accompanied the infant to the baptismal font. Here it was that, in possession of enormous wealth, rank, station, and consideration, he pined for—what? To have precedence of the Duke of Ferrara, and to have the title of Grand attached to his Duchy. Poor human nature! never to be satisfied—ever desiring some fancied good—

"That little something unpossess'd,
Corrodes and leavens all the rest."

PRIOR.

In this palace was solemnized the marriage of Lucretia, the third daughter of Cosimo, with the Duke of Ferrare; and hither was brought the body of his second son, the Cardinal John, murdered, as was believed, by the hand of his brother Garcia. In one of these vast apartments the body was laid in state, the face covered; and the wretched father became the executioner of Don Garcia, having stabbed him to the heart, as he was demanding pardon on his knees, in presence of his unhappy mother, who in vain tried to prevent the fearful catastrophe. The superstitious narrators of this event assert, that Don Garcia denied the deed; and that Cosimo having forced him to approach the body of his murdered brother, the blood gushed afresh from the wounds of the corse, which was considered by the father to be so irrefragable a proof of the guilt of Don Garcia, that he slew him on the spot. Eleonore, the wretched mother, followed her children to the grave in a few days, having died of a broken heart. This domestic tragedy was generally credited, and propagated by the multitude, notwithstanding that everything was done to have it believed that the brothers perished of the plague, which at that period had caused many deaths. Cosimo's own letters to his eldest son, Francisco, then in Spain, detailing all the circumstances of the illness and deaths of his sons and wife, are very curious; for they are so exceedingly circumstantial as to convey a notion that he must have had some strong motive for enter-

ing into them at a period when his bereavement was so very recent. Here it was that Cosimo, following the example of Charles V., resigned the reins of empire to his son, Prince Francisco, who became regent; and in this palace received his ill-fated bride, the Archduchess Jane of Austria, whose life was one continued scene of wounded pride and jealousy, occasioned by the publicly-displayed preference of her husband to the fair but frail Bianca Capello. Cosimo, too, though advanced in years, was not insensible to the tender passion; for he yielded his affections to Eleonore de Albizzi, a young and beautiful girl, descended from one of the most ancient families in Florence. His attachment to this young person alarmed the Regent, his son, who, fearful that he might marry her, and forgetful of his own more culpable conduct with Bianca Capello, became the censor of his father. He employed his valet, Sforza Almeni, to become a spy on the Grand Duke, and even remonstrated with him on the subject; which occasioned Cosimo to give way to so ungovernable a rage that, in this palace, he plunged his sword in the breast of Almeni, and, some say, was even disposed to use violence towards his son. By this mistress he had a child, named Don John, on whom he settled a considerable fortune; and having given a large dowry to the mother, he bestowed her hand in marriage on Carlo Panciatichi.

Shortly after this period Cosimo formed a *liaison* with Camilla Martelli, daughter of a Florentine gentleman of ruined fortune, but of high birth. Some scruples of a conscientious nature led him to consult

the Pope Pius V., who exhorted him to atone for the sin he had committed, by marrying the object of his attachment. This marriage was privately celebrated in the Pitti Palace, in presence of the relatives of the lady, and a few confidential favourites of the Grand Duke. To conciliate the Regent and his proud wife, Cosimo declared that Camilla should never have the treatment, nor the title of Grand Duchess. Shortly after the celebration of the marriage, he retired from the Court with his bride, and an infant daughter, born previously to their nuptials, and took up his residence in the country.

This ill-assorted marriage, however it might have satisfied his conscientious scruples, destroyed the peace of his old age ; for Camilla, vain, ambitious, and turbulent, was at no pains to conceal from him that her attachment had been founded only on ambitious motives. Disappointed in not having been acknowledged Grand Duchess, she treated him with even more than indifference, with marked dislike. Her neglect of his personal comfort, when reduced by repeated attacks of gout and apoplexy to nearly a state of helplessness, induced the Regent to have him removed to Florence. Here, in this palace, having lost not only the use of his limbs, but his speech, he lingered for a few months, making the walls echo with the sighs and groans wrung from him by the recollection of the past, and the dread of the future ; for he retained his senses to the last.

It was probably this example of the ill-assorted union of Cosimo that led to the subsequent and more disgraceful conduct of Francisco. How often have

these apartments witnessed the revels of Bianca Capello, and her infatuated lover! and the anguish, rage, and jealousy of the Duchess Jane, who, treated with perfect indifference by her husband, and with insolence by his favourite, had neither the art to lead him back to his duty, nor the patience to witness his open breach of it.

30*th*.—Saw the Countess of Albany to-day. She retains no trace of beauty to justify Alfieri's passion for her; but the truth is, poets require not to find loveliness in the objects of their attachment, as they can endow them with an imaginary beauty, more brilliant than reality can often display; and as all are disposed to admire the gifts they confer, poets are generally more devoted to imaginary charms than real ones.

I was told an amusing anecdote to-day, *à-propos* of the Countess of Albany.

"Who is this lady, about whom people show such an interest?" asked a female compatriot of mine, of an acquaintance of the same sex, and also of the same country.

"Why, is it possible that you do not know? Well, for my part, I thought every one was aware that the Countess of Albany, as they call her, is the widow of King Charles I., and the lady with whom the celebrated Ariosto the poet was so long, and so desperately enamoured."

It was thus that the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, and widow of the exiled James Stuart, was described by a lady who professed to believe that every one knew all about her!

Various are the stories related of the brutality and *grossièreté* of James Stuart — this unworthy scion of an unhappy house; whose conduct to his wife was so abominable, as to compel her to seek the seclusion of a monastery to escape his society. The attachment of Alfieri to this lady continued to his death; and so great was her influence over him, that the *sauvagerie* of his manners, so much complained of by others, was seldom, if ever, visible in her presence.

The genius of Alfieri hardly redeems the eccentricity of his character, of which innumerable anecdotes are given by his contemporaries. Nor was he at any pains to subdue, or to conceal, the petulance for which he was so remarkable. Haughty, even to insolence, he treated society with a contempt, the display of which indicated a greater degree of courage than of prudence; and betrayed that his bad opinion of it originated more in an undue and overweening self-esteem, than in a just knowledge of that which he contemned. I think there is a great similarity between the characters of Alfieri and Byron. The difference observable in them was created by the influence of their respective countries and habits; for, had Byron been born an inhabitant of Piedmont, and a contemporary of Alfieri, I think that he would have indulged in most, if not all, the eccentricities that marked the Italian poet. The same impatience of control, the same violence of temper, a similar partiality for animals, and a similar respect for the distinctions of rank, characterise both; but all these peculiarities are softened in Byron by the increased civilisation and refinement of our times.

Saw the Capella dei Depositi to-day; a monument of the tasteless vanity of its founders. Here the most precious marbles and costly gems have been brought from every quarter of the world to decorate the last abode of mortality. It is like dressing a corse with jewels, which only serves to take from the solemnity of death, without concealing any of its sad reality. This useless waste of wealth indisposes the mind for the reflections to which a place designed for the interment of the dead should give rise, and excites a contemptuous pity to see vanity outliving the entombed. The walls of this chapel are encrusted with marbles of every hue, and their diversity reminds one of a patchwork quilt, or of a tailor's book of patterns.

The Sacristia Nuova contains the splendid monuments by Michael Angelo, erected to Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici. Nothing can exceed the solemn beauty of the figure of Night, which is placed at one side of the sarcophagus, while one of Day confronts it on the other. This last statue, though unfinished, possesses all the vigour for which the works of the great sculptor are remarkable; but Night breathes the very soul of melancholy contemplation, and fixes the attention by its depth of repose. One turns again and again to gaze on this exquisite statue, which addresses itself most powerfully to the imagination. The other monument has two figures, representing Dawn and Twilight, both worthy the chisel of Buonarotti; but Night fascinated me so much, that I could not give these figures the portion of attention which was their due.

Saw Bartolini's studio, which is filled with busts of the English. Every lord and commoner, who has passed through Florence during the last few years, has left here a memorial of his visit; and every lady who had ever heard that she had a good profile (and Heaven knows how seldom the assertion was true), has left a model of it on the dusty shelves of Bartolini. The great love of the English for portraits, is by foreigners attributed to a more than ordinary degree of vanity; while its source might with greater truth be traced to a more amiable motive, to that of family affection. Many are the busts at Bartolini's that might serve to illustrate my hypothesis; for nothing but the desire of gratifying some beloved object could have induced the originals of them to bequeath to posterity such countenances as affection alone could contemplate with pleasure. Elderly gentlemen with double chins, resembling the breast of the pelican, and protuberant stomachs, requiring a double portion of marble in their representation; with wigs concealing half the organs by the development of which phrenologists judge of the intellectual powers; and coats that seem to have been invented to disfigure human beings, meet the eye in this studio. And portly matrons, too, are ranged in rows, with busts exuberant as those which Rubens loved to lavish on his canvas; and tresses so luxuriant, as to convey the impression that they belonged to the original, only because she had bought them. Young ladies, with compressed waists, and drooping ringlets, looking all like sisters; and young gentlemen, with formal faces, and straight hair, confront one at every step. But

among them are busts, with features so delicately moulded, and heads so classically shaped, that they maintain the pre-eminence for beauty accorded to England over all other countries. Bartolini is a very clever sculptor, and some of his works justify the high reputation he has acquired.

To-morrow we depart for Rome.

SIENA, *July 1st.*—The country between Florence and this place disappointed me. The road is hilly, and the views it commands do not compensate for its tediousness. A want of trees is the general defect of Tuscan scenery; and the stunted appearance of those to be found does not atone for their scarcity.

I like this town, gloomy though it be, and its cathedral has more than realized my expectations. It is a superb specimen of the Lombard style of architecture, but bearing various marks of the florid gothic. Cased on the exterior, as well as in the interior, with black and white marble, a motley mixture which, though costly, injures the general effect, it resembles an edifice constructed with club and spade cards, or covered with backgammon boards. The cathedral contains some precious fragments of antiquity, consisting of a pedestal, enriched with finely-executed bassi-relievi, and a pillar, on one side of which is represented the labours of Hercules; and on the other, an equestrian figure of admirable workmanship. A companion has been made to this beautiful column; and the two serve to support the architrave of a door opening into an adjoining chapel. But the modern pillar is so immeasurably inferior to

its antique neighbour, that it may be well said of them, that they are paired but not matched. Near the principal entrance to the church, stands an antique vase of rare beauty; the interior ornamented with fish, executed in alto-rilievo of exquisite finish. A companion has also been made for this vase, but so inferior, as only to serve to institute comparisons by no means favourable to modern sculpture. The pulpit is of marble, and forms a fine ornament to the cathedral, being of excellent design, and faultless execution. It is supported by pillars, and ornamented with rilievi representing different events in the life of our Saviour. The vault of the nave is painted blue, and studded with stars; and round the cornice are ranged busts of the Popes.

We looked in vain for that of Pope Joan, said to have been among the number, and to have had the following inscription:—"Johannes VIII, Fœmina de Angliæ;" but neither bust nor inscription did we see. Pious catholics not only assert the story of a female Pope to be a mere fable, but indignantly reproach those who seem to doubt its being an invention of the enemy, to throw discredit on the papal see. Certain it is, that those writers who lived nearest to the period when Joan is said to have filled the high office, mention nothing of the curious and diverting adventures attributed to her. Marianus Scotus, who wrote two hundred years after her time, is supposed to have been the first author who mentioned her, and all he said, if indeed he said it, was, that to Leo IV. succeeded Joan, a woman, who held the see two years, five months, and four days. Many historians assert

that Benedict succeeded Leo, which, if true, refutes the tale, for it is known that Nicholas succeeded Benedict, and Hadrian, Nicholas, so no interregnum is left to be filled up by Joan. The reputed adventures of this heroine are as amusing as they are improbable, and are given at length in Bower's Lives of the Popes.

The profusion of decoration lavished on the cathedral is truly surprising, but serves rather to distract than to gratify the attention of the beholder. Columns, with foliage twined round them; grotesque figures innumerable; allegorical groups resembling the phantasms of a night-mare; and the oft-repeated images of lions tearing lambs, meet the eye at every side, producing that satiety which a multiplicity of ill-assorted ornaments never fails to occasion. The pavement here is very remarkable, being not tesselated, but resembling marqueterie. It is of white marble, with grey inlaid; and both are cemented with black mastic. This species of work is called *pietra commessa*. The subjects are chiefly scriptural, with a strange mixture of symbolical and classical emblems; saints and sybils being mingled with lions, elephants, and dragons, presenting altogether an incongruous appearance. Many artists were employed on this work, but the principal parts are said to have been executed by Domenico, Becafumi, or Mecherino. The animals represent the different cities in alliance with Siena:—the elephant of Rome, the dragon of Pistoia, and the lions of Florence. A covering of board, which has several locks, has been placed to protect the parts of the pavement most injured by

time; and is only removed to satisfy the curiosity of those whose rank, or purse, can command its gratification. The portion of the pavement beneath the cupola represents the Sacrifice of Abraham, which has greater force of expression than beauty of design.

The Chigi Chapel contains more than the usual quantity of marble, gilding, and bronze, lavished on such places in Italy, where a gorgeous display of finery seems to be considered a fitting offering to the Most High. There is something very repugnant to English feelings in this theatrical exhibition, in a temple dedicated to the Divinity; but the Italians like, and are proud of it. In the Chigi Chapel is the Magdalene of Bernini, a statue in which the contrition of the penitent has not impaired the beauty of the sinner. One of our party made this remark aloud; on which our cicerone with *naiveté* replied, that probably the sculptor had copied a model who had only lately begun to repent. If, however, the Magdalene shows little marks of mortification in the flesh, a picture of St. Jerome, which is near it, displays all the symptoms of it; for never was there a representation more expressive of ascetic endurance. The Library, or Sacristy, contains the celebrated antique group of the Graces, which, though greatly mutilated, still preserves enough beauty to justify its reputation. The centre figure has lost its head, but so easy is its attitude, and so round is the contour of the form, that it attracts as much admiration as many other fair ladies win, without heads; or, at least, without the intellects that should fill them. The walls of the Sacristy are decorated by ten large pictures in fresco,

by Pinturicchio, from designs by Raphael. They represent the remarkable events in the life of Pius II. It is asserted that Raphael painted, as well as designed, some of these pictures; but if so, his pencil, at that period, possessed little of the grace and exquisite purity which afterwards characterised it. These paintings are remarkable for nothing but a vividness of colour, which even time has not succeeded in mellowing.

The only books in the library are a few volumes of sacred music in manuscript, on vellum, beautifully illuminated; the labours of a monk, whose patience deserves no less applause than his skill, for the time employed to paint these embellishments must have surely tried it severely. The fountain at Siena is visited by all travellers, who taste its sparkling water, immortalized by the praise of Dante.

The celebrated picture of the Sibyl, by Peruzzi, at Fonte Giusta, fully justifies Lanzi's commendation. It is full of a solemn inspiration, worthy the prediction (the birth of Christ to Augustus) which she is represented as uttering. The Piazza del Campo has an imposing effect, and reminds one of old pictures representing the scene of ancient games. The Palazzo Publico is appropriated to different uses, as heterogeneous as can be well imagined; one portion being assigned to the courts of law, another to the theatre, and a prison fills the rest—a strange union! where, beneath one roof, pleasure is encouraged, crime judged, and criminals incarcerated.

The earthquakes of 1797 have left ineffaceable traces of their power at Siena: the Dominican Church

was much injured. We vainly looked in this edifice for the Madonna of Guido da Siena, which I was very desirous to see, as being one of the few specimens remaining of so ancient a date, and as being celebrated for the beauty of its expression. The Sala del Consistorio has some frescos by Mecherino, remarkable for the skill displayed by that artist in the foreshortenings; and also possesses a few other pictures, but not worthy of notice. Marks of the earthquake are visible in the Sala del Consistorio, and its pictorial decorations; which serve the cicerone with an excuse for any fault found with the latter, as he attributes every defect to that cause. The Sienese are proud of their city having given birth to two Popes, Gregory VII. and Alexander III.; for not only did our cicerone refer to it, but our host reminded us of the fact with evident complacency. Of Gregory especially, he spoke with an unction that proved how much he admired that scourge of kings, who supported the papal dignity with all the *fierté* of a despotic sovereign rather than with the meekness of a Christian Pontiff. The boundless ambition and haughtiness of this man were never surpassed; in proof of which witness his conduct to Henry IV., Emperor of Germany. Nor was Alexander III. deficient in the ambition and *fierté* that characterised his townsman Gregory VII., for of the latter quality his conduct to the Emperor Frederic at Venice furnishes an irrefragable evidence, when he compelled that monarch to prostrate himself on the earth before him, and, as some assert, set his foot on his neck.

RADICOFANI, *3rd.*—Nothing can be more cheerless and dreary than the route between Siena and this place, unless it be Radicofani itself, which is as sterile and gloomy a spot as ever traveller was condemned to contemplate. The marks of its volcanic character, scattered around in huge and shapeless masses of rock, and the brown and barren soil of the patches of earth left exposed, give the whole place an air of desolation that weighs down the spirits of those who gaze on it. And well does the inn harmonise with the savage scenery around it, for it is wretched beyond description! The very climate here partakes of the bleakness and chilling influence of the landscape; and, as wrapped in an India shawl and thick pelisse, I sit waiting in the comfortless apartment, which not even a pile of blazing wood can warm, I ask if this can indeed be Italy? It was only yesterday that, basking in the sunshine, we felt the heat oppressive; and now we experience the cold of a northern winter. How trying would such a rapid change of climate be to an invalid sent from England, and its many comfortable substitutes for a genial atmosphere, to seek the benefit of a milder climate! Few under such circumstances could escape the baleful influence of Radicofani.

On our route hither, we passed through Buon Convento, as wretched a place as the deed committed in it; and which has bequeathed its name to posterity. I refer to the poisoning of the Emperor Henry VII. through the medium of the Sacrament, administered by a Dominican friar. The reflections to which a crime of so dark a dye gives rise, are rendered still more gloomy by the view of the wild and sterile aspect

of the scene where it occurred; and this savage aspect pervades nearly the whole route from Buon Convento to Radicofani, which looks as if created to be the abode of banditti.

Between Radicofani and Rome, the Lake Balsena and the fine woods that surround it, were the only attraction. This beautiful lake is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Volscinium. Some of the forests that bordered the road were cut down by order of Napoleon, to dislodge the hordes of banditti which infested them; and the trees, now stripped of their leafy honours, lie scattered around. We noticed a cavern cut in a steep rock, between which and the road a narrow but thick wood intervened. Two apertures, forming a door and window, had been ingeniously formed in the rock; and this rude cavern served as the abode of a band of brigands whose ferocity rendered a journey on this road an undertaking of no little danger.

At Orvieto, celebrated for the wine to which it gives its name, we were surrounded by not less than half a dozen persons with flasks of it which they loudly and repeatedly pressed us to purchase; while a troop of mendicants as loudly vociferated their appeals to our charity, in all the varied tones of supplication; one party urging the beneficial effect of their wine on the stomach, and the other the good to be derived to the soul from charity.

At Montefiascone, also celebrated for its vintage, similar entreaties to buy assailed us; and our courier, who was addressed as "eccellenza," was offered, in our presence, the bribe of a couple of bottles, if he

would recommend us to purchase some. Viterbo, seen from a distance, has an imposing effect. When we entered it, a funeral procession was passing, which presented to our eyes a singular spectacle. The streets through which the funeral advanced were lined with monks of all the different religious orders. Grey, blue, black, and white penitents marched slowly along, all wearing cowls, through which holes were cut for the eyes; and a vast number of men and boys dressed in white, with similarly perforated cowls, were placed at intervals, each troop bearing a banner of his order, and a badge on his arm. Every individual carried either a human skull or bone in one hand, and a lighted serge in the other. The grotesque and disgusting appearance of these bearers of the frail remnants of mortality was striking; and the quantity of sculls and bones conveyed the impression that a whole cemetery had been rifled to furnish them. The face of the dead was exposed, and completed the fearful picture.

ROME, *5th.*—The first view of the Eternal City burst onus from the hill above Baccano, and, notwithstanding a pre-determination not to indulge in the enthusiasm peculiar to female travellers, I confess it made my heart beat quicker, and I was forced to suppress the expressions of delight that rose to my lips. The clear bright atmosphere, lending to all beneath it a portion of its beauty, with the cupola of St. Peter's shining in the distant horizon, formed a picture never to be forgotten; and the flat and deserted Campagna, spreading far around, added to, instead of diminishing,

its sublimity. Until we reached the Ponte Molle, I saw nothing that indicated the approach to a great city. All was silence and solitude; and the few clumps of shrubs, that occasionally skirted the road, seemed to us as untenanted by birds as the country around was by people. The Tiber, as seen at the Ponte Molle, agreeably surprised me; for, instead of being a narrow and turbid stream, as I had been taught to expect, it showed itself as a bold and rapid river, somewhat yellow in its tint it is true, but nevertheless a considerable river, and not a stream.

No sooner had we passed the Porta del Popola, than the contrast between the nearly deserted country we had so lately traversed, and the crowded street we had entered, became striking. It was evening, and the Corso was filled with carriages, occupied by gaily-dressed ladies, and by cavaliers, who caracolled their horses past them. Many of the cavalcade had proceeded nearly to the Porta del Popolo to gaze on the dusty equipages; attracted by the cracking of the whips of the postilions, and that of our courier. There was something discordant to my feeling in the gaiety of the scene. It was not thus that I wished my first impression of Rome to be taken: I had pictured to myself silent and deserted streets, through which only a few priests were to be seen pacing along, or the rumbling carriage of a cardinal, conveying his eminence to his habitual *soirée*. Strange, that the Eternal City, its imposing ruins, and magnificent St. Peter's, should have so little influence over the minds of the gay throng I saw, that they flocked to the Corso as eagerly as if they were inhabitants of Paris seeking their ac-

customed evening drive in the Champs Elysées, or Bois de Boulogne. I wonder how long a residence at Rome would be requisite before I could become as insensible to the solemn associations the place now calls up in my mind. But to bed—to dream of Rome, and to awake, to find myself its inmate.

*6th.*—"Oh, Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples: Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay."

These beautiful lines embody the sentiment with which every feeling mind must contemplate Rome. I experienced their truth to-day when driving round the everlasting city, and gazing on the wrecks of her fallen grandeur; and not even the bright and cloudless skies that canopied them, though the influence of a pure atmosphere on the spirits cannot be denied, could dispel the mournful reflections to which they gave birth. Yes, truly, the ills of mortals seem light, and transient as their brief existence, when compared with the ruin and desolation of this City of the Dead; and well might one feel something approaching to shame in indulging personal grief, when surrounded by the wrecks of ages. Is it this sentiment of sympathy that has drawn hither so many deposed sovereigns? for from the luckless Stuarts, to the no less luckless royalty of Spain, and down to the Bonapartes, Rome

has been a favourite residence with those who have fallen from greatness.

The mournful contemplations awakened by this wonderful city are indescribable. They have nothing of a selfish character, unless it be, that, when indulging in them, a mysterious sympathy is experienced; as if there was a powerful analogy between the ruins we behold, and the fate reserved for nations now flourishing, as this once great people flourished. It is thus that we, insects of a day, dare not anticipate the wreck of our country, though we know that we shall have passed away, ages and ages before Time shall have wrought on her the inevitable destruction the ruthless destroyer works on all.

The contrast between the blue and cloudless sky, and the mouldering ruins that everywhere meet the eye in Rome, has something that engenders sadness in the mind. The bright firmament looks as if smiling in mockery at the scene beneath it; and glorying that, while the proudest works of man are crumbled to the dust by time, or not less barbarous destroyers, the heavens still sail on in endless splendour over the wrecks of ages. This dissonance between the sky and earth makes me feel as I once did, when I turned from a bright sunshine to look on one who could never more feel its warmth; and I could have apostrophised it reproachfully for not veiling its brightness, in pity, if not in sympathy to my grief.

*7th.*—Last night we went to see the Coliseum by moonlight, the true time for viewing it to advantage. Its vastness, its silence, and its decay, appeal most powerfully to the feelings, and when tinged by the

silvery beams of the orb of night, its effect is truly sublime.

"A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread."

Byron has afforded a better notion of the Coliseum, in his exquisite lines on it in the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, than all who have written on it, before or since. He gives us the reflections of it, in the mirror of his own mind, so powerfully, so beautifully depicted, that no one acquainted with our language, or capable of appreciating our poetry, can ever visit the Coliseum without remembering the verses, and feeling their truth.

When we ascended to the gallery, and looked down on the arena, the moonbeams were clothing in silvery radiance one of the votive altars erected in the interior; and the large cross which crowned it was invested with a lustre that rendered it a conspicuous object, and

added much to the effect of the picture. Each individual of our party seemed impressed with the magic of the scene, and the few words spoken were uttered in whispers; as if we feared to disturb the holy calm of the place, or to awaken a profane echo in such a spot. To how many reflections did this visit give birth! each and all pregnant with associations of the past. The events of bygone ages seemed unrolled before my mental vision; and there stood the cross, blessed symbol of faith! bright with the moonbeams playing over its surface, to draw the mind from gloomy cogitations of the past, to anticipations of a more cheering future.

The poor monk who guards the altars of the Coliseum, profited by the frame of mind induced by the place. His appeal to our charity was a speechless, but an irresistible one. He bowed his head on his breast, and timidly held forth a plate for our offerings; and when they were made, looked up to the heavens, as if invoking the benediction his lips did not utter. He seemed, like us, to feel the influence of the scene, and to fear to break its solemnity; and our benefaction was, perhaps, more liberal on that account.

Rome is so deserted at this season, owing to the well-founded dread of malaria, that few strangers are to be met in its solitary streets. The Duchess of Devonshire is one of the few, and is said to be superintending some excavations which the papal government have permitted her to undertake. She is much beloved and respected here; and expends large sums of money in bringing to light treasures of antiquity that, without her enterprising spirit and means of indulging it, might remain buried in oblivion.

*8th.*—St. Peter's. This is indeed a temple worthy of the Divinity. Its vastness, its grandeur, and above all, the exquisite beauty of its proportions, strike the senses with so profound an admiration, that the sentiment engendered by the first view is one of a deeply religious nature. The sun was streaming brilliantly through the gold-tinted glass of the Tribuna when we entered; and, as its beams fell on many a gorgeous picture in mosaic, which glittered beneath them with prismatic hues, and on masses of marble and gilding, giving to them a new splendour, the whole edifice looked as if illuminated by the glorious orb of day, to do honour to the *Most High*. No individual of our party uttered a single exclamation, though the heart of each was filled with wonder and admiration, and the imagination, that most insatiable of all the mental organs, was fully satisfied: nay, more—its highest anticipations were realized. To examine any portion of this splendid temple *en detail*, at the first visit to it would be impossible, for any one who passionately admires the glorious effect produced by the *ensemble*. The eyes drink in the wondrous *coup-d'œil*, and the mind luxuriates in the delicious draught. The contrast, too, between this magnificent fane, glowing in all its pristine grandeur, and the wrecks of former ages with which Rome is filled, adds to the wonder and admiration with which it is beheld. The Coliseum appeals to the memory, and to the heart; but St. Peter's addresses itself to the imagination, which it excites and elevates almost to ebriety.

Though the church was nearly empty, and the few in it were occupied in examining its pictures and mo-

numents, it required little exertion of fancy to people it with processions of white-stoled and golden-vestured priests, leading along the tiara'd pope, with flowing robes; while gold and silver censers flung high the incense offered up before him. The pealing organ seemed to send forth its swelling notes, which were echoed through the lofty dome, and unnumbered voices sang choral hymns, which at intervals burst into loud and triumphal hosannahs, and then sank into low and plaintive sounds.

There was magic in the scene, and in the imaginings it called up. Nor did its influence subside until I found myself standing in the court of the church, in front of the obelisk; and saw the fountains throwing up their silvery showers, to which the sunshine lent the brightest rainbow dyes, and heard the crystal waters falling into the granite basin with a gentle murmur, which alone broke the silence that reigned around.

9*th*.—Spent many hours in the Museum of the Vatican to-day—what inexhaustible treasures of art does it enshrine! The mind becomes confused and agitated at beholding, for the first time, the wondrous riches contained in this magnificent collection. The most stoical person that artifice ever schooled, or insensibility nurtured, could not maintain the *nil admirari* system in this Museum; where amazement and admiration await at every step, as gallery after gallery, and hall after hall are paced, the eyes wandering from one treasure to another, fatigued by the multiplicity of objects that attract their gaze. Though I stopped several hours in the Museum, I carried away

no distinct image in my mind, save that of the Apollo of Belvidere, which has surpassed my expectations. The noble dignity of the countenance, and the exquisite proportion of the figure, cannot be described. While contemplating this inimitable statue, I almost wondered how the French had courage to lay their sacrilegious hands on it, when they tore it from this, its fitting shrine, to transport it to Paris. Its haughty and godlike scorn should have stayed their profane intentions.

A confused mass of the rarest works of art, the richest of bygone centuries, floated in my memory on leaving the Vatican; and the vivid recollection of the Apollo alone convinced me that I had not awaked from some gorgeous dream. How the Louvre sinks into insignificance when compared with the Vatican! The blue skies and pure air seem to respect its treasures, and they borrow fresh charms from the clear atmosphere that surrounds them. It would require months to habituate a person to the examination of this wonderful collection; and I anticipate with delight my return to Rome, when a protracted *séjour* will enable me to spend many a day in the Vatican. We scarcely paused to admire the frescos of Raffaelle in the chambers and Loggia, so fatigued were our senses by the wonder excited by the objects in the Museum. Had any one told me that I should merely look *en passant* at the works of him, the inspired painter of Urbino, I would have refused credence to the assertion,—yet this has been the case.

10*th*.—The Pantheon—

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon! pride of Rome!

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honoured forms, whose busts around them close."

Byron has left nothing to be said of the Pantheon except by matter-of-fact travellers, who may give its dimensions, with all that is known of its history; and antiquaries, who love to establish some hypothesis relative to it, not so much with a view to throw a light on the subject, as to extinguish the light thrown by their predecessors or contemporary *frères du métier.* I never visit any of the places on which Byron has written, without involuntarily repeating to myself the lines; and it may well be considered as not the least of the poetical triumphs he has achieved, that his name and his verses will be associated with the Eternal City and its treasures as long as our language shall last.

Drove on the Monte Pincio and in the gardens of the Villa Borghese. Rome is nowhere seen to greater

advantage than from the former, particularly from that part in front of the villa Medici, where a vista is artificially formed by the trees. There the castle of St. Angelo, and St. Peter's form fine features in the view; the cupola of this last lifting its stately head to the blue and cloudless skies, that throw it into a beautiful relief. The angel too, on the top of the castle of St. Angelo, has a fine effect, floating, as it were, in an atmosphere of the purest æther ; its wings expanded as if to support it in the air. The gardens of the Villa Borghese, formal and dusty though they be, present an agreeable promenade; and, even now that the season has driven strangers away, are not deserted, as all the carriages to be seen about Rome are sure to be met here. The villa itself is a perfect model of the Italian notion of one. Enriched with objects of taste and *vertù*, it has all the appliances for passing away the sultry hours of a southern summer's day, in the *dolce far' niente* in which Italians delight ; but contains no library, or sleeping rooms. Painted ceilings, frescoed walls, alti and bassi rilievi, statues and pictures, are seen at every side ; but the want of comfort, so evident in all the apartments, destroys the notion of the villa being intended for aught more than a show-house; one of those sinecures consigned to a custode, who exhibits it to strangers for a few pauls.

11*th*.—The Capitol, after the Vatican, appears to little advantage. Its exterior disappoints, owing, I suppose, to the exaggerated expectations formed from our juvenile associations with it ; and the interior, notwithstanding that it contains treasures of art, does not exhibit them to advantage. One object riveted my

attention—the Dying Gladiator. Its own transcendent merit would have achieved this, but the poetry of Byron has invested it with increased interest. One forgets all the tiresome disquisitions of Nibby relative to whether the Gladiator be, or be not a Gaul, the moment the eye falls on the face of this most admirable and affecting statue : we remember only the suffering, more mental even than physical, so wonderfully portrayed ; and the passionate conception of the poet takes precedence of the hypothetical lore of the antiquary. Never will English eyes, at least, dwell on the Gladiator without Byron's description recurring to the memory. Glorious privilege of genius ! thus to identify itself with the beautiful and sublime.

The Antinoüs is very fine, and so is the Flora. The pictures in the Capitol are well worthy attention, but their number is so extensive that I shall reserve my impressions of them until I return to Rome ; merely noting, that Domenichino's Sybil surprised me by its immeasurable superiority over the copies and engravings of it which I have seen. Paul Veronese's celebrated Europa is worthy its celebrity ; and a splendid picture by Reubens, of the Wolf nursing Romulus and Remus, justifies the reputation of this gorgeous painter.

12*th*.—Last night saw the Museum of the Vatican by torch-light, having obtained a permission for that purpose. Sculpture acquires new charms when thus viewed ; the light and shade is more effective, and the warm hues of the torches give the statues an appearance of life that is surprising. They appeared to me to be still more beautiful than when I looked

at them with the light of day; and the effect, the torches being judiciously arranged, was magical.

The increased heat, and dread of malaria, drive us from Rome before I have explored half its treasures: but as I count on passing some months here, on my return from Naples, I am consoled for having sojourned in the Imperial City but a week. How various, how powerful, and how indelible, are the impressions made on my mind during this brief epoch; and yet how utterly impossible have I found it to transfer them to paper!

Saw the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi to-day. Never were there more perfect resemblances than Lawrence's portraits of them. The Pope is the personification of the *beau idéal* of the Father of the Church. Venerable and mild, with a chastened dignity, and look of resignation, that, joined to the remarkable paleness of his face, excites a sentiment of deep interest in those who behold him. His eyes are thoughtful and melancholy. Not so are the brilliant orbs of the Cardinal Gonsalvi, which have a piercing expression, as of those of a person accustomed to search in the countenances of those with whom he is brought in contact, for their secret sentiments. The Cardinal is a handsome man; but the Pope's physiognomy pleases me more.

Went over the Villa of the Princess Pauline Borghese, who is at present absent from Rome. The temple is worthy the goddess: it is an exquisite specimen of French taste; and all its decorations announce it the residence of a Parisian *petite-maitresse*. Though in very delicate health, and no longer in her *première jeunesse*, Pauline is said still to retain

much of that beauty and symmetry which rendered her such an object of universal attraction at the court of Napoleon. The portraits of her are very lovely, yet I am told they scarcely render her justice. One of the apartments of her villa (that, I believe, appropriated for taking *café*) is fitted up in the Creole style; and in it, on a slab of marble, stands an urn, with a suitable inscription, containing the heart of General Le Clerc, the first husband of the Princess, who died at St. Domingo.

A chapel or an oratory would be a more fitting place for this melancholy *memento mori;* but the Princess Pauline thinks differently, and likes to contemplate it while sipping her *café.*

Terracina, 14*th.*—Left Rome yesterday, driven from it by the oppressive heat, and the evil prophecies dinned into my ears of the malaria. I have no fears of the effect of either for myself, but I dare not risk them for others. Albano and its environs pleased me so much, that I should like to have sojourned in it some days. Before reaching it, we passed the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii; and paused to look on a monument that recalled to memory the deep sympathy of youthful days, when perusing the stirring tale of the combat of these heroes, and the brutality exercised by the conqueror to his sister. The lake Nemi is beautiful; so is Gensano; and the Mediterranean sent its fresh breezes across the parched country that intervenes between it and our route, to refresh us.

At Velletri, the evening setting in, and a recent

attack by banditti having occurred, we were advised to take a guard; nay, more than advised, for the master of the post alleged the positive necessity of the measure, and the postillions expressed their dread of proceeding without an escort. Though not a little loth, we at length consented to adopt the precaution; and a guard soon made its appearance, equipped and mounted in a style so irresistibly comic, that it was difficult to keep a serious face while looking at them. They looked as if by no means inclined to share in our hilarity: *au contraire,* they exhibited such evident marks of trepidation, that one of our party thought it advisable to hint to them, that, should the brigands make their appearance, and our guard not face them manfully, *he* would certainly fire on these last; a threat that seemed to alarm them not a little, as they saw that our gentlemen and servants were well armed.

The sun was gilding the scenery with its last bright rays, when we left Velletri; and a more romantic picture could hardly be imagined. The well-appointed English carriages and *fourgon* presented a striking contrast with the small rough horses that drew them rapidly along, with harness half rope, half leather: carriages and horses highly characteristic of their different countries. These were preceded by a courier, galloping along and cracking his whip, evidently not a little vain of his laced coat, and the silver badge of the armorial bearings of his employer bound round his arm. Then followed two of the guard, keeping up with difficulty to the leaders of the first carriage; then two more at each side of the carriage; and a similar

escort for the second carriage and for the *fourgon*. The wild and sallow countenances of the escort and postillions formed a curious contrast with the plump, sleek, fresh-coloured faces of the English servants. The effects of malaria were as visible in the first, as were those of beef and beer in the second.

On we went, rapidly and uninterruptedly, over the Pontine Marshes, no human being, or house, breaking the solitude of the baneful soil between the posts. The persons at the post-houses looked fearfully haggard; and their warning to us, not to sleep while passing the Marshes, was invested with solemnity by the palor of their cadaverous faces, and the hollow tones of their voices.

We reached Terracina without having seen a brigand; and dismissed our guard without having had any opportunity of judging of their valour. The aspect of the country between Velletri and Terracina is savage and desolate, overgrown with masses of thick, tangled, rank grass, broken by pools of stagnant water, whose deleterious vapours impregnate the air. Herds of wild buffaloes are scattered over the dreary landscape, and flocks of water-fowls flit over the dark pools; their wild and melancholy cries adding to the gloom with which the scene impresses the mind.

At Terracina, the country presents a cheering aspect, for it is rich and luxuriant; and the many vestiges of antiquity scattered amid its environs add to the interest of the picture. This was the site of the ancient Anxur, and boasts many attractions for the antiquary; while for the lover of classical lore it is rich in associations, for near it are many scenes of the Æneid

and Odyssey. The ruins of the Castle of Theodoric, which crown the steep that commands the town, have a fine effect; and the contrast of a Gothic ruin near the classical ones gives interest to both.

Mola di Gaeta, 16*th*.—The aspect of this charming place, and the desire of exploring its environs, have induced us to devote one day to the task. Never was there a more exhilarating prospect than the one now spread out before me, from the window of the Albergo di Cicerone. A thick mass of orange-trees, crowned with their golden fruit, and mingled with luxuriant myrtles, divide the terrace on which my window opens, from the sea, whose blue and placid waters are at this moment sparkling with the reflection of a brilliant sun. The promontory of Misenum bounds the view at one side, and Mola di Gaeta the other. The air is balmy, refreshed by the soft breezes from the sea, which are impregnated with the delicious odour of the orange flowers, over which they float ere they reach the terrace. Existence becomes positive enjoyment in such a scene, and the *dolce far' niente* of the Italians is fully understood.

We had our morning repast served on the terrace; and, though far from being luxurious, it was enjoyed with a zest that seldom accompanies the most *recherché* one. The transparent atmosphere of this sunny land must charm all who, like me, have been accustomed to the hazy and sombre sky of our clime. It seems as if the eye could never tire of wandering over the vast expanse that courts its gaze; and that the imagination drinks in large draughts of sunshine, to warm

and invigorate it. The gentle murmur of the waves, breaking on the shore, are heard from the terrace, and dispose the mind to a delicious reverie. Italy, still—and ever beautiful Italy, thou must be seen to be appreciated! for how flat, stale, and unprofitable are all attempts to describe thy charms! Who can look at thee, bask in thy sunshine, and feel thy genial air tranquillizing the spirit, and moving the heart to kindly affections, without wishing that every beloved friend far away were present to share thy influence, and enjoy thy blessings?

I write this feeble memento of thy charms, loth to leave, even for a brief period, the view which delights me, in order that, on a future day, when far from thy bright coast, I may recall the scene now spread before my window, by making this faint sketch of it. Who can wonder at the complacency with which Cicero dwells on the attractions of his Formianum, when gazing on this spot, which is said to have been the site of it? At the bottom of the orange grove are some ruins, bathed by the sea, which were pointed out as a part of his villa: they probably were the baths, and never were there more pellucid ones, as I can verify; for, tempted by their seclusion, and the purity of the water, I bathed therein early this morning, and felt myself invigorated by the briny element.

Our guide showed us the spot where Cicero was murdered, when attempting to escape from his litter. A ruined tower marks the place, said to have been erected to commemorate the fatal event. How the recollection of this cruelty to such a man makes one loathe the memory of Augustus, whose perfidious

policy led to this murder! When dwelling on scenes of beauty, that makes the heart swell with gratitude to the Creator, how painful is it to be forced to reflect on the cruelty and injustice of man, which have left the trail of the serpent even in this paradise!

We drove to Gaeta, which is about four miles from the inn, in order to see the small fortress, in a tower of which, it is asserted, the unburied corse of the Constable de Bourbon still remains. We could not obtain permission to enter the fortress; consequently did *not* view, through a window of the tower, what our guide declares may be seen—the shrunken and shapeless mass, covered with tattered garments, that was once the bold and ambitious Constable. We were, however, amply repaid for the drive, by the sight of a *basso-rilievo* which ornaments the Baptistery of the Cathedral, inscribed with the name of Salpion, an Athenian sculptor. It represents Ino, wife of Athamas, king of Thebes, concealing one of her children in her bosom, to screen it from the rage of its father. Our guide was eloquent in praise of this work, which certainly has great merit. He also forgot not to remind us that Gaeta was founded by Æneas, in honour of his nurse Gajeta, of which name Gaeta is a corruption.

It is curious to observe the love of classical lore that animates many of the lower classes in Italy. With the traditions attached to the ruins around them they have a general acquaintance, and can converse on them *con amore*.

Lovely as the view from the terrace of this inn is

by day, it is even still more so by night. We remained in the balmy air till midnight, looking at the moon silvering the sea with a flood of light, and tingeing the promontory of Misenum with its beams. Oh! what a stillness and repose hung on the lovely scene! All nature seemed hushed into slumber, but smiling like a beautiful child in its sleep.

Naples, 17*th*.—Before I seek my pillow, I must note down the journey of to-day; for so many objects court my attention, that its impressions may be effaced. The region we traversed is fraught with classical associations, and immortalized as the scene where the sage Ulysses met the daughter of the King of the Læstrygones. It derives scarcely less interest from the journey of Horace through it, when going to Brundisium. We found none of the Falernian wine, of whose merits he was so eloquent, though our host at the Albergo di Cicerone more than insinuated that his cellar possessed some that would not have dissatisfied Horace himself. On leaving the Albergo di Cicerone, we passed through Mola di Gaeta, whence it is about a half a mile distant. This is little more than a village, formed of white houses, fronting the sea, with a post-house, and one or two inns; but it is as populous and animated a one as can be imagined, chiefly occupied by fishermen and their families. The costume of the women, if not remarkable for its cleanliness, had at least the merit of being very picturesque. Their heads looked like those of antique female statues, the hair being braided with silken bands, and bound round their heads, forming a knot at the back.

Their draperies, though scant, and of the coarsest texture, clung to them not ungracefully; and there was an ease in their deportment which, if it amounted not to elegance, indicated a total freedom from the restraint of stiff stays. The eyes of the Italians are as superior to those of my compatriots, as are their skies to ours. Large, lustrous, and expressive, they can flash with vivacity, or melt with softness. The children remind me much of those belonging to the southern coast of Ireland. Like them, muscular and well formed, with a freedom from *embonpoint* that proves the absence of repletion, they move with agility, and rush into the sea, as if it were their native element. Nowhere have I seen such happy faces as in Italy; even the squalid mendicants fail to summon up a countenance of misery, to illustrate the tales of it, with which they assail the carriage of every *forestieri* that passes; and, judging by physiognomies, one might pronounce that the beggar, who declares that he wants the most ordinary necessaries of life, is less wretched than most part of the travellers, rolling in luxurious carriages, and blessed with affluence, from whom he solicits charity. Marvellous effects of a genial climate! that can thus lighten the sense of life's worst evil—extreme poverty.

We crossed the ancient Liris at Garigliano, and thought of Pierre de Medicis, who here lost his life. The country around St. Agata is beautiful, and were the inn less wretched, might tempt a sojourn there for some hours. The postillions pointed out to us *Minturnæ*, and I confess I should have liked to have visited the ruins where Marius, himself ruined, sought shelter;

but the wish of beholding Naples for the first time, by the light of day, prevented me from satisfying this desire. Next came Capua, no longer the luxurious city of whose effects on his soldiers Hannibal was apprehensive, but a poor, unclean town, filled with a noisy and filthy population. We saw, at a distance, the ruins of a triumphal arch and an amphitheatre, which at some future day we will explore. Aversa, the Atella of ancient times, was next passed. I thought more of the tragical death of Andrew, which took place there, than of the Norman conquerors to whom the town owes its birth; and wondered how Queen Joan, who to woman's beauty joined not a woman's heart, could sanction so fearful a crime.

Naples burst upon us from the steep hill above the Campo Santo, and never did aught so bright and dazzling meet my gaze. Innumerable towers, domes, and steeples rose above palaces, intermingled with terraces and verdant foliage. The bay, with its placid waters, lay stretched before us, bounded on the left by a chain of mountains, with Vesuvius, sending up its blue incense to the cloudless sky. Capri, behind which the sun was hiding his rosy beams, stood like a vast and brilliant gem, encircled by the radiance of the expiring luminary, which was reflected in the glassy mirror that bathed its base; and to the right lay a crescent of blue isles and promontories, which look as if formed to serve as a limit to the waters that lave their bases. The scene was like one created by the hand of enchantment, and the suddenness with which it burst on us added surprise to admiration. We ordered our postillions to pause on the brow of the hill, that we

might gaze on the beautiful panorama before us; and as our eyes dwelt on it, we were ready to acknowledge that the old Neapolitan phrase, "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*," had a meaning, for they who die without having seen Naples, have missed one of the most enchanting views in the world.

We paused on the brow of the hill, and while the eye drank in this scene of life and beauty, one of the postillions directed our attention to a large square of ground inclosed by high walls, round which grew groups of cedars, stone-pines, and other trees, which served to break its dull uniformity, and said, "That is the Campo Santo." This melancholy spot lies to the left of the road, in a defile at the bottom of the hill, divided from the route by a sort of common, on which several large and picturesque trees were scattered. There came a sudden sadness over my feelings as my eye turned from the glowing and lovely scene around, to this lonely and desolate resting-place of the dead. The contrast was affecting, and effectually sobered the rapturous admiration in which I was indulging.

18*th*.—I thought last night, as I stood on the balcony, that the view of this lovely bay by moonlight could not be equalled; but when I looked on the same scene this morning as a brilliant sun was beaming, it seemed to have acquired greater charms. Our hotel fronts the sea, and is only divided from it by the garden of the Villa Reale, which is filled with plants and flowers, mingled with statues and vases, whose whiteness is finely contrasted by their rich and vivid tints. The blue and beautiful sea is seen sparkling

through the opening of the trees; and many a white sail is seen floating over its placid bosom. What a picture is now spread before me, and how poor, how colourless are words to paint it!

Our hotel, the Gran Bretagna, is an excellent one; the rooms spacious and well furnished, and the attendance good. Its only defect is, that being in the Strada de Chiaja, which is the fashionable evening promenade, the noise and dust are troublesome. I feel as if I should never tire of gazing on the enchanting view from my windows; and every change in the atmosphere gives a new aspect to it. How light and elastic is the air! Respiration is carried on unconsciously, and existence becomes a positive pleasure in such a climate. Who that has seen Naples can wonder that her children are idle, and luxuriously disposed? To gaze on the cloudless sky and blue Mediterranean, in an atmosphere so pure and balmy, is enough to make the veriest plodder who ever courted Plutus abandon his toil and enjoy the delicious *dolce far' niente* of the Neapolitans.

19*th*.—I have determined to find a suitable abode before I begin the round of sight-seeing here; for the noise of the Strada de Chiaja of an evening is so overpowering, that a longer *séjour* in this hotel is not desirable. I devoted a considerable portion of yesterday to house-hunting; and though I have seen many fine palaces, I have not yet met with one quite to my fancy, for all are fitted up more with a view to show than comfort.

The gaiety of the streets of Naples at night is unparalleled. Numberless carriages of every de-

scription are seen rolling along. The ice-shops are crowded by the *beau monde,* and the humbler portable shops, with their gaudy decorations, which are established in the streets, are surrounded by eager applicants for the sorbetto and lemonade, of which the lower classes consume such quantities. When I last night beheld numbers of both sexes flocking round the venders of iced water and lemonade, of which copious draughts were swallowed with apparent zest, I thought of the different and far less pleasing sight which the streets of London present at the same hour, when so many persons of both sexes flock to those degrading receptacles of folly and vice, the gin-shops, to seek in the excitement of ebriety forgetfulness of cares. Here, all are gay and animated, from the occupants of the coroneted carriage down to the lazaroni, who, in the enjoyment of the actual present, are reckless of the future. At one spot was seen one of those portable shops, peculiar to Naples, gaily painted and gilded and illuminated by paper lanterns in the shape of balloons, tinted with the brightest colours, round which groups were collected devouring macaroni, served hot to them from the furnace where it was prepared. At another shop, iced water-melons were sold in slices; the bright pink of the interior of the fruit offering a pretty contrast to the vivid green of the exterior. Frittura, sending forth its savoury fumes, was preparing at another stall; and *frutti di mare* was offered for sale on tables arranged along the Strada di Santa Lucia. The sounds of guitars were heard mingling with the joyous laugh of the lazaroni; and the dulcet voices of the groups in carriages who

accosted each other with the animation peculiar to Italians, as their vehicles encountered on the promenade. The sweet-sounding words *signorina, amico, cara,* and *carissimo,* often broke on the ear; and above this scene of life and gaiety, this motley assemblage of the beautiful and the grotesque, was spread a sky of deep azure, thickly studded with stars, whose dazzling brightness seemed to shed warmth as well as light over the moving picture. The contrast between the solitude and silence of Rome at night, with the hilarity of the crowds that fill the streets at Naples, is striking. The people of the former partake the character of the Eternal City. They appear as if touched by the grandeur of the ruins that surround them, and are grave and dignified. The Neapolitans, like their volcanic country, are never in a state of repose. Their gaiety has in it something reckless and fierce, as if the burning lava of their craters had a magnetic influence over their temperaments.

Vesuvius sends up its blue smoke in a shadowy column, so faint as to give little indication of our being likely to witness an eruption for some time; but I never turn my eyes to it without likening it to a sleeping gaint, who will wake refreshed from his slumber to make all around tremble at his power.

20*th.*—After having looked at half the palaces at Naples and its immediate environs, I have at length engaged the Palazzo Belvedere, at Vomero, one of the most beautiful residences I ever beheld, in the midst of gardens, and overlooking the Bay. The view it commands is unrivalled; and the gardens boast every rare and fragrant plant and flower that thi

delicious climate can produce. I long to take possession of it; but, alas! some days must elapse before it can be made ready for our reception, for it requires so many of the comforts indispensable to an English family, that their absence could not be compensated by the painted and gilded ceilings, oriental alabaster architraves, marble floors, pictures, and statues, with which the palace is abundantly supplied. The Prince and Princess Belvedere looked surprised when I had an upholsterer to note down the different articles of furniture requisite for him to supply; as they thought the heavy, cumbrous gilt chairs and sofas, ranged in formal rows along the apartments, and the scanty furniture of the bed-rooms, amply sufficient for our wants, as they had been for theirs. House-rent is extravagantly high at Naples; and when fine suites of rooms are required, larger prices are demanded than in London.

21*st*.—So far from getting accustomed to the beauty of this place, it creates an increased admiration every day. The resplendent skies, and the glorious sea that mirrors them, fill me with delight; all charms, except the never-ceasing noise of the people, which overpowers and fatigues me. The drives are delightful, the sea always in view, and its breezes, light as the zephyr's breath, bear freshness on their wings. We drove along the Mergellina last evening, passed through the Grotto di Posilippo, and along the Strada Nuova. What a succession of beautiful views! each acquiring new charms from the changes in the atmosphere. From a golden hue, in which the skies, sea, and promontories were steeped in a yellow light, like some of

those pictures by Claude Lorraine, on which the eye delights to dwell, they changed to a tint of deep glowing rose; and then deepened into purple, which gave the whole scene the effect of being viewed through a coloured glass.

Emerging from the sombre Grotto di Posilippo, the dazzling picture that meets the eye is magical. This grotto is 2,316 feet in length, hewn through the solid rock, and lighted by lamps, which burn night and day. Three carriages may pass abreast without inconvenience, save from the dust which the wheels of the vehicles and horses put in motion, and which exhales a disagreeable odour. Images and pictures of saints are hung on the sides of the cavern, with small votive lamps burning before them; but the presence of these symbols of religion prevent not the loud imprecations of the coachmen, muleteers, and lazaroni, which sound lugubriously amid the reverberations produced by the noise of the carriages. Entering this sombre cavern on a fine summer evening, when the sky was all splendour, its gloom and chill struck us forcibly; but when emerging from it, the enchanting prospect around seemed to have acquired greater beauty from the force of the contrast.

The heat is intense at present in Naples; and many foreigners, as well as all the natives, indulge, during the fervour of noontide, in a siesta. At such hours, there is scarcely a passenger, above the lower classes, to be seen in the streets; but when the evening sets in, every avenue leading to the Chiaja is crowded by carriages of every description. Last evening, we encountered the royal family. The King

was in a carriage, attended by one or two of his favourites, and the heir presumptive to the throne, the Prince of Salerno, followed in a barouche, with his wife, and the Princess Christine, his daughter. The King is a thin spare man, with fresh-coloured cheeks, long nose, and grey locks, worn rather long. His countenance is animated, and he looks very hale and healthy for his years. Not so the Prince of Salerno, whose obesity indicates anything but health; and the stooping posture which he continually maintains, his head drooping over his chest, confirms the impression of helpless *embonpoint* which his countenance conveys. From this mode of holding his head, his glance has something disagreeable and sinister in it. The Princess of Salerno has been, it is said, extremely good-looking; but though only now in her thirty-eighth year, no trace of it remains; her excessive *embonpoint* having destroyed every vestige of symmetry in form and face. Her countenance is expressive of good-nature; and she returns the salutations of the crowds that pass her carriage with a good-humoured smile. The Princess Christine * is in her seventeenth year, and is exceedingly pretty. Slight, and well formed, with a countenance in which *finesse* and *esprit* are delineated, even as a grisette she would challenge admiration. Her features are small and neatly finished; her eyes expressive, her teeth beautiful, and her smile full of fascination. Her complexion is of a pale clear olive, which, if less brilliant than the fresh roses and lilies of the cheeks of our English ladies, is not without its charm. In short, the Princess Christine is a very

* At present Queen Regent of Spain.

attractive person, and must, without the prestige attached to the adventitious aid of royal birth, be universally considered a charming young woman. Having passed and re-passed the carriage in which she sat last evening several times, I had good opportunities of examining her; and I must pronounce her to be worthy the admiration she excites in the combustible hearts of her countrymen, who view her less as a grand Princess, than as a very bewitching woman.

The carriages that encounter the royal cortège draw up while they pass. The gentlemen take off their hats, and the ladies bow. Their salutations are graciously acknowledged by all the royal family, but peculiarly so by the Princess Christine, whose delicate lips expand into a sweet smile, displaying teeth like pearls, and whose bow is full of grace.

22*nd*.—I have been to the Palazzo Belvedere, at Vomero, which now begins to wear a more habitable aspect, thanks to the activity of a French upholsterer, and some eight or ten *faquinos*, who have been scrubbing it for the last two days. The only objection to Vomero, is the long and steep hill to be ascended to reach it, but it is this hill that gives it the extensive and beautiful prospect it commands, and secures to it the freshest breezes that visit the shore. A long avenue, entered by an old-fashioned archway, which forms part of the dwelling of the intendent of the Prince di Belvedere, leads through a pleasure-ground, filled with the rarest trees, shrubs, and plants, to the Palazzo, which forms three sides of a square; the fourth being an arcade, that connects one portion of the building with the other. There is a court-yard,

and fountain in the centre. A colonnade extends from each side of the front to the palace, supporting a terrace covered with flowers. The windows of the principal salons open on a garden, formed on an elevated terrace, surrounded on three sides by a marble balustrade, and inclosed on the fourth by a long gallery, filled with pictures, statues, and alti and bassi rilievi. On the top of this gallery, which is of considerable length, is a terrace, at the extreme end of which is a pavilion with open arcades, and paved with marble. This pavilion commands a most enchanting prospect of the bay, with the coast of Sorrento on the left; Capri in the centre, with Nisida, Procida, Ischia, and the promontory of Misenum to the right; the foreground filled up by gardens and vineyards. The odours of the flowers in the grounds around this pavilion, and the Spanish jasmine and tuberoses that cover the walls, render it one of the most delicious retreats in the world.

The Palazzo Belvedere contains many fine pictures, and some good groups in sculpture. Its best picture is a Rubens, representing Herodias with the head of St. John on a charger, with Herod, his wife, and attendants at a supper-table. Four thousand pounds have been refused for this picture. A very spirited portrait of Masaniello, painted by his contemporary and friend, Salvator Rosa, has attracted much notice, owing to Canova having pronounced it to bear a very striking likeness to the Emperor Napoleon when he was first consul. The walls of all the rooms are literally covered with pictures; the architraves of the doors of the principal rooms are of Oriental ala-

baster and the rarest marbles ; the tables and consoles are composed of the same costly materials ; and the furniture, though in decadence, bears the traces of its pristine splendour. Besides five *salons de réception* on the principal floor, the palace contains a richly decorated chapel and sacristy, a large *salle-de-billard*, and several suites of bed and dressing-rooms. An abundance of the finest and rarest porcelain vases, rock crystal, malachite and agate ornaments, are piled on the marble tables and consoles ; and now that curtains, carpets, and other adjuncts to comfort are beginning to be placed, the palazzo is assuming an aspect of English elegance joined to Italian grandeur, that renders it a delightful residence.

Our banker, Mr. Price, a most gentlemanly and obliging personage, has kindly undertaken to engage Neapolitan servants for us ; and, except wearing earrings, those he has hired look as much like London footmen as possible. I find a system of domestic economy prevails at Naples, different to that practised in all other parts of Italy, namely, that an agreement is made with a cook, who furnishes all repasts required at a stipulated price *per head ;* and each guest invited is paid for at the same rate. This system is universally adopted in all large establishments, and saves a world of trouble and imposition. A contract is entered into by which the number of *entrées, entremets, rotis,* &c. and desserts, are fixed ; the *déjeuners, petits soupers,* &c. regulated, and, at the close of the week the bill, resembling that of an hotel, except that no separate items are entered, is pre-

sented and compared with the book kept as a check by the *maître-d'hôtel*. In the houses of all the *noblesse*, and even in the royal establishments, this system is pursued, and is said to give great satisfaction.

23*rd*.—There are many English families at Naples,—among whom Sir William and Lady Drummond are conspicuous for their hospitality. Sir William Drummond is said to be unceasingly occupied in literary pursuits, and is at present engaged in his work entitled "Origines." Sir William Gell is also here, and is universally esteemed and beloved; as is his inseparable friend, the Hon. K. Craven. Mr. Hamilton, remarkable for his erudition and taste, is our minister to the Neapolitian court: so that the residence of such men as Drummond, Gell, Craven, and Hamilton, is calculated to give the inhabitants of Naples a very high opinion of the English. Colonel Chaloner Biss is also a resident at Naples, where his hospitality and urbanity have rendered him very, and deservedly, popular. The Abbé ——— fills an *undefined* and *undefinable* position here. He is said to be in great favour with the minister, Medici, and to turn that favour to a profitable account. *How* his influence with the minister has been acquired, it is not easy to imagine, for his talents are of a very mediocre kind, his manners coarse, and his reputation not honourable. *Mais n'importe*, he preserves his ground; and is received, though abused, in every great house in Naples. This is one of the many extraordinary examples one often witnesses, of a man rising from a low station without one quality to justify his ascent,

or to maintain it, yet whose presence is tolerated by those who decry him.

We drove to the Mole last night, and were amused by hearing an itinerant *filosofo,* as our *laquais-de-place* called him, recite passages from Tasso's Gerusalemme with an earnestness, that excited no little sympathy and admiration from the circle around him. Murmurs of applause followed the pathetic parts of the poem, and showers of grains (a coin less than our farthings) rewarded the reciter. The animation with which the audience around the *filosofo* listened to passages that I should have thought too elevated for their comprehension surprised me; and suggested the reflection of how a similar recitation would have been received by the lower classes in the streets of London. Here, the sensibilities of the people are not blunted, as with us, by the immoderate and general use of ardent spirits. The simplicity of the diet operates, I am persuaded, most advantageously, not only on the frames, but on the minds, of the Neapolitans; and leaves them free from the moody humours and feverish excitement engendered by the stimulating food and copious libations of porter and spirits to which the lower classes with us are so universally addicted.

The Mole presents the best scene at Naples for studying the tastes of the humblest portion of its inhabitants. Here they abandon themselves, with the gaiety of children broke loose from school, to the impressions produced on their minds by the different persons who resort to this place to amuse them. At one

spot, the *filosofo* I named held his audience spell-bound; and at no great distance, two men sang duets, accompanying themselves on their guitars, and making up in spirit what their music wanted in sweetness. A Polichinel displayed his comic powers with irresistible humour, exciting peals of laughter from his merry crowd; while, strange to say, a monk, mounted on a chair nearly opposite, brandished a crucifix in the air with frantic gesture, exhorting the followers of Polichinel to desert that unworthy mime, and to follow him, who would lead them to the Redeemer. I must add, that the monk won few converts from Polichinel, notwithstanding that his menaces of the flames that awaited those who persevered in adhering to his rival were appalling. It was asserted by a gentleman who accompanied us to the Mole, and who has long resided at Naples, that he was once present when this same monk, becoming enraged at witnessing the preference accorded to Polichinel, frantically exclaimed, while brandishing the crucifix with one hand, and pointing to it with the other, "Behold! this is the true, the only Polichinel! Follow this, and you are saved; but adhere to the false Polichinel, and the never-dying flames shall make you exhibit more antics than that imp of Satan ever practised!" The vehemence and fury of this monk were really painful to witness. Surrounded but by a few followers, who cast wistful glances at Polichinel, the peals of laughter of the crowd who pressed round that merry wight almost drowned the tones of his voice: but his imprecations, loud and deep, were occasionally heard amidst their shouts of mirth; and

I was glad when we quitted his vicinity, and no longer witnessed this fearful mixture of impiety and reckless folly.

24*th.*—The Honourable R. Grosvenor dined with us yesterday. He is the liveliest Englishman I have ever seen; and his gaiety sits so gracefully on him, that it tempts one to wish it was more frequently a characteristic of his countrymen.

I have nowhere beheld more beautiful women than in three or four carriages at the evening drive on the Chiaja. I was peculiarly struck by the dazzling delicacy of their complexions, a beauty which I fancied was denied to the inhabitants of this sunny clime; but the fairness of the ladies I have noticed could not be surpassed in London. The Duchess di Forli, one of the reigning belles of Naples, is a lovely woman, with hair dark as the raven's wing, and lustrous eyes of nearly as deep a hue: her complexion is of a transparent fairness, and her lips are as crimson as the flower of the pomegranate. The Princess Trecazi is another specimen of Neapolitan loveliness; and the Princess Centolla might furnish a faultless model for a Hebe, she is so fair, so youthful, and so exquisitely beautiful. The expressive countenances of Italian ladies strike those accustomed only to the less demonstrative ones of English women with surprise. Yet there is nothing of boldness in their physiognomies. It is their mutable character, changing with every emotion, and the changes conveying to the beholder the expression of the feeling of which they are the visible sign, that strikes one. Their faces remind one of a beautiful lake, on whose bosom every breeze pro-

duces a gentle ripple, and every cloud its shadow; but likewise suggests the thought of what effects a storm might cause on the same beautiful surface, the mobility of their countenances indicating a more than ordinary predisposition to passionate emotions.

25*th*.—Palazzo Belvedere. We have taken possession of our beautiful abode, which now presents a most delightful aspect. Oh, the comfort of finding oneself in a private house, after sojourning for eleven months in hotels! of being sure of meeting no strangers on the stairs; no intruders in the anterooms; of hearing no slapping of doors; no knocking about of trunks and imperials; no cracking of whips of postillions; no vociferations of couriers; and, above all, of not having our olfactory organs disgusted by the abominable odour of cigars. Surely an exemption from such annoyances, after an endurance of them for nearly a year, is in itself a subject for satisfaction; but to have secured such an abode as this palazzo, is indeed a cause for thankfulness. The Prince and Princess of Belvedere came to visit us today, and seemed perfectly astonished at the metamorphosis that we have effected in their mansion. They came to offer us the use of their box at the Opera, and many other civilities; are well-bred, and appear very amiable people. The Prince was a Cardinal, but having inherited the title and fortune of Belvedere, the Pope gave him a dispensation from his vows, and the *ci-devant* Cardinal has long been a husband and father of a family.

Now that we are established in our new residence, we intend commencing a round of sight-seeing; and

Naples and its environs offer occupation for many a day. So enchanting are the views from the windows of this palace, that the eye dwells on them with untiring pleasure; and when it reverts to the interior of the apartments, it is scarcely less gratified, their loftiness, spaciousness, and decorations forming a beautiful *coup-d'œil.*

26*th.*—Spent the greater part of the day at the Museo Borbonico, which is rich in antiquities of every description, from the finest statues down to the most minute objects of a lady's toilette; some of the latter offering irrefragable proofs that the ladies of antiquity were in the habit of calling in the aid of art to heighten or repair their charms. When we behold the collections of the works of the great masters in Italy and France, and the buildings erected for them, it is impossible to resist feeling a sense of humiliation at remembering the immeasurable inferiority of similar establishments in England, where objects are crowded together in a space too small to permit their being seen to advantage. Whether this arises from want of taste, or excess of parsimony, it is equally to be regretted; and exposes our nation to many (I wish I could say unmerited) animadversions from the foreigners who visit us.

Among the statues, that which most pleased me was the Aristides; the ease, yet dignity, of the posture being so wholly free from theatrical effect, which is in general the defect of statues. The drapery, too, falls admirably; and the face is full of a grave yet mild expression, that accords well with our notions of the original. Though I dislike colossal statues in

general, and female ones in particular, I could not refuse the meed of admiration to the Flora Farnese: for, notwithstanding its gigantic proportions, the sculptor has skilfully managed not to destroy the feminine character of the Goddess of Flowers. The enormous size of this statue, and the feminine character still preserved in it, brought to my mind the impression I experienced on beholding Mont Blanc, one evening, when the sun was setting, and its vast and snowy surface was tinged with its rays, until the whole mountain looked a delicate rose colour; and drew from one of our party the expression, that it appeared, in its rosy drapery, an immense mass of effeminacy.

The equestrian statues of the two Balbi disappointed me, for the horses are stiff, formal, wooden-looking ones, and their riders are nearly as precise. The Venus (I refer to the most celebrated one in this collection, for there are several) is a mere meretricious beauty, as inferior to the Medicean Venus as a pretty *danseuse* is to a lovely English girl of seventeen, on her first presentation. One can hardly believe the sex to be the same. The Agrippina is a very fine statue: there is a calmness and repose about it that characterise the works of antiquity from those of modern times. They look as if the originals, while sitting, *thought* not of placing themselves in graceful postures, but fell into them naturally; while those of our day appear studied and affected. I have never seen so perfect a personification of physical suffering as the Gladiator in this Museo; but as the physical *only* is visible, it fails to excite the interest with which all must pause before its faultless rival of the Capitol.

One turns from this with much of the same sentiment of mingled pity and disgust with which we should escape from seeing a paviour after having undergone amputation, while yet the traces of agony are visible in his frame; but regard the other with a respectful commiseration, because mental anguish seems to have vanquished bodily suffering.

There is scarcely a fashion that has disfigured the female head during the last century, that may not find a prototype in the coiffures of the female busts of antiquity in the collection of bronzes here. Curls in every fantastic shape, from the Gorgon-looking locks of some ladies, to the vine tendril ringlets of others, with masses of frizzed and plaited hair, that render the countenances they were meant to adorn, hideous. The Roman busts do not realize my preconceived notion of the countenances of that people. The features are less regular than our English ones, and the faces infinitely less handsome. Indeed, it strikes me, that the Italian faces of the present day, even of the lower classes, are far more comely than those I have seen that belong to antiquity; always of course excepting the works of Grecian art, in which the faces possess not only perfect symmetry, but a peculiar expression of refinement. Long and prominent noses, with large mouths and short chins, seem to me to be the peculiar characteristics of the Roman faces of antiquity; while those of our time, if equally unmarked by a refined or intellectual expression, are certainly more comely.

27*th.*—Mr. R. Grosvenor and Capt. Gordon dined with us yesterday; both very agreeable. The latter

reminded me of his brother, Lord Aberdeen, who is a very superior man.

The gardens of the Palazzo Belvedere join those of the Floridiana, the beautiful villa of the Principessa Partano, the wife (*de la main gauche*) of the King of Naples. These left-handed marriages of Princes are by no means uncommon, and entail no personal disrespect on the ladies who contract them, or any political *désagrémens* on the Princes or their offspring. Titles and suitable fortunes are conferred on the ladies and their children; they are received with distinction at court, and in society, in which last, however, they are said to mingle rarely; but do not inhabit the royal residences except as visitors. The Principessa Partano is a Sicilian lady of high birth, who being left a widow with a large family, and no longer in her *première jeunesse*, captivated Ferdinand, soon after the death of his Queen, Caroline, the sister of Marie-Antoinette, who bestowed on her his left hand, the title of Princess, and a large revenue. The Principessa is much liked at Naples, and the King is said to be exceedingly attached to her; and not the less so, it is stated, that she bears with great philosophy his Majesty's not unfrequent demonstrations of admiration for any pretty *danseuse*, or *chanteuse*, that appears.

The Villa Floridiana, with its extensive ground, was a birth-day gift, presented by the King to this lady. His Majesty had it privately bought; repaired, and enlarged the house, which is now fitting up with a taste worthy of oriental elegance; rendered the grounds a union of classic style and Arcadian beauty;

and when all was nearly completed, on his birth-day, engaged the Princess to a *déjeuner à-la-fourchette* at the Villa, and placed in the napkin, under her plate, the deed of gift.

We have free ingress to the beautiful gardens of the Floridiana, which join ours, and in which the trees, plants, and flowers of every country are skilfully raised. Grottoes, of considerable extent, are perforated in the huge rocks that intersect the grounds; a bridge, of fine proportion and of cut stone, is thrown across a vast chasm to unite them. Terraces of marble well executed, representing fauns, satyrs, and nymphs, with vases, and groups of sculpture, ornament the gardens. A menagerie is, in my opinion, the only drawback to this charming place, as the roaring of lions, and screams of the other wild beasts, are little in harmony with so Arcadian a spot. Never were wild beasts more carefully attended, or more neatly kept. Their cages are made to resemble natural caverns, and are cut, in fact, in rocks; and the keepers remove every unsightly object, and preserve the dens as free from impurity, as are most children's nurseries in England. I hope the mammas and nurses will pardon the comparison.

The bath in the Casino, designed for the Principessa Partano, is quite beautiful. It is a small chamber, cased with white marble, and the bath occupies nearly the whole of it, leaving only a space sufficiently large to admit of ottomans, formed of the same material, to be ranged round the room. A flight of marble steps, at each end, descends to the bath; whose dimensions would admit not only of bathing, but of

swimming. A light balustrade of gilt metal encircles the bath, and from the ceiling, which is exquisitely painted with subjects analogous, descend from a circular gilt ring the size of the bath, curtains of snowy texture, which can be secured to the balustrade at pleasure. A lamp of snow-white alabaster hangs from the beak of a dove over the bath. Mirrors are inserted in the marble casing of the room, and paintings of nymphs, preparing for the bath, in it, and leaving it, are placed so as to correspond with the mirrors. Marble stands for flowers are stationed near the balustrade, so that their odours may be enjoyed by the bather. The dressing-room is equally tasteful and luxurious; and no Eastern queen ever owned two more exquisitely arranged chambers. They look as if designed for some mortal, young and beautiful as the nymphs painted in them, by a youthful lover, whose mind was imbued with the luxuriant and poetical fancies of Eastern climes; instead of the person for whom this fairy palace was created, who is a grandmother, and the lover who formed it, who is an octogenarian.

28*th.*—We discovered last evening, that two of our Italian servants are no mean performers on the guitar, and sing well enough to be listened to with pleasure, by even more fastidious critics than we are. We made this discovery while sipping iced tea last night in the delicious pavilion at the end of the terrace. When first we heard the duo, we imagined it to be a serenade, offered by the gallantry of some neighbour to us strangers,—no uncommon occurrence in Italy, but on inquiring we ascertained that the musicians

were no others than two of our domestics. The taste, the feeling, evinced by these men in their playing and singing, quite surprised us, and must have been acquired at the expense of considerable and patient practice.

All that I have hitherto seen of Italian servants has given me a very favourable impression of them. They are obliging, cheerful, and peculiarly well bred; betraying a desire not only to meet the wishes of their employers, but to anticipate them. Our rooms are filled with flowers every day, since our partiality for them has been discovered; but not without a remark made by one of the servants, of his fear of their odour being injurious to the health. The Italian ladies have a great dread of the effect of the perfume of flowers on their nerves; and some have been known to faint, if not "die, of a rose, in aromatic pain." They are not equally susceptible of unsavoury odours; for the streets through which they must daily pass often send forth some that are so abominable as to induce the frequent application of a perfumed handkerchief to my nose, while they seem unconscious of the nuisance. The odour of the flowers in Italy is infinitely more powerful than in England; but in no part of it have I found it so strong as in the garden here. On remarking this to an Italian visitor, I was informed that the observation had been frequently made, and that a bouquet from Belvedere was esteemed a very acceptable offering for the evening drive in an *open* carriage, but was too pungent for a salon.

29*th*.—Prince Buttera dined with us yesterday. He is a Hanoverian by birth, but speaks English per-

fectly well. He was a soldier of fortune, went with his regiment to Sicily, where he captivated the Princess Buttera, the heiress of a very large fortune, who bestowed her hand, wealth, and title on him; and he is now among the most fashionable of the Neapolitan fashionables. Strange destiny! to become from a mere soldier of fortune the master of immense wealth; and from an obscure name, prince of one of the most ancient titles in Sicily.

Drove to-day to the palace at *Capo di Monti*, which contains nothing worthy of remark. It was built by Charles III., father to the present King, who left one wing unfinished, in which state it has ever since continued. It bears much more resemblance to a barrack than to a palace, and is as uninviting a residence as possible. Some pictures by Camuccini and Landi were shown by the *custode* with as much *fierté* as if they were *chefs-d'œuvre;* but one piece of old Gobelin tapestry, representing Admiral Coligny undauntedly facing his assassins, is, in my estimation, worth them all. This fine piece of tapestry is placed opposite to a most wretched portrait of the Princess Partano, who is nearly as cruelly treated by the painter, as was the gallant Coligny by his murderers. Never did I behold so execrable a daub. One picture in this palace I must not omit noticing. It is the portrait of the mother of the present King, on horseback, dressed in the fashion of her day. A smart cocked hat decorates her head, and her hair, which is confined behind by a ribbon, floats in the air. A pair of high boots (with spurs) covers her legs to the knees, where they are met by *une culotte*, only partly concealed by

a short petticoat. A chemise with a jabot like that of a gentleman, and a cravat and waistcoat, with a pair of gauntlet gloves, complete the costume of this lady, who is mounted *à califourchon*, in precisely the same attitude as the picture of the Prince Eugene. A countenance of smirking self-complacency, denoting that the original of this portrait felt confident of being admired, renders the effect of the picture irresistibly ludicrous.

30*th*.—Visited to-day the tomb of Virgil, or, at least, the spot where it is supposed his ashes repose, for on this point, as on many others, antiquarians have not quite made up their minds: some asserting that the remains of the poet were deposited at the other side of the Bay; and others agreeing in opinion with Ælius Donatus, in his Life of Virgil, that they were removed to Naples by order of Augustus, and interred near to the route to Pozzuoli.

All that remains of the tomb are four walls roofed in the form of a dome, with three windows. The building is of brick, and the exterior is covered with verdure, which gives it the appearance of a hermitage. It has the following inscription:—

QUI CINERES?
TUMULO HÆC VESTIGIA:
CONDITUR OLIM ILLE HIC QUI CECINIT PASCUA,
RURA, DUCES.

A bay-tree once crowned the tomb; but the English travellers, as the *custode* informed us, not only stripped it of its branches, but when they had all disappeared, cut the roots, so that no trace of it is left.

This desire to possess memorials connected with celebrated persons is a weakness from which few are exempt: nevertheless, if we analysed the feeling, we should be led to allow that it is puerile to attach value to mere perishable memorials of even a more perishable substance, the human frame; when we have the emanations of the mind, which lent the frame its honour, preserved fresh and unfading as when the immortal spark that dictated them animated its frail tenement of clay. Let us place in our libraries the works of the master spirits of past ages, instead of filling our cabinets with lumber, only prized by some remote association connected with the mortality of those whose writings are immortal.

The grave of an Englishman, whose name I could not learn, is, by his last desire, close to the tomb of Virgil, and a more beautiful view than the spot commands it is impossible to imagine. A nameless grave, and particularly in a conspicuous situation, is always an object that awakens melancholy reflections in the mind. It denotes that he whose frame moulders in it was uncheered by the hope—a hope so natural to many—that after he should repose in it, some who loved him would seek his tomb, and read his name with pensive eyes. This return to eternity without leaving a trace behind, indicates a broken spirit which had outlived hope and affection. How many pangs must the human heart have endured, ere it is tutored into this last desire of despair, of dying unknown and unnamed! He could not have been poor who could pay for a grave in this spot; consequently it was not poverty that compelled a nameless grave. Whoever

may have been the sleeper within it, I gave to his memory a sigh; and to the *custode* an additional fee for the care bestowed in preserving it from profanation.

Another funeral monument, near to that of Virgil, excited less mournful reflections. It is that erected by an English lady to the ashes of her lap-dog! This monument has excited so much animadversion, that it is said it will be removed; and I must confess that I shall not regret its disappearance, for I do not like to see the name of her who raised it, a name honoured in Italy, as appertaining to one who has proved herself a liberal patroness of the arts, and an enlightened amateur of literature and science, exposed to the censures of those—and there are many—who think that she has insulted the ashes of Virgil, by placing those of her canine favourite so near them.*

On the most elevated part of the vineyard in which the tomb is situated, a French General has erected a stone bench for the accommodation of the visitors to the poet's grave. The view from this seat is one of the finest ever beheld; above it is the following inscription:—

Près du chanteur divin dont la lyre immortelle
Répéta des pasteurs les doux et tendres vœux,
Sur ce banc consacré par l'amitié fidèle,
Amis, reposez-vous et reserrez vos nœuds.

XVI AVRIL, MDCCCXII.

31*st*.—Went to see the Palazzo Portici to-day. The situation would have been charming were it not

* Since writing the above, the monument has been removed by order of the Inspector of Police.

for its close vicinity to the road, which actually passes through its court. The view from the back of the palace, however, atones for the defect in front. It comprehends a magnificent prospect of the bay, being only divided from the sea by a garden, filled with the finest trees, plants, and flowers. No palace that I have ever seen so completely realizes the notion I had formed of an Italian one, as does this at Portici. Its close proximity to the sea, whose blue waters bathe the balustrade of the garden, and the enchanting views that on each side present themselves, render it a most delicious retreat

This residence owes all its comfort and elegance to the good taste of Madame Murat, ex-Queen of Naples, who evinced not a little judgment in the alterations and repairs carried into effect in all the royal palaces during her brief reign here. The present sovereign and his family are said to have been hardly able to recognise their ancient abodes, when they returned from Sicily; and expressed no little satisfaction at the improvements that had taken place. Ferdinand is reported to have said that Murat was an excellent upholsterer, and had furnished his palaces perfectly to his taste. The apartments at Portici continued precisely in the same state as when Madame Murat occupied them; with the exception that the portraits of the imperial family have been removed to a lumber-room on the ground floor. The cipher of Murat, and the royal crown, are still attached to many of the decorations, and the lantern which lights the vestibule and grand staircase still bears them. The bed-room, bath, boudoir, and library of Madame Murat are faultless

specimens of Parisian elegance and comfort. In the *chambre-à-coucher* were some drawings from the pencil of her sons, executed with great truth and spirit. They are left in the precise spots selected for them by the fond mother; and the proof of the domestic affection evinced by placing such slightly sketched drawings in so richly decorated a chamber, gave me an increased interest in the fate of her who forgot not the mother in the queen.

One of the salons at Portici peculiarly attracted our attention. The ceiling and walls were covered with panels of the most beautiful china of the ancient and celebrated manufactory of Capo di Monti, of which specimens are now become so rare. The panels have landscapes and groups finely painted, and are bordered with wreaths of flowers the size of Nature, of the richest and most varied dyes, in alto-rilievo; among which, birds of the gayest plumage, squirrels, and monkeys, all of china, are mingled. The chandeliers, and frames of the mirrors, are also of porcelain, and the effect is singularly beautiful. The floor was formerly covered in a similar style to the panels on the walls; but the King when obliged to fly from Naples, intended, as it is said, to remove the decorations from this chamber, and had only detached those of the floor, when he was compelled to depart.

The portraits of the families of Napoleon and Murat are shown by the *custode*, in the small and mean apartments to which they have been consigned; and the splendour of the dresses of some of them form a striking contrast with the rooms where they are placed; like the altered destinies of the originals, who

have "fallen from their high estate." We were shown two portraits of Murat : one, a full-length, by Gérard, and the other a half-length, by a Neapolitan artist. Both are considered excellent resemblances; and if so, prove that the original could not have been the handsome man he was reported to have been. An air of braggadocio characterises both portraits, conveying the impression of a bold captain of banditti, dressed in the rich spoils he had plundered, rather than of a person who had enacted so brilliant a part in the drama of life. But though the portraits have the air I have noticed, the countenance is remarkable for an expression of good humour ; and I attribute the disagreeable effect produced by the pictures, to the profusion of black curls, whiskers, and moustachios, that nearly cover the face, and the swaggering posture of the figure ; for the physiognomy is decidedly more expressive of good-nature than of fierceness. The children of Murat make very interesting portraits. One group is represented dancing the tarantula, the national Neapolitan dance; and another, the two elder sons, is painted in very rich uniforms, descending the steps of Herculaneum, attended by their preceptor and the *custode*, the light of whose torches falls on the figures of the two youths, and forms a good contrast with the darkness of the scene in which they are portrayed. A portrait of the ex-Queen of Spain, with two of her children, and pictures of some of the officers of the staff of Murat, are so execrable, that it is difficult to believe that, at such a recent period, the art of painting was at so low an ebb as these portraits prove it to

have been; and it is still more difficult to imagine how persons accustomed to behold the treasures of art in the Louvre could have borne to contemplate the wretched pictures at Portici. The only redeeming portrait in this collection is that of Napoleon in his coronation robes, by Gérard, which is esteemed a fine likeness, and is well painted.

The facility of viewing these pictures afforded by the present royal family, evinces a freedom from jealousy of their predecessors, and a confidence in the stability of their own power, that ought to be gratifying to their subjects.

We noticed a portrait of Salicetti, said to be remarkably like; the countenance of which would furnish a disciple of Lavater with a striking illustration of his theory, as it expresses all that is artful and malicious, which accords well with the reputation assigned to the original. Salicetti, *ci-devant* minister of police at Naples, acquired a certain degree of notoriety, partly by the vices attributed to him, and by the attempt made to blow up his house by an infernal machine; but, above all, by his death, which was caused by poison, said to have been administered in a dish of maccaroni.

There is no portrait of Madame Murat at Portici, which disappointed me, as I should have liked to see the resemblance of her of whom Talleyrand said, "*Elle avait la tête de Cromwell sur le corps d'une jolie femme. Née avec un grand caractère, de la grace, de l'amabilité, séduisante au-delà de toute expression, il ne lui manquait que de savoir cacher*

*son amour pour la domination ; et quand elle n'atteignait pas son but, c'était pour vouloir y arriver trop tôt.*"

Murat and his wife are remembered with kindness, if not lamented, by the Neapolitans. Both were considered to possess many good qualities ; and the tragical death of him to whom not even his enemies could deny the reputation of *Le brave des braves*, has made as deep impression on his *ci-devant* subjects, as their volatile natures are capable of receiving. Not that they would wish to see a descendant of his take the place of the actual sovereign, to whom it is said that they are very much attached ; for though the personal courage, generosity, and love of show that characterized Murat endeared him to them, there exists between Ferdinand and his subjects a strong bond of sympathy of taste and feeling. A passage in the King's first proclamation, on his last return from Sicily, strikingly demonstrates this sympathy on his Majesty's part. It is as follows : — "Neapolitans, come and throw yourselves into my arms ! I was born among you ; I know and appreciate your habits, your characters, your manners, and I have no other desire than to give you the most convincing proofs of my paternal love."

Though uneducated, the King of Naples is by no means deficient in natural ability. He is said to possess a more than ordinary degree of shrewdness, and delights in indulging in a sportive satire, always sure to be well received by his courtiers. A short time ago, when new clothing was required for the army, an officer suggested that it would be advisable to have

the jacket padded over the chests, like those of the Austrians; stating, that it was not only advantageous to the figure, but also served as a defence against the cut of a sabre.

"Oh, for protecting the person," replied the King, laughing, "it is much better to have the jackets padded behind."

His Majesty is passionately attached to the chase, and devotes much of his time to it. He is an excellent shot; and the salutary effects of air and exercise are very visible in his appearance, as he is one of the most healthy and active sexagenarians I ever saw.

*August 2nd.*—Went yesterday to Pozzuoli and Baiæ, and wondered not, when I beheld these enchanting shores, that they were the favourite retreats of philosophers and poets, warriors and statesmen, who fled to them from the turmoil of busy life, to enjoy that privacy and repose which Rome denied them. The mole of the port of Pozzuoli was a noble work. Two inscriptions have been discovered, which prove that it was restored by Adrian and Antoninus the Pious. It had twenty-five arches, of which only thirteen remain. Caligula erected a bridge on two ranges of boats, which he united to the mole, and covered with planks, over which gravel was thrown. This bridge extended to Baiæ, and cost an enormous sum; the enterprise having, it is said, originated in Caligula's desire to imitate that of Xerxes, who built a bridge to pass from Asia into Greece. No trace of Caligula's bridge remains, though the cicerones, who conduct strangers over this interesting shore, point out the fragments of the mole for it. The amphitheatre, though much impaired by

the ravages of time, and by an earthquake which greatly injured it, still constitutes a fine feature in the landscape. Its form is oval, and its extent was so vast, that it is said to have been capable of holding many thousand persons. Augustus is reported to have been present at a fête given in honour of him, at this amphitheatre; of which our cicerone related many marvels, not to be found in any of the histories relative to that emperor.

In the interior of the building is a small chapel, dedicated to St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, which is held in great veneration by the Neapolitans. This chapel was built to commemorate a remarkable occurrence in the life of the saint; namely, his having been exposed to be devoured by a bear of more than common ferocity; who, awed by the sanctity of the pious Bishop of Beneventum, prostrated himself before him, and became docile as a tame dove. This miracle converted not less than five thousand persons to the Catholic faith; which so enraged Timotheus, the lieutenant of the cruel Diocletian, that he had the holy man immediately decapitated. His sanguinary death led to the preservation of the blood of the saint, and to the yearly-repeated miracle of its liquefaction, so edifying to the lazzaroni of Naples.

Our cicerone seemed surprised at our devoting more time to the examination of the ruins of the amphitheatre, than to the chapel of St. Januarius; and observed, that it was strange that the English invariably did so; "But then," added he, "they do not believe in saints; though, maybe, one day they will repent their obstinate incredulity."

The temple of Serapis next attracted our attention, and a noble ruin it is. Three columns only remain; but they are of stupendous dimensions, and look as if spared by time to serve as monuments to commemorate the ruin around them. At the bases of these colossal columns are scattered fragments of capitals and friezes, of bold design and admirable execution. The extent of the building may be traced; and two small chambers, said by some to have served as baths for the priests, alone remain, although it is asserted that forty-two similar chambers once encircled the temple. Four flights of marble steps led to the centre of the edifice, which was of a circular form: near the base of one of them is a large brass ring, to which the victims to be sacrificed were fastened; and the receptacle for their blood, with the saw-dust and ashes thrown on it, is still visible.

This temple was buried by an earthquake until the year 1750, when it was accidentally discovered by a peasant, which led to an excavation that exposed these fine vestiges of antiquity to view. It is to be lamented that the government of Naples, still more ruthless than time or the elements, has conspired to finish the work of destruction commenced by those destroyers; for columns and statues, that resisted the influence of both, have yielded to its mandates, and have been torn from the fane they adorned, to decorate palaces, or to encumber the courts of museums. They might have been safely permitted to occupy their original destination; for they were too massive to fall a prey to the cupidity of ciceroni, or the love of collecting of travellers.

The vicinity of this temple is celebrated for its mine-

ral waters, which are considered excellent in the cure of various diseases. Some modern baths have been erected on the spot, but their appliances are so disgusting, that most persons accustomed to cleanliness would prefer enduring a malady to trying the efficacy of this remedy.

In the centre of Pozzuoli stands the cathedral of St. Procule, formerly the temple of Augustus. Six Corinthian columns of great beauty still attest the original splendour of the building; and an inscription on the entablature informs us, that it was erected by Calphurnius, and dedicated to Octavia Augustus. A curious and interesting sarcophagus, discovered in the vicinity of Pozzuoli, next attracted our attention. It is remarkable as furnishing a specimen of the decadence of the art of sculpture in the middle ages; to which period it bears irrefragable proof of owing its date, as it presents a mixture of Roman and Gothic taste, the latter, however, being the predominant.

We next visited the Solfatera, which offers a remarkable natural phenomenon. It bears evident marks of being the crater of an extinct volcano; and at every step nature may be seen busy in forming and crystallizing sulphur; specimens of which, in its various forms, and prismatic colours, may be viewed. On a stone being thrown against the surface of the Solfatera, it sends forth a loud reverberation, and a sound of gushing water is heard, which indicates some subterraneous river. From innumerable crevices in the white clay, liquid sulphur is seen issuing in streams; while from other fissures vaporous exhalations are continually bursting forth. The ground shook beneath our

footsteps as we walked over the parts of the Solfatera that are passable; and on thrusting sticks into the soil, they instantly ignited, and gave a sulphurous odour.

The beautiful shore of Baiæ still retains so many attractions, as to justify the preference accorded to it by the Romans; but we had not time to explore its beauties, and reserve that pleasure for another day.

*4th.*—The more I see of the Neapolitans, the better I like them. I have not detected, among the individuals of the lower class that have fallen in my way, a single instance of the rapaciousness so generally, and I am inclined to think so unjustly, attributed to them by strangers. Their politeness has nothing in it of servility; and their good humour is neither coarse nor boisterous. The gardeners, and their wives and families, appertaining to the Palazzo Belvedere, seem actuated by an unceasing desire to please us. Fresh flowers are sent in by them every morning for the apartments; the finest figs and grapes are offered for our acceptance; and smiling faces and courteous enquiries about the health of every individual of the family meet us whenever we encounter any of them. They sing, and not inharmoniously, while at work in the garden, occasionally duos and trios; and at other times one begins a song, descriptive of rural occupations, and his companions answer it. There is something inexpressibly charming to me in these wild airs; but perhaps they owe much of their attraction to the delicious atmosphere in which I hear them, which disposes the mind to be pleased. No night passes in

which these good people, joined by the *custode* and his family, do not dance the *tarantella* in the court-yard, to the music of their own voices, accompanied by the *tambour de basque*. Old and young all join in this national dance, with a gaiety it is quite exhilarating to witness.

Among the various *agrémens* of the pleasure-grounds of the Palazzo Belvedere is a theatre, formed of trees and plants, the proscenium elevated, and of verdant turf, and the seats of marble; the different rows divided by cut box and ilex, which grow so luxuriously, as to screen the passages of which they form the separation. To this rural theatre it is delightful to resort during the heat of the day, the rays of the sun being excluded by the thick foliage of the trees that surround it. Here flowers, fruit, and iced lemonade are placed; while drawing, working, and reading occupy the individuals of our circle. From this charming retreat it is most pleasant to see the sun-beams piercing the leafy covert that excludes their too fervid heat, and giving to the leaves of the laurels, laurstinas, and ilex the rich tint of the emerald. The blue sky too, beheld through the openings of the foliage, looks beautiful; and, like all around, conspires to remind us that we are in a favoured clime.

We are told that the Italians writhe under the despotism of their rulers; but nowhere have I seen such happy faces. Men, women, and children, all appear to feel the influence of the delicious atmosphere in which they live; an atmosphere that seems to exclude care and sorrow. But in excluding these rude as-

sailants of the human kind, I fear that it also excludes the grave and sober reflection so essential to the formation of an elevated mind, or to the support of a well-directed one. It engenders a dreamy sort of reverie, during which the book or the pen is often thrown down, and the *dolce far' niente* is indulged in even by those who, in their native land, have never known its effeminate pleasure. Italy is the country to which a person borne down by care, or overworked by business, should resort. Its climate will serve as an anodyne to induce the required repose; and the happy faces that on every side present themselves will dispose to cheerfulness. But to the ductile minds of youth, whom no care has stricken, no sorrow seared, this voluptuous region is ill suited; for vigorous must be the understanding that resists its dangerous influence. To live, is here so positive an enjoyment, that the usual motives and incentives to study and usefulness are forgotten in the enervating and dreamy enjoyment to which the climate gives birth.

A lady talking to me, a day or two ago, on the effect of the Italian clime on female beauty, remarked that it acted as a hot-house on rose-buds, but quickly withered full-blown roses. It certainly is true that women of twenty-five in Italy look quite as *passées* as those of thirty-five in England; and after twenty, they lose that freshness of complexion which constitutes so great a charm in our young women. I have seen here women quite as delicately fair, nay, perhaps still more so, than in England; but they are deficient in that transparency of skin, through which the blood

speaks so eloquently in our climate, and look rather as if blanched by the sun into fairness, than born with it. In short, they want the appearance of youth, which is the greatest charm of every face; and the absence of which no beauty can compensate.

Naples was, last night and this morning, visited by the most violent storm of thunder and lightning I ever witnessed. The flashes were so vivid, that they illuminated the rooms as if a thousand torches gleamed through them; and the thunder pealed as if innumerable cannons were fired, the sounds being loudly reverberated by the hollow soil of this volcanic country. I looked on the sea from my window, and the effect of the lightning upon it was indescribably grand. As its forked bolts, like arrows of fire, darted from the heavens, and flew along the surface of the water until they sank into its bosom, it seemed as if, at their approach, some phosphoric quality in the sea rose to meet them, in a blaze of light; while the loud thunder was heard to peal, and the earth appeared to rock to its centre. This mighty war of the elements was indeed a splendid sight, and all personal fear was quelled by its grandeur; self was forgotten in the sublimity of the scene, and one had only the consciousness of being but as an atom, too insignificant to be endangered by so tremendous an engine. There are moments when a sense of our own littleness is so forced upon us, that we think of ourselves but as motes in a sun-beam.

6*th*.—A visit from ———, who fills a high office at court. He told us that the lightning yesterday morning struck the bed in which the Princess Christine

was reposing; and that two of her ladies who were in the apartment concluded that her Royal Highness was killed, so violent was the report of the crash, and of the falling to pieces of the bed. The Princess, without the least symptom of dismay, sprang from the fallen mattresses, before her ladies could afford her any assistance; and while they trembled at the danger to which she had been exposed, she bantered them on their pusillanimity. The courage, of which this incident furnishes an example, is said to be remarkable in one so young and delicately formed. I hope it may never be put to any worse proofs.

*7th.*—Sir William Gell is a great acquisition to Naples. His house is the rendezvous of all the distinguished travellers who visit it, where maps, books, and his invaluable advice, are at the service of all who come recommended to his notice. The extent and versatility of his information are truly surprising; and his memory is so tenacious, that the knowledge of any subject once acquired is never forgotten. Although a prey to disease, gout and rheumatism having deprived him of the power of locomotion, his cheerfulness is unvarying, and his temper unalterable. He opposes an unconquerable stoicism to the assaults of pain; but it is only against pain that the existence of this stern quality is made known, for a kinder heart, or one more ready to sympathise with the cares of others, does not exist. His society is justly appreciated at Naples, and universally sought. It is curious to see him supported into a room by two persons, his body offering the melancholy picture of cureless decrepitude, while his face still preserves a youthful

and healthy appearance. He is the most lively and amusing companion imaginable; possessing a perfect knowledge of life, without having lost the least portion of the freshness of mind or goodness of heart which such a knowledge is supposed to impair. He has offered to be my cicerone to Pompeii, and was pleased at discovering that I had studied his admirable work on it.

*8th.*—Drove to the *Grotto de' Cani* to-day, and witnessed the cruel and daily-repeated experiment of exposing a poor dog to its mephitic vapours. The wretched animal, when called by his rapacious owner, shrank back with evident trepidation; and when seized by him, whined in so piteous a manner, as to convince me how much he dreaded the trial to which he was forced to submit. He was held down close to the spot whence the noxious vapour arises, and in a very short time gave proofs of its destructive effects. His body became convulsed, his eyes glared, and his tongue protruded, and this state of suffering was followed by a total prostration of strength, and semblance of death. He was plunged into the lake Agnano, which is near the grotto; and in the space of ten minutes recovered, and assumed his ordinary appearance. I remonstrated with his owner on the cruelty of the treatment of this poor animal: but was answered, that "He was so accustomed to it, that he did not mind it in the least, and that his apparent reluctance and whining were only proofs of his cunning," used to extort some dainty morsel from his master.

The Lago d'Agnano is also the crater of a volcano. On its banks are some ruins, said to be the remains of

a villa of Lucullus, that celebrated epicurean of antiquity, whose luxurious suppers are recorded. He opened a communication between this lake and the sea, that the former might serve as a fish-pond to administer to his predominant passion for dainties. Strange and grovelling propensity, which converts the temple of the soul into the sepulchre of fish, flesh, and fowl—giving to the bloated gourmand who consumes them many of the infirmities to which all gourmands are a prey!

From the Lago d'Agnano, our cicerone would fain lead us to the vapour baths of San Germano; but I declined, having an extreme dislike to examine remedies for maladies from which, Heaven be thanked! I am as yet exempt. But he would not be denied the gratification of showing us the Pisciarelli, a streamlet of hot water which cooks an egg in eight minutes; of which fact he gave us ocular demonstration, having come provided with an egg in his pocket.

*9th.*—Mr. Mathias, the reputed author of "Pursuits of Literature," dined with us yesterday. He is far advanced in years, of diminutive stature, but remarkably lively and vivacious. He is devoted to Italian poetry, and is a proficient in that language, into which he has translated several English poems. His choice in the selection has not always been fortunate. He resents with warmth the imputation of having written the "Pursuits of Literature:" not that he would not be vain of the erudition displayed in that work, but because some of the persons severely treated in it were so indignant, that he positively denied the authorship, though the denial has convinced no one.

Mathias's conversation is interesting only on Italian literature. His *friends* (commend me to friends for always exposing the defects or *petits ridicules* of those they profess to like) had prepared me for his peculiarities; and he very soon gave proofs of the correctness of their reports. One of these peculiarities is an extraordinary tenacity of memory respecting the dates at which he, for the first time of the season, had eaten green peas, or any other early culinary delicacy another is the continual exclamation of "God bless my soul!" Dinner was not half over before he told us on what days he had eaten spring chickens, green peas, Aubergine, and a half hundred other dainties: and at each *entremet* that was offered him, he exclaimed, "What a delicious dish!—God bless my soul!"

Mr. Mathias has an exceeding dread of being ridden or driven over in the crowded streets of Naples; and has often been known to stop an hour before he could muster courage to cross the Chiaja. Being known and respected in the town, many coachmen pause in order to give him time to cross without being alarmed; but in vain, for he advances half way, then stops, terrified at his imaginary danger, and rushes back, exclaiming "God bless my soul!" It is only when he meets some acquaintance, who gives him the support of an arm, that he acquires sufficient resolution to pass to the other side of a street. While he was dining in a *café*, a few days ago, a violent shower of rain fell, and pattering against the Venetian blinds with great noise, Sir William Gell observed that it rained dogs and cats; at which moment a dog rushed

in at one door of the *café*, and a frightened cat in at the other.

"God bless my soul," exclaimed Mathias, gravely, "so it does! so it does! Who would have believed it?"

This exclamation excited no little merriment; and Mathias resented it by not speaking to the laughers for some days.

10*th*.—Went to the Opera last night, but the heat was so oppressive, as to render it anything but a pleasure. The heat at Naples is different from that of Rome, and has in it a dry, scorching warmth, that reminds one that this is a volcanic country. San Carlo is a magnificent theatre, both in size and decoration. The boxes are roomy and well ventilated, and the parterre is all divided into stalls. The royal box is in the centre of the house, and forms a very striking and ornamental object. It projects considerably, is supported on gilded palm-trees, and is surmounted by a large crown; from which descends, on each side, a mass of drapery, apparently of metal painted and gilt, to resemble cloth of gold, which is held by figures of Fame. The interior is cased with panels of looking-glass; and fitted up with crimson velvet, trimmed with bullion fringe. This box is seldom occupied by its royal owner, or any of his family. His Majesty sits in a large private box, near the stage, attended by two officers of state. The hereditary Prince and Princess, with their family, which is very numerous, occupy a very large box near that of the King. The Princess Christine looked exceedingly pretty last night; and many a furtive glance was cast towards her;—a homage that did not seem offensive to her

feelings, if one might judge by her countenance, although it is strongly disapproved by the elders of the royal family. Curious stories are told on this subject at Naples; and it is asserted, that more than one young noble has been advised to travel for his health, because detected in looking too often towards the pretty Christine.

Fodor and Lablache sang last night. The voice of the former has lost none of its thrilling sweetness since I heard her in London; and the latter has one of the finest voices imaginable, added to which, he is an inimitable actor. We English *talk* of music, but the Italians *feel* it. Not a sound interrupted the "sweetness long drawn out" of the singers, who seemed aware that they were singing before competent judges, so carefully and admirably did they give the music allotted to them. None of the noisy efforts, so sure to be received with plaudits by the greater mass of an English audience, were ventured here, nor would they be tolerated. Refinement and pathos are substituted for those loud tones we too often hear in London; which, however they may prove the force of lungs of the singer, speak little for the musical taste of his audience.

The King seems to be as partial to dancers, as to singers, for he applauded Mademoiselle le Gros last night, quite as rapturously as he had done Madame Fodor half an hour before. I can sympathize with the love of music in an old man, but a love of dancing in a sexagenarian has something unseemly in it.

11*th*.—I have rarely met so gifted a person as Sir William Drummond, who dined with us yesterday.

To a profound erudition in classical lore, he joins a great variety of other knowledge, being an adept in modern literature, mineralogy, chemistry, and astronomy. The treasures of his capacious mind are brought into action in his conversation, which is at once erudite, brilliant, and playful. To these qualifications for forming a delightful companion, he adds a good-breeding which, while it possesses all the *politesse* of *la vieille cour*, has nothing of its cold ceremoniousness. His mind is so thoroughly imbued with classical imagery, that his conversation might be deemed a little pedantic, were it not continually enlivened by flashes of an imagination so fertile, and a fancy so brilliant, that these natural endowments throw into shade the acquired ones, with which a life of study has enriched him. It is very amusing to observe the difference that exists between the minds of Sir William Drummond and his friend Sir William Gell. That of the first elevated and refined to such a degree, that a fastidiousness of taste, amounting almost to a morbid feeling of uneasiness in a contact with inferior intellects, is the result; a result which not all his good-breeding can prevent from being perceptible to those who are quick-sighted. That of the other, not elevated by its great acquirements, but rendering them subservient to the bent of his humour, converts them into subjects of raillery and ridicule, very often piquant, and always droll. The heroes of antiquity, when referred to by Sir William Drummond, are invested with new dignity; but when alluded to by Sir William Gell, are travestied so comically, that they become ludicrous. So far from possessing the morbid fastidiousness of

his friend, with respect to his associates, Gell, though he can appreciate superior minds, can find pleasure in a contact with the most inferior, and by eliciting the ridiculous points of their characters, render them subjects of amusement. His drollery is irresistible; and what renders it more piquant is the grave expression of his countenance, which maintains its seriousness, while those around him are excited to laughter, by the comicality of his sallies. He views every object through the medium of ridicule, and as a subject for pleasantry. Even his own infirmities are thus treated by him: so that he may really lay claim to the character of a laughing philosopher, if he cannot arrogate the more elevated one of a profound thinker.

12*th.*—Spent several hours yesterday at the Museo Borbonico, a delightful lounge in this sultry weather.

The treasures found at Herculaneum and Pompeii possess an irresistible attraction for me, not from their singular beauty and fitness only, but from the associations they awaken. To touch objects that for many centuries were buried from the gaze of men, amid the ruins that served as a tomb to their owners, excites a feeling that no other objects of art, however beautiful, can awaken. The finest statue of antiquity gives but a personification of the *beau idéal* of the sculptor who formed it. Many living models were referred to, ere one of these *chefs-d'œuvre* of art grew into the cold but faultless beauty we gaze on. Hence, reality is lost in their perfection: while, in the busts and statues of persons discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii, the ideal is sacrificed to truth; and an individuality is

so strikingly visible in them, that one could, at a glance, pronounce that they must resemble the originals.

The busts of a young lady of the Balbi family, found at Herculaneum, and the mother of Balbus, from the same place, though far from offering specimens of female loveliness, are so full of truth and nature, that a physiognomist might pronounce on their respective dispositions; and hence they possess a charm for me, not often found in more beautiful works of art.

There is no end to the pagan gods and goddesses in this museum. Minervas, Junos, and Venuses are jostled by satyrs and fauns; and Jupiters, Apollos, Mercuries, and Cupids are mingled among the less dignified river gods, Ganymedes, gladiators, and the more vile emperors; some of the countenances of the latter bearing the impress of the vices attributed to them. One might remain for hours in this museum, without feeling time pass heavily, so occupied is the mind by the diversity of objects that court the eye.

The works of the Greek sculptors soon make themselves felt; and even an amateur can quickly distinguish them from those of their Roman imitators. The climate of Greece must surely have had a powerful influence, not only on the persons of its inhabitants, but over the minds of its artists; or they never could have produced the *chefs-d'œuvre* they have bequeathed to us. The diet, too, must have had its operation; and I am inclined to think that, had fat beef and porter been the prevalent food and beverage of Greece, we should not behold the works that now delight us. Neither the models nor the sculptors

would have been so spiritualised; for the minds of the latter would have become as heavy as the figures of the former.

I was amused by the observation of an English girl, of about ten years old, who exclaimed, on seeing a Neptune,

"Oh, dear, Mamma, only fancy here is a Neptune, a real Neptune, too, with a fork! How strange! I thought that Neptune belonged only to England? I imagined there was but one Neptune."

The sitting statue of Agrippina is admirable. It is at once dignified and noble, though the expression of the face is sorrowful. There is no straining after theatrical effect in the statues of antiquity; and the absence of this meretricious and frequent fault of modern sculptors forms one of their greatest charms. The history of the mother of Nero is impressed on this image of her; and the effect produced on the mind by its contemplation partakes of the melancholy character that appertains to it. In a statue of Nero, in his boyhood, one looks in vain for any indication of the passions that, in maturity, rendered him a blot in human nature. The face is peculiarly handsome, and the character of the countenance is that of mildness. Yet, even when this image of him was sculptured, the germs of the vices, which afterwards rendered him so fearful a monster, were in embryo; and the recollection of them impels the gazer to turn with horror from a face that otherwise might claim admiration, so faultless are its features, and so gentle is its expression. The Antinoüs of Naples is far infe-

rior to that of Rome, offering merely physical beauty, while the other possesses a more elevated character.

13*th.*—Drove yesterday to Cumæ. A delicious day; the sea blue, and calm as the skies that canopied it. Saw the vestiges of the celebrated Villa of Cicero, consisting of a subterraneous place, said by some to have been a wine-cellar, and by others to have been a bath. The Arco Felice, which we ascended with difficulty, commands a charming prospect of the different islands with which the lovely bay is studded; and which arise from the blue waters as if fresh from their Creator's hands, their verdure scarcely less brilliant than the liquid mirror that reflects them. Fragments of ruins, overgrown by vegetation, intersect the route at every side. Some of them are exceedingly curious and picturesque, and add greatly to the beauty of the scenery, although this union of the ruins of antiquity, with a nature so vigorous and smiling as that which surrounds them, chastens the gaiety to which so luxuriant a landscape would otherwise give birth.

One of the streets of the ancient Cumæ may still be distinctly traced. Numberless birds were flitting from branch to branch, in the trees and hedges that have sprung up among its ruins, and their glad carols formed a constrast with the crumbling masses of stone scattered about, attesting the ruin and desolation of the place. The mind is divided between classical associations of the past, and admiration for the beauty of the present scenery, while wandering through spots described by Pliny and sung by Virgil; whose fic-

tions seem invested with something of truth when we behold the sites of the scenes which he represents. The ciceroni invariably confound the true and the fabulous together in their accounts of the spots and ruins they attempt to illustrate, and this jumble of mythological and historical lore is sometimes amusing.

The Grot of the Sibyl at Cumæ is situated under the hill on which once stood the temple of Apollo, described by Virgil in the Æneid as having been built by Dædalus, to commemorate the spot where he alighted.

> "To the Cumean coast at length he came,
> And, here alighting, built his costly frame
> Inscribed to Phœbus ; here he hung on high
> The steerage of his wings that cut the sky."

It is asserted that a subterraneous passage, close to the lake Avernus, communicated with this grotto : but the earth has fallen in and so filled the cavern as to preclude its being explored more than eighty or a hundred yards ; nor does it, to that extent, offer anything to repay the trouble of the explorer.

Near Cumæ are the Elysian Fields, which are approached by a path through a very pretty vineyard. The Mare Mortuum is passed on this route, as are several interesting ruins of sepulchres, half covered with foliage, which have a beautiful effect. The solitude and repose that pervade Cumæ, where nought is heard but the distant murmur of the sea, and the lively carols of the birds, and where nought is seen but the bright verdure of this fruitful soil, and the classical ruins that are mingled with it, have so

soothing an effect on the mind, that one wishes the importunate cicerone with his impertinent explanations far away, that the liberty of a solitary ramble, unbroken by his clamorous descriptions, might be enjoyed. How striking is the silence of the ruined Cumæ when compared with the accounts of its former state! Lucan, in the poem to Piso, refers to it in the lines—

> "Where the famed walls of fruitful Naples lie,
> That may for multitudes with Cumæ vie."

Those multitudes are swept away from the earth; and scarcely a vestige even of the tombs that held their ashes is left to mark the spot where they lived, joyed, sorrowed, and died, beneath a sky as blue and beautiful as the one that now I gaze on.

On pausing to view the Lucrine Lake, our cicerone lamented that it is at present innoxious, its poisonous vapours having disappeared. Birds, he remarked with a deep sigh, no longer dropped dead when hovering near it, consequently the spot was not nearly so much frequented as when the lake offered this interesting sight; people always, as he said, flocking to see that which is disagreeable in preference to that which is beautiful. On my observing, it was probably owing to the destruction of the woods which once encircled the lake, that it owed its redemption from the poisonous exhalations that formerly rendered an approach to it so dangerous, he gravely undertook to explain to me that this supposition must be erroneous: for that it was well known in the neighbourhood that this cruel visitation of Providence was occasioned by the wickedness of a cicerone, some hundreds of years before, who,

tempted by cupidity, led a stranger, whose purse he coveted, close to the banks of the lake, hoping to see him, like the birds, drop dead ; when, to his astonishment and confusion, no symptom of illness appeared in the traveller. From that day the lake never sent forth a noxious vapour, and the wicked cicerone lost the mighty gains he and his forefathers had amassed by the crowds who were wont to visit this wonderful lake.

I ventured to suggest, that if the vapours could have destroyed the stranger, how was the cicerone to escape? But this little difficulty he quickly surmounted, by telling me that the cicerone was acquainted with an antidote, of which he always availed himself.

"What a happy life," continued he, "does the *custode* of the Grotto del Cane lead! He has nothing to do but open the door of the grotto, pull in the dog, hold it down until apparently dead, and then recover it again, and carlinis come showering into his hat in plenty; while I have to wander over many miles, showing ruins that few care about, and earning hardly enough to pay for the shoes I wear out. Ah, yes, he of the grotto leads a happy life!"

It is now many days since my journal has been opened ; for idleness, the besetting sin of this place, has taken possession of me. I shall journalize no more; but merely write down, whenever in the humour, what occurs, or what I see. O the *dolce far' niente* of an Italian life! Who can resist its influence? Not I, at least.

The streets of Naples present daily the appearance

of a fête. The animation and gay dresses of the lower classes of the people, and the crowds who flock about, convey this impression. Nowhere does the stream of life seem to flow so rapidly as here; not like the dense and turbid flood that rushes along Fleet Street and the Strand in London; but a current that sparkles while hurrying on. The lower classes of Naples observe no medium between the slumber of exhaustion and the fever of excitement; and, to my thinking, expend more of vitality in one day than the same class in our colder regions do in three. They are never calm or quiet. Their conversation, no matter on what topic, is carried on with an animation and gesticulation unknown to us. Their friendly salutations might, by a stranger, be mistaken for the commencement of a quarrel, so vehement and loud are their exclamations; and their disagreements are conducted with a fiery wrath which reminds one that they belong to a land in whose volcanic nature they strongly participate. Quickly excited to anger, they are as quickly propitiated, and are not prone to indulge rancorous feelings.

It is fortunate that this sensitive people are not, like ours, disposed to habits of intoxication. Lemonade here is sought with the same avidity that ardent spirits are in England; and this cooling beverage, joined to the universal use of macaroni, is happily calculated to allay the fire of their temperaments.

The Neapolitans are even more partial to theatrical exhibitions than are the French. Numerous small theatres, the price of admission to which is so trifling, that

the poorest persons can command it, are crowded to excess; and the streets, squares, and mole have itinerant performers, in the shape of rope-dancers, puppet-shows, and reciters, always surrounded by applauding audiences. Instead of printed play-bills to announce the performances in the minor theatres, the walls in their vicinity are covered with gaudy sketches of the principal scenes, which attract those who intend to witness the entertainment, and satisfy those who are too prudent to pay the admission. The King joins in the popular admiration for theatrical representations, and is not very fastidious in his taste.

Went yesterday to see the palazzo called the Favorita, the position of which is very agreeable. While in one of the rooms commanding a view of the entrance, the King arrived in an unpretending and simple *calèche*, drawn by a pair of horses, and attended by two servants in plain liveries. He wore a grey frock coat, high boots, and a broad-leafed hat. He looked the very picture of a respectable farmer: his tall and muscular figure touched, but not bent by age; his clear and ruddy complexion offering a pleasing contrast to the snowy locks and whiskers that edged his cheeks. His Majesty had scarcely entered the garden, when two of the under-gardeners ran up to him with demonstrations of the liveliest joy, and seizing the royal hands, kissed them repeatedly with a hearty warmth. The good-natured monarch permitted the familiarity with an air of benevolence very gratifying to witness, and smiled complacently at the vehement benedictions of his humble admirers, as,

with light but firm step, he walked rapidly from flower-bed to flower-bed, examining all.

The Neapolitan King has evidently a distaste for show and parade; and enjoys the freedom from ceremony and constraint which his simple habits have insured him. He seldom remains more than a few days at any of the royal palaces; and goes from Naples to Capo di Monte, thence to Caserta, to Portici, and the Favorita (about a mile distant) in turn, taking with him but two or three domestics. His sleeping rooms in each of his palaces exactly resemble each other. A small, but well-ventilated apartment, a diminutive bed, with dimity curtains white as snow, and furniture of the plainest materials, but all scrupulously clean, is appropriated to the King. A dressing-closet, with every appliance for ablution, joins the sleeping-room; and the *toilette* apparatus is as unostentatious as that of any private gentleman in his Majesty's dominions. The extreme simplicity of the King's private apartments form a remarkable contrast with those of the Princess Partano, which combine all that luxury can suggest, or wealth supply. The Favorita contains nothing worthy of note.

Went to see the Archbishop of Tarentum yesterday. Fame has not exaggerated the attractions of his manner, or the charms of his countenance, in both of which the most winning suavity and benevolence are visible. The refined politeness that characterises his manners is mingled with a warmth that renders them very fascinating. It was pleasant to see the affectionate terms on which he and Sir William Gell

are; and to observe the interest he takes in every new discovery in art and science. This amiable and venerable prelate, so universally beloved by his compatriots, and so much esteemed and respected by ours, is now far advanced in years; but his mental faculties are in full vigour. His conversation is lively and animated, abounding in information, which is never obtruded, to display the extent of his erudition, but is introduced according to whatever subject others converse on. He possesses some very fine pictures, and rare antiquities, which he takes great delight in showing: among the latter, are two *bassi-rilievi* of mosaic, considered to be most rare, if not unique.

The Archbishop presents the most perfect personification of the *beau-idéal* of a venerable father of the church that I have ever beheld. His face, peculiarly handsome, is sicklied o'er with the pale hue of thought; his eyes are of the darkest brown, but soft, and full of sensibility, like those of a woman. His hair is white as snow, and contrasts well with the small black silk *calotte* that crowns the top of his head. His figure is attenuated, and bowed by age, and his limbs are small and delicate. His dress is neat even to elegance, and his whole appearance must strike every beholder as being one of the most prepossessing imaginable. He has given us a pressing invitation to come often to visit him; a privilege of which I intend to avail myself.

Pompeii has surpassed my expectations. I could not have seen it under more favourable auspices; for Sir William Gell, who has studied it *con amore*, accompanied us. Every step taken in this City of the

Dead teems with recollections of the past, and offers subjects for meditation. We entered Pompeii by the Street of the Tombs, which presents one of the most striking and impressive scenes imaginable. On each side, elevated above the footway, a succession of funereal monuments meets the eye, many of them in fine preservation, beautiful in design and execution, and with their inscriptions still undefaced,—the destruction that overwhelmed the habitations of the living having been more lenient to the homes of the dead. The Romans had a fine moral intention in placing the tombs of the dead in public situations; for not only were reflections on the brevity of life thus brought more frequently and impressively before them, but an incitement was given to merit posthumous distinction, by having the honours rendered to the great and good of the departed continually displayed before the eyes of their survivors.

The streets of Pompeii are paved with blocks of lava, well joined together, and the marks of wheels are visible in many of them; but the chariots, and their drivers—where are they? This use of lava proves the occurrence of an eruption previous to the one so destructive to this city; although there is, I believe, no record to be found, of any prior one, in history. At each side of the streets are raised *trottoirs*, divided from the centre by curb-stones, pierced for chains to pass through them. On approaching the Herculaneum gate, by which Pompeii is entered from the Naples road, a large pedestal is observed on the left, supposed to have borne a colossal statue of bronze, some fragments of a drapery of that metal having been

found close to it. On the right is an arched alcove, round which is a bench of marble. An altar, with a very beautiful bronze tripod, stood in the centre (and are now in the Museum), and this gave rise to the supposition that the alcove was dedicated to some sylvan deity. To me it appeared simply as a *reposoir*, erected for the convenience of persons to wait in until the gate was opened, as it stands very close to it. The gate, although the principal entrance to Pompeii, is not remarkable for its design or execution. It consists of an archway in the centre for carriages, with an opening at each side for pedestrians, and is built of brick and faced with stucco, on which many inscriptions and ordinances are visible. A skeleton, with a spear still grasped in its hand, was found in the *reposoir*, and is supposed to have been that of a sentinel, who met death at his post, the spear held even in death attesting his constancy to duty. This gate is by no means in harmony with the Street of Tombs, to which it forms the entrance; and the pure white of the marble of which the monuments are composed is strangely contrasted with the discoloured cement that covers it. The villa named Suburbana, but better known as that of Diomedes, next attracts attention. It is considered to be one of the most spacious, but in its general construction bears little indication of good taste. It is placed on an eminence, gently sloping towards the sea, and consisted of two stories. The best rooms opened on a terrace, extending the length of the house, and above a garden. The basement story has an arcade in front, and comprises several apartments, which, like those above them, have painted walls and mosaic

pavements. One of these rooms had a large glazed bay window, of the glass of which particles were found, set in leaden frames. A bath, with every possible appendage for comfort, was among the *agrémens* of this villa; and proves that its owner understood the advantage of this healthful and luxurious mode of ablution, so much more generally in use with foreigners than with us.

Sir William Gell called our attention to the Cavœdium in this villa, as being the largest at Pompeii. The centre of the roof is supported by peristyles, and water is conveyed by a channel into cisterns at the extremities of the Cavœdium, with puteals placed over them. The columns are covered with stucco, and painted red, which has a very bad effect. The portico around the garden is extremely poor, the piers thin, and the openings alternately wide and narrow. In the cellars are several earthen amphoræ ranged against the walls, in the same order in which they stood two thousand years ago. They are filled with an earthy substance, portions of which have cemented the amphoræ together, as if glued to each other. Twenty-three human skeletons were found in these cellars, supposed to have been the remains of those who had fled thither for refuge in the first hours of destruction, but who only found there a prolongation of their sufferings; for the volcanic matter penetrated through the loop-holes of the building in so impalpable a powder, that it must have taken some days to have filled the cellars sufficiently to have caused suffocation, by which it is imagined those wretched mortals met death. The impressions of the forms of some of

the persons are still visible on the walls against which they reclined, the moist powder having formed moulds round them.

Various ornaments, chiefly female ones, were found with the skeletons, as also coins of gold, silver, and brass. At the entrance of the house two skeletons were discovered; one still grasped a purse containing many coins and medals—proving that avarice, the ruling passion, was strong even in death—while the other hand held the key of the dwelling. Vases of bronze, and other articles of value, were found near the other skeleton.

This villa, when first discovered, was supposed to have been that of Cicero, referred to in his letters to Atticus; latterly, however, it is affirmed to have belonged to Diomedes, a magistrate of Pompeii; but both suppositions are supported by conjecture only. Sir William Gell pointed out to us some ruined buildings in Pompeii, the appearance of which indicate that their destruction was prior to the general one that overwhelmed the city; and this he receives as proof of the statement of Seneca, that Pompeii suffered severely by an earthquake in the ninth year of the reign of Nero, sixteen years previous to the eruption. The inhabitants, although they had commenced, had not completed the restoration of many of the buildings, which accounts for the unfinished state in which many of them have been found. The repairs speak little for the taste of the Pompeians, as, in most instances, that which appears to have been originally good, has been spoilt in the restoration. For example, in the Temple of Venus, several Grecian entablatures,

in tolerable taste, have been barbarously plastered over and painted, transforming them from a pure Grecian to a bad Roman style. In many buildings we observed Ionic columns formed of tufo, cased by brickwork, plastered over, and painted to resemble Doric. Nothing can be more meretricious than the general effect of these painted columns; indeed, in all parts of Pompeii, purity of taste has been sacrificed to glare and gaudiness of decoration. So ill-constructed, too, were the houses, that they owe their durability solely to the cement, so lavishly used that every wall was encased in it, and in many instances the stucco was not less than six inches thick.

The Temple of Jupiter, supposed by some to have been that of Ceres, is a parallelogram. The columns are in tufo, thickly encased with cement, and are of the Corinthian order: the capitals are said to resemble those of the circular Temple of Tivoli. The ceiling of the portico, being of considerable width, must have looked heavy, from the want of internal columns to support it; the side columns are too close to the wall, leaving the space too wide for the length, and for the effect of the ceiling. The side walls are painted in panels, with a variety of ornaments, which look paltry, and unsuitable to the interior of so large a temple; and the unity of the design is much impaired by a small building at the end, added, most probably, subsequently to the completion of the temple.

The houses in Pompeii are, for the most part, on a small scale. They have a court of narrow dimensions in the centre, around which the apartments branch off, and into which they open. The rooms are

lighted only by apertures in or above the doors, or sometimes by a scanty window into the court; and are so small and ill-ventilated, as to confirm the received opinion, that the Pompeians spent but little of their time in their dwellings, save for the purposes of eating or sleeping. Consequently, it may be supposed that they were unacquainted with the elegancies and comforts of *home*—that blessing, the very name of which calls up so many fond and delightful associations to our minds. The number and extent of the theatres of the ancients prove that the privacy of domestic life was little known amongst them; and that the hours not occupied by business were devoted to public amusements. Some few of the houses were, however, on a larger scale, and retain traces of elegance in their interior arrangements. The dwellings of Pansa and of Sallust may be ranked among the most superior of these. The Cavœdia in both are larger and better lighted, having a dome or impluvium, which conveyed water into a marble basin in the centre of the apartment, which basin was called a compluvium, and gave coolness to the air, in a climate, and in apartments where it must have been so much needed. Beyond the Cavœdium was the peristyle, into which opened the eating-room, with its triclinium. The apartments of the women were separated from those of the men by the peristyle, into which they opened. The walls of these various rooms still retain fragments of the paintings that once ornamented them, possessing a degree of spirit and beauty that prove the excellence which the Pompeians had

attained in this branch of the fine arts. The pavements, too, exhibit some good specimens of mosaic.

Glad as I was to profit by the *savoir* of Sir William Gell, whose acquaintance with Pompeii and its antiquities renders him the best cicerone in Italy, yet I could have wished to ramble alone through this City of the Dead, which appealed so forcibly to my imagination, conjuring up its departed inhabitants, instead of listening to his erudite details of their dwellings, and the uses of each article appertaining to them. When we paused before a shop, said to be a *restaurant's*, with the marks of the cups still visible on the marble counter, it was difficult to believe that the stain which appeared so fresh was nearly two thousand years old. The dairy-shop, too, with its sign of a she-goat over the door, looked as if lately tenanted; and the barracks, with its guard-room, in which were still the stocks used as a punishment for the soldiers, and the walls inscribed with names, verses, and rude drawings, precisely, as I am told, in a similar style to those scribbled by our soldiers in their guard-rooms—made the mind revert to past times, and filled up the scene with the imaginary resemblances of those who once occupied it. On finding myself occasionally alone in some apartment of the dwellings in Pompeii, the paintings still fresh and glowing on the walls, and the pavements with their bright devices still unfaded, I felt as if intruding, an unbidden guest, in some mansion, whose owners had but lately left it; and the echoes of the voices of my companions, from other buildings, sounded strangely in my ears, as if they

were those of the departed hosts, reproaching me for thus unceremoniously exploring the secret recesses of their domestic privacy.

In each of these abodes the drama of life had been enacted. Rejoicing and sorrowing had, as in all earthly dwellings, alternately followed each other; but the actors!—where were they? My eyes involuntarily turned to Vesuvius, the cause of the destruction around me. There it was, tranquil as a sleeping child, and bearing no indication of its dangerous properties, save a light blue smoke, ascending to the sky, like that seen floating from some peaceful cottage in happy England. Yes—happy! exempt as it is from the fearful visitations of earthquakes and volcanoes, that ravage other lands, and in a few hours transform scenes of fertility and beauty into sterile masses and heaps of ruins. How often must the dwellers in Pompeii have looked at this blue mountain as a picturesque object of view, seen through smiling vineyards crowning the prospect, little dreaming that one day it was to overwhelm them with destruction. How fearful must have been their situation when they beheld the atmosphere become dense with the fiery exhalations, and this once serene and admired mountain pour forth terrific showers of pumice-stone, lava, and burning sand! When they fled from their late peaceful homes towards the sea, the earth no longer appearing to them a safe place to rest on, what despair must they have known when they saw even this, their last refuge, become agitated as the trembling ground over which they tottered, and then recede wildly from the shore, as if impelled by a desire to fly

from its dangerous vicinity—wave mounting wave in their rapid flight from the reeling land, whence arose the wailing of those who saw themselves doomed to destruction! So rapidly did the sea rush back from the coast, that quantities of fish were left gasping on the sands, so lately covered by deep waters. And this scene of terror took place near the spot where I was standing in perfect security; nay, the very spot itself had been overwhelmed by its effects. And now, a calm and blue sky was over my head; Vesuvius was slumbering tranquilly within a short distance; glowing vines were overhanging many a mound, the sepulchres of dwellings that have not seen the light for seventeen centuries; and the sunbeams were playing on paintings and mosaic pavements, in the disinterred abode where I now ranged at will! It seemed all a dream; and the fearful past appeared more real to the imagination than the calm and smiling present: the ruins around alone attesting that Destruction had been here.

The view from the gallery of the amphitheatre is beautiful. The Bay of Naples seen stretching out on one side, and the coast of Castellamare on the other, with the inland country in the background. The interior of this fine theatre was decorated with paintings, of which but faint traces now remain, the exposure to the weather having nearly destroyed them. The guides have adopted a plan that must eventually efface all the paintings, and which really calls for the interference of those who have power to put a stop to it. I refer to their constant custom of throwing buckets of water on the painted walls, which process gives

a momentary vividness to the pictures, but must soon destroy them. I never rejoiced more in being blessed with personal agility than while exploring Pompeii, for it enabled me to descend from the ass on which I was mounted, and to escape from the erudite explanations of my grave and learned cicerone, to scramble over wild banks of vineyards, and mounds of earth, in order to explore some tempting-looking court of a building, or to watch the progress of the excavations. There is a deep interest in beholding the buried antiquities of many centuries brought to light. Even trivial objects thrown up by the shovels of the workmen acquire a value, because discovered in our presence, with which we should not otherwise invest them. I obtained a few of these trifles, from which my own hands removed the clay and sand that surrounded them, and I prize them more than many much more valuable antiquities in my possession.

### TO POMPEII.

Lonely City of the Dead!
Body, whence the Soul has fled,
Leaving still upon thy face
Such a mild and pensive grace,
As the lately dead display
While yet stamped upon frail clay
Rests the impress of the mind,
That the fragile earth refined.

Let me question thee of those
Who within thy depths repose,
Those whose eyes, like mine, have dwelt
On these scenes—whose hearts have felt
All that human hearts must know,
In a world where joy and woe

Chase each other—'tis the doom
From the cradle to the tomb.

Tell me when the skies did lower,
Darkened by the lurid shower,
That yon mountain in mad ire
Scattered forth 'midst smoke and fire;
Did *they* dread the hand of Fate
Knocking at the City's gate?
Did *they* deem that Death was nigh
As they eyed the threatening sky?

Did the mother closer press
Her sleeping babe, and trembling bless
Its slumbers, nestling to its sire,
He, who vainly would inspire
Hopes he could no longer feel,
While his words amid each peal
Of thunder loud reached not the ear,
And more frantic grew her fear?

Did the bridegroom seek his bride,
Draw her wildly to his side,
Clasping her to his fond heart,
Swearing Death e'en should not part
Souls so linked, then madly dare
Through the dense crowd her form to bear,
Till the burning showers that fall
O'er them close, like funeral pall?

Did the miser seek his gold,
And within his garments' fold
Hug the treasure loved too well,
Treasure which, like potent spell,
Drew him back (though Death unfurled
His dark flag and ruin hurled)
To some deep and secret cave
Once his coffer—now his grave?

And ye walls, with pictures dight,
For long ages shut from light—
Ye, upon whose colours gay
Glad eyes dwelt each happy day,

Eyes, that on you looked their last
Ere the hour of death was past,
Did ye echo to the wail
That had made stern hearts to quail?

But ye answer not—yet speech
Graver lesson could not teach
Than your silence, as alone,
Rapt, I hear the dying moan
Of the zephyr, while its sigh
Waves the vine in passing by,
Every soft and gentle breath
Seeming requiem of death.

Farewell! City of the Dead!
O'er whom centuries have fled,
Leaving on your buried face
Not one mark Time loves to trace;
Dumb as Egypt's corses you
Strangely meet our anxious view,
Showing to the eager gaze
But cold, still shades of ancient days.

The Forum Vinalia was the spot fixed on for our halting-place; and, on arriving there, we found a *recherché* collation spread on the tables, shaded by weeping willows, the bright foliage of which formed an agreeable protection against the scorching rays of the sun. The table covered with snowy napkins, and piled with every dainty of the united *cuisine à-l'anglaise, française,* and Neapolitan; from the simple cold roasted meats and poultry, to the delicate *aspics, mayonnaises, Galantine de volaille, pains de lièvre aux pistaches, pâtés de Pithiviers, salades d'homard et d'anchois,* and *la Poutarga,* down to all the tempting *friandises à-la-napolitaine,* formed as picturesque an object to the sight, as a tempting one to

the palate. Sir William Gell was eloquent in his praises of our superiority over the ancients in the noble science of gastronomy; asserted that Pompeii never before saw so delicious a *déjeuner à-la-fourchette*, and only wished that a triclinium was added to the luxuries, that he might recline while indulging in them: a position, however, which I should think far from agreeable when eating.

"There are no people like the English," said Sir William Gell; "they transport with them to every clime the luxurious habits, and appliances that administer to them, of their own. Here we are, with a table as elegantly served, as if in a grand mansion in London, or delightful villa at Richmond. The viands of the rarest and choicest quality, as Mr. Gunter would say; every delicacy, not only of the season, but of different seasons and countries, with all appliances to boot, of silver plates, dishes, and forks, &c. &c., in the middle of Pompeii! Iced wine, too, I declare! Commend me to my grumbling compatriots, who carry with them all the creature comforts that can alleviate, if not subdue, their natural disposition to find fault. They never gratify one sense without attending to the wants of another. Sight-seeing is proverbially an occupation that incites hunger; and they, above all other people, prepare for its indulgence."

Our party rendered ample justice to the repast, and while doing so it was amusing to look on the faces of the attendants, and to hear the mixture of different languages. The brown-haired Englishman with ruddy complexion, the yellow-haired German, the

swarthy Italian, and the animated Frenchman, presented as distinct physiognomies as the languages they spoke. The jumble amused Sir William Gell very much; and he drew from all, except the Englishmen, some amusing remarks. An English servant is the only one who is never betrayed into even the semblance of familiarity; a fact which once led an Italian noble to remark, that the cause of the appearance of hauteur so visible in the upper classes of the English, originated in the extreme distance observed towards them by their servants, instead of attributing the distance to the decorum preserved by the masters.

Temples, theatres, and dwellings, viewed for a few hours, and for the first time, leave but indistinct images in the mind, more especially when the sentiments they awaken and the reflections to which they give birth are as novel as they are powerful. How incapable are words to paint impressive scenes, so as to array them with all their features and peculiarities before the mental vision of another; and almost as feeble are they in representing the sentiments and reflections which such spectacles engender. That which is easily effected by an ill-executed picture or slight drawing, language generally fails to achieve. How vain, then, are all attempts at description!—save, indeed, by a master-hand. Scott paints with words as brightly as Titian did with colours; but the descriptions of most writers resemble the pencil sketches of amateur artists, which only serve to recall the scenes to their own minds, giving but a faint notion of them to others.

*Sept. 7th.*—The wife of one of the gardeners of

Belvedere was confined this morning, and gave birth to a fine little girl. I saw her at work in the court-yard an hour before the event, and in less than an hour after it had occurred, the infant was brought to me, swathed in the Italian mode from the chest to the feet, precisely like the drawings of Indian children which I have seen. The head had no cap, but was profusely powdered, and, strange to say, the ears were already pierced, and bore gold rings in them. The powdered head formed a curious contrast with the red face of the infant, which presented anything rather than a pleasing sight; nevertheless, the relatives and friends of the parents pronounced it to be the most charming *bambino* ever seen, and the mother pressed it rapturously to her breast, as, seated beneath the arcades in the court, within six hours after her accouchement, she exhibited it to her neighbours and visitors, with no small degree of self-complacency and delight. While I write this, a very interesting and picturesque group are assembled beneath my window, consisting of the united families of the two gardeners, the *nouvelle accouchée* and her *bambino*, the grandmother, and some of the neighbours. The children are all touching and kissing the new-born infant, the grandmother cautioning them not to be too rough in their caresses; and the mother, with no symptom of recent illness, *en cheveux*, and dressed *à-l'ordinaire*, is partaking of her usual evening repast, an abundant supply of maccaroni. All seemed in high glee, and I am told that to-morrow she will resume her customary occupations, as if nothing particular had occurred. I should say, judging from the

specimens that have fallen immediately beneath my observation, that the Italian peasantry are a very affectionate race. Since I have resided here I have never heard an angry word or ill-humoured tone of voice from any of the individuals composing the two large families who reside in the *rez-de-chaussée* of this dwelling; but terms of endearment and exclamations of love continually reach my ears from them.

Spent the morning in the Museo Borbonico, and examined the different objects found at Pompeii. They were invested with a new interest to me from having so lately explored the place to which they appertained. The culinary utensils are as various as those to be met with in the *cuisine* of an aristocratic residence, but infinitely superior in point of design and execution, and each and all more or less ornamented. Loaves of bread, with the baker's name still visible on them, with grapes, and other edibles, were shown to us. Various articles for the toilette were also displayed, among which was a pot of rouge, proving that the dames of antiquity were not ignorant of the use of artificial aids for supplying the loss of the roses of health to their cheeks. There are several mirrors of steel in the museo, but none of a considerable size. The combs are ill-formed, and look barbarous near the other implements for the toilette, which, for the most part, are prettily shaped and neatly finished. The lamps far surpass any of those of modern invention. Fancy has given to each some of her most graceful ornaments, and to others chimeras dire, and grotesque shapes. One was a tree, admirably executed, in the branches of which hung

tubes for the oil. The chains of all the lamps were beautiful, and as neatly finished as our gold neck-chains, and none of the lamps were without ornaments, not even those of the most ordinary kind. One article struck me as peculiarly blending the useful and ornamental. It was formed of bronze, and meant to be placed in the chamber of an invalid. It represents a kind of fortress with towers, each of which is formed to contain any liquid intended to be kept warm, and a drawer for burning charcoal fills the bottom of the whole apparatus. This article is so beautifully finished, that it would be an ornament in any chamber, and its utility is obvious. Some of the trinkets in this collection are exceedingly pretty. The gold of which they are composed is very pure, and the designs pleasing, though what we moderns should call *mesquin*, from their slightness and smaliness. The rings are generally good, particularly those with engraved gems, some of which are really beautiful. The armoury contains helmets, breast-plates, shields, and swords, worn by the Romans, many of them bearing marks of the warfare in which their owners were engaged; and all in a far less ruinous condition than the once mighty city, among whose armies they were worn.

*9th.*—Went yesterday to see the procession of the Festa de St. Maria Piedigrotta, considered to be one of the most splendid of the Neapolitan religious festivals. Balconies commanding views of the procession were in great request, and large sums were demanded for them. The Austrian troops at present occupying Naples, and amounting to about fourteen or fifteen

thousand men, formed a part of the *cortège*, and added considerably to the grandeur of its effect. The royal family, followed by the ladies and officers of the court, filled about forty state coaches, drawn by eight, six, and four horses; and attended by innumerable running footmen, in quaint but very rich liveries, wearing black velvet caps similar to those of huntsmen. The royal *cortège* was preceded and followed by the troops, and advanced at a slow pace from the Palace, along the Chiaja, to the Chapel of the Grotto. The streets were crowded with peasants in their richest costumes, and with lazaroni, more remarkable for the picturesqueness than neatness of theirs. The dresses of the female peasants of the various districts in the kingdom of Naples might here be seen, and presented a rich galaxy of the brightest colours, mingled with ornaments of pearl, coral, and gold. The effect was beautiful, conveying the impression of some vast *bal costumé*, rather than of the real dresses worn by peasants. As my eyes glanced over the Chiaja, and I saw the sunbeams sparkling on the rich and picturesque groups beneath, I could have fancied them an immense moving bed of tulips, so gorgeous and various were the hues they presented. The carriage of the King was one surface of highly-burnished gilding. It was surmounted by plumes of snowy feathers, as were also the eight horses by which it was drawn. Pages, in the dresses of the olden time, walked by the side of the carriage, and outside these moved the running footmen. The rest of the state carriages, though very gaudy, were shabby and ill-appointed. The ladies of the court

were habited precisely alike, in robes of gold tissue with broad scarlet stripes; and plumes of feathers, with diamonds in their hair. The sight of so many ladies similarly attired, conveyed the notion that they wore a livery, and were literally servants; a notion that, however repugnant to the vanity of courtiers, is seldom far from the truth.

The ceremony in the chapel occupied not more than twenty minutes; and the procession returned to the palace in the same order. I was forcibly struck with the difference that marked the conduct of the populace towards the sovereign here, with that which we witness in England to ours. Although the Chiaja was crowded with persons of all classes, not a single huzza or acclamation met his Neapolitan Majesty; nor did his presence seem to occasion the slightest sensation in the minds of his subjects. This indifference is the more remarkable, when we consider the natural enthusiasm, and exuberant animation of this people, and compare it with the habitual calmness of ours. Nowhere have I ever seen a sovereign received with the same demonstrations of affection as in England; demonstrations the more flattering, as proceeding from a free people to their King.

12*th*.—Went to Herculaneum yesterday, accompanied by Sir William Gell. This excursion may well be called a descent into the grave of a buried city. The noise of carriages rolling over us resembles thunder; and reminds one of active busy life, while thus interred nearly a hundred feet in lava, with the wrecks of past ages. A considerable portion of this city had been laid open, but the excavators, fearful of endanger-

ing the buildings in Portici and Resina, erected immediately over Herculaneum, filled up all except a theatre, at present the only vestige open to the inspection of the curious. The proscenium, orchestra, and consular seats, with a portion of the corridors, have, even in their present ruinous state, a very imposing effect; and this is heightened by the exclusion of the light of day, the torches throwing a lurid glare on some portions of the building, while others are left in deep shadow. The statues and other ornaments found in Herculaneum have all been removed, and nothing of its former decorations remain, save some arabesques, and portions of stucco painted with a crimson colour of extraordinary richness and lustre. The wild and grotesque figures and animated gesticulations of the guides, waving their torches, which cast lugubrious gleams of light around this sepulchre of a dead city; the dense and oppressive air, and the reverberation of the sound of the carriages passing and repassing through the streets above it, have an indescribable influence on the mind. One consequently ascends into light and life again with feelings of melancholy, which not even the beautiful scenery that courts the eye can banish for some time.

We spent some hours in the Museum at Portici, which contains many of the treasures found at Pompeii and Herculaneum. Some of the paintings are very curious, and all are highly interesting. The gods and goddesses of the Pagan mythology, Bacchuses, Bacchantes, nymphs, boys, birds, animals, fishes, and insects, are the general subjects, and are executed with much spirit. But those paintings which represent

scenes in the domestic life of past ages, have a superior attraction: hence, a garden, very similar to the Italian gardens of the present day, is beheld with interest; as is a lady looking at herself in a metal mirror; and other groups. One of the most touching mementos of the destruction of Pompeii is here shown, in the impression of a bosom, formed by the materials that destroyed her whose charms it has thus preserved to posterity. A necklace and bracelets of gold were found with the remains of this young female, and their beauty indicates that she must have been of no mean rank.

*19th.*—The Miracle of St. Januarius.—The miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius which is exhibited on the 19th of September every year, presents one of the most extraordinary examples of superstition that it is possible to imagine in the present time, when education has so much dispersed the mists of error and ignorance. I witnessed this ceremony to-day, and was little edified by the exhibition. A small portion of the blood of the saint having been preserved by a pious spectator of his martyrdom, it was long after consigned to the custody of the church named after him, of which it constitutes the pride and treasure. It is kept in a vial placed in the *tesoro*, which is a press formed in the wall, with an iron door of great strength, secured by no less than three locks, the keys of which are intrusted to three different bodies of the state, and a deputy from each is sent with its respective key, on the annual occasion of the door being opened. The glass vial which contains the blood is of a circular shape; and the blood beheld

through it appears like a morsel of glue. In this state it is exhibited to the spectators, who all examine it. At eight o'clock, mass is celebrated in the different chapels of the cathedral, and at the grand altar, which is most richly decorated: a priest officiates, holding the glass vial in his hands, occasionally displaying it to the crowd, and praying with the utmost fervour, and apostrophizing the saint with exclamations interrupted by his tears and sighs. A large wax candle, equal to at least a dozen of our English ones, is placed on the middle of the altar; and I observed that the holy father generally held the vial very near to it.

It was about ten o'clock when we entered the chapel; and, as the priest had then been two hours invoking the saint to consent to the miracle, the spectators were becoming very impatient. On the left side of the altar, a place was assigned to about one hundred women, who are said to be descendants of the saint, and therefore have this place of honour on the occasion. When, half an hour after our arrival, no symptom of liquefaction was visible, the cries of these women became really terrific, resembling more the howlings of savages than of Christians. Their shrieks were mingled with exclamations uttered with vehemence, and accompanied with the most violent gestures. They abused the saint in the most opprobrious terms, calling him every insulting name that rage or hatred could dictate. Through the influence of a friend we were permitted to approach near the grand altar, where we maintained a gravity that ought to have conciliated the good opinion of the worshippers of St.

Januarius: but, after his unnatural descendants had exhausted every term of vituperation on him, they began to direct sundry glances of mingled suspicion and rage against us; and at length avowed their conviction that it was the presence of the English heretics that prevented the liquefaction of the blood. The priest made a sign to us to take off our bonnets and to kneel, which we immediately did. This compliance appeased the anger of the relatives of the saint against us; and once more they directed their abuse to him, calling down imprecations on him for resisting the prayers of his descendants. *Briccone! Birbone!* and other terms of abuse were showered on him, for what they termed his obstinacy; but, fortunately for their lungs and our ears, the blood began to liquefy! and the vial became filled in the course of two or three minutes after the first symptom of dilution.

No sooner was the fulfilment of the miracle announced than the whole congregation prostrated themselves, and, after a few minutes' thanksgiving, gave way to the most lively joy, uttering a thousand ejaculations of love and gratitude towards the saint to whom, only a short time before, they had addressed every term of abuse with which their vocabulary furnished them. Men, women, and children now began to weep together; and never previously had I witnessed such an inundation of tears. Several soldiers, Austrians as well as Neapolitans, were present in full uniform, and appeared as equally impressed as were the rest of the congregation with the wondrous miracle that had taken place. The vial was paraded about by the priest, and pressed to the foreheads of the pious,

who were also suffered to kiss it, a ceremony performed with enthusiastic devotion.* During this operation a number of priests, young and old, were industriously plying their vocation of levying contributions on the strangers, who were told that, in honour of the saint and the miracle, it was hoped that they would not deny their charity.† A group of juvenile Chinese, who have been sent to Naples to study, and take priests' orders, were most demonstrative in their enthusiastic admiration of the miracle; and their sallow, plain countenances were not improved by their smiles and tears. It is melancholy to see superstition extending itself to such remote regions as China; and I

* Horace notices a superstitious ceremony performed in a town of the kingdom of Naples in his time, of which the miracle of St. Januarius reminds one:—

> Dehinc Gnatia lymphis
> Iratis extructa dedit risusque, jocosque;
> Dum flammâ sine thura liquescere limine sacro
> Persuadere cupit: credat Judæus Apella,
> Non ego. SAT. v. l. 1.

† They tell a story at Naples, the truth of which I can well believe. When it was first occupied by the French troops, the day for the ceremony of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius arrived, and the church, as usual, was filled with spectators. Several hours having elapsed without the blood exhibiting any symptom of liquefying, the Neapolitans became turbulent; and some insinuations were whispered, that the saint refused to grant the miracle because the town was in the possession of the French. The general of that nation instantly sent an order to the priest, signifying that if the miracle was not accomplished within the space of ten minutes, a severe punishment (I believe he threatened death) should be inflicted on him. The liquefaction took place within the given time: another proof, say the pious, of the goodness of the saint, who, in order to save the priest, overcame his scruples, and consented to the miracle.

could not help breathing a wish that these youths had studied religion in a more enlightened school, that they might have carried back to their country the pure principles of Christianity, instead of those of superstition. Whether the liquefaction is produced by some chemical operation effected through the warmth of the hand, or its vicinity to the large candle alluded to, or both, I cannot decide; but I confess I left the spot an unbeliever of the asserted miracle.

In a remote part of the church several priests were going through the ceremony of ordination. They were at an altar, within a large circle, enclosed by a balustrade, at which several dignitaries of the church were officiating. The neophytes were prostrated on the ground, bathed in tears; whether caused by regret for their abandonment of the world, or a sense of their own unworthiness for the sacred profession they had chosen, I could not discover: but their emotions seemed to awaken kindred ones in the crowd of both sexes assembled around the balustrade, and the women, in particular, wept bitterly.

The church of St. Januarius is a Gothic structure erected by Alphonso the First, King of Naples, after the design of Nicolo Pisano. It is ornamented by several magnificent columns of Egyptian granite, said to have belonged to the ancient Temple of Apollo; and at the entrance are two beautiful antique porphyry pillars. It has many chapels, and is enriched by finely-executed *bassi-rilievi*. The grand altar is composed of the rarest marbles, and has a fine statue by Paul Posi. The antique candelabri of jasper, placed at each side of the altar, are worthy of atten-

tion, from the beauty of their form and material, and the excellence of their workmanship. The subterraneous church, which contains the ashes of St. Januarius, is cased with white marble, and richly ornamented with *bassi-rilievi* and arabesques; the roof is supported by columns, and the whole has a rich effect. It was built by Cardinal Oliver Caraffa, Archbishop of Naples, of whom there is a statue in a kneeling posture, said to be by Michael Angelo. The grand church contains the remains of Charles of Anjou, Charles Martel, and his wife Clemence. One of the most interesting objects in the church is an antique vase of Egyptian basalt, placed on a pedestal of porphyry. It is ornamented with finely-executed *bassi-rilievi*, representing the attributes of Bacchus, which rather unfit it for its present use, which is that of a baptismal font.

*October.*—Our old friend, General Sir Andrew Barnard, has been spending some days with us. He is as much delighted with Italy as we are, but must return to England *bon gré mal gré*. This is one of the miseries of being attached to a Court.

Went yesterday to see the Campo Santo. This cemetery consists of a very large parallelogram, excavated and divided by masonry into three hundred and sixty-five vaults of great depth, and having no communication with each other. A massive square flag covers the opening, which is hermetically sealed; and in this flag is inserted an iron ring, by which it is raised when required. These vaults are all numbered, and one is open every day in the year, for the reception of the dead bodies, from dawn until midnight, when it is

closed. Quicklime is then thrown in, and it is said that in a short time no trace of the dead, save the bones, remains, so rapid is the decomposition. At the end of a year each vault is re-opened, and made ready for its new tenants, by removing the bones and skulls, and burning them for the purpose of manure. The cemetery is surrounded by walls on three sides, and the fourth is occupied by a building with arcades and benches, for the reception of the dead while the flag is being raised. No coffins are allowed, and the shells used for conveying the bodies are brought away. The vault open yesterday was nearly three parts filled when I looked into it; and never did my eyes encounter so hideous a sight as it presented! The light of a brilliant sun fell obliquely into this charnel-house, throwing its beams on some portions of the tenants of the vault; while others were left in deep shadow, like some picture by Rembrandt, but far more fearful than his pencil ever depicted. The bodies, from having been thrown in, lay in the most incongruous contact, and some, in falling, had assumed singularly fantastic positions. Male and female, the youthful and the aged, were mingled together in grisly fellowship. An old man, with a long white beard, the growth of a protracted disease, was covered, all save his venerable-looking head, by the luxuriant raven tresses of a young female corpse, who had fallen close to him; while her person was nearly concealed by those of three children, whose limbs protruded in grotesque attitudes. Heads, feet, and arms were seen jutting out at different sides, beneath the figures on the top of this heap of mortality; and what added to the revolting horror of

the scene was, that a number of reptiles were crawling over the dead, and had already commenced preying on them. The soul shuddered, and the mind shrank back appalled from this hideous charnel-house. How can any human beings bear to consign their dead to such an abode? The depths of ocean were a better grave than this den; where death, while robbed of its solemnity, is rendered more ghastly, more terrific, and more revolting, by its victims being thrown into disgusting and obscene contact, to rot, and mingle their putridity together. Many a year will elapse ere this loathsome sight can be effaced from my mind; and the recollection of the scenes of that dread prison-house will last long, long after the present occupants of it have mouldered away. The sweeping tresses of raven hair, once the pride of their youthful owner, and often adorned with bright ribbons and flowers for festivals, will ever be remembered, as the fearful veil of the stark corse of the old man!

*November.*—I have made acquaintance, at the Archbishop of Tarentum's, with many scientific and literary characters; among whom no one has more pleased me than the celebrated Piazzi, the astronomer. His manners are peculiarly agreeable, for, though he is remarkably well bred, they possess an originality and raciness always interesting, and not often to be met with in a person who has mingled so much in society. He is far advanced in the vale of years; but his mind is as vigorous and active as ever. He is tall and slight, his physiognomy very *spirituel*, with an expression of good-nature not generally appertaining either to the character or countenances of those

remarkable for their *esprit*. He has been from early youth the friend and companion of the admirable Capeccellatro, Archbishop of Tarentum. Both philosophers, in the best and truest acceptation of the term, their knowledge of human nature, which is profound, has but induced them to feel a greater degree of forbearance towards the weak and erring, and a livelier admiration for the good. Piazzi is a Sicilian by birth, and distinguished himself, while yet a child, by a passion for astronomy, which denoted the pre-eminence he was likely to attain in that science. Nor has his progress in it disappointed the expectations formed by his friends; as his discovery of the planet Ceres ranks him among the most eminent of the modern astronomers. The Abbé Monticelli is another of the acquaintances I have cultivated. He is considered the best geologist in Italy; and is remarkably agreeable as well as instructive in conversation.

Few days elapse without our spending some hours with the excellent and amiable Archbishop of Tarentum, who attracts around him a circle composed of the most enlightened and pleasant people of his own and every other nation. I never saw a man so universally esteemed, and certainly never one who more merited to be so. His love of the fine arts, and encouragement to artists, draw to his house the best specimens of both; and many a one has found patrons through his recommendation, who might otherwise have pined away existence in obscurity.

We see a good deal of the Duc di Rocco Romano, one of the most distinguished Neapolitan generals, and the very personification of a *preux chevalier;*

brave in arms, and gentle and courteous in society. There is something really *chevaleresque* in the bearing of Rocco Romano; and what renders it more attractive is, that it is in perfect keeping with his military reputation. Though said to be nearly sixty years old, he certainly does not look above forty; and is in his person as active as most men of thirty, and as lively as any are at twenty. Time affects people infinitely less in this mild climate than with us. Here I see many persons flourishing at an age that in England would have been attended with most, if not all, the infirmities peculiar to the decline of life; and have observed in them an animation and gaiety seldom to be found even in the youthful in our cold clime.

The Neapolitan ladies are generally handsome, and some eight or ten of them are exceedingly beautiful. Their manners are easy, graceful, and natural; perfectly free from even the semblance of affectation or coquetry. In mixed society they are much more reserved than the ladies of England or France; but this restraint arises, not from prudery, but from a natural timidity and reserve when with strangers. Shaking hands with gentlemen is deemed to be indecorous, even when long acquaintance has existed. In *soirées*, men never presume to sit by a lady, establishing those *têtes-à-têtes* so frequently seen in English society; but advance to the formal rows, or circles, in which ladies are seated, and converse with them, standing respectfully all the time, in terms so purposely audible, that the surrounding persons may hear all that is said. Some portion of the Spanish ceremoniousness may still be detected in the manners of the

higher class of the Neapolitans; but this soon wears off, particularly among women, for the ladies here are peculiarly gentle and amiable to strangers of their own sex.

Sir William Gell is so beloved by the Neapolitans, that any friends of his are received by them with distinguished politeness; and as he possesses the rare tact of knowing the persons likely to suit each other, his introductions are generally productive of pleasure to all parties. Indeed, a most favourable impression of the English exists here, given by the long residence of Sir William Drummond, Gell, and Mr. Keppel Craven at Naples, which has enabled the inhabitants to estimate the many admirable qualities of these gentlemen. Mr. Craven possesses a highly-cultivated mind, manners at once dignified and graceful, and exercises an elegant hospitality, that renders his house among the most attractive here.

My old friend, good, kind Lord Guildford, dined with us yesterday. He is *en route* for England, attended by Heaven only knows how many Greek professors and their wives. Never was mortal man so devoted to one pursuit, as this estimable creature is to the restoration of literature in Greece. It has become a monomania with him, for he thinks of nothing else, speaks of nothing else, except his college. He has given us a pressing invitation to visit him at Corfu, not so much, I verily believe, for the sake of our society, as for the purpose of showing us his literary establishments. People laugh at this hobby of Lord Guildford's, and think it denotes nothing short of insanity in a British peer, to prefer devoting a large portion of his fortune

to the education of the Greeks, to expending it in England in dinners, balls, and fêtes, like so many of his class. But such is the wisdom of our times, that all who serve others, or evince a more than ordinary interest in the well-being of their fellow-men, are forthwith suspected of folly. Byron has been mocked for going to fight for the Greeks ; Lord Guildford is derided for educating them !

Naples is filling fast, and many English have arrived. As yet we have escaped even the semblance of winter, except the occasional storms that sometimes at night remind us of the season. There has been no day in which we have not been able to ride or drive, as if it were September instead of November; and although we have no fire-place in any of the sitting-rooms which we occupy, we have not suffered from cold. The substitute for fires are *brazeros*, in which a small kind of charcoal, made from the wood of myrtle, is burned; and this dispenses a sufficient warmth, without any unpleasant odour or vapour. These *brazeros*, in shape, resemble an antique vase, or urn, and are made of *terra cotta*, with the cover pierced. They stand on low pedestals, are generally ornamented with antique designs, and have a classical appearance. We find two sufficient to warm each of our large drawing-rooms, and one the less. We have experienced no ill effect from the use of the *brazeros ;* and by throwing into them perfumed pastiles prepared for the purpose, they emit a very agreeable odour. Notwithstanding that we do not miss the warmth of a fire, we greatly miss the appearance of that truly English focus of comfort, which attracts round its

cheerful hearth the domestic circle of a winter's evening; and we all admit that we should prefer encountering some portion of the severity of a northern winter, with a home fire-side, to the mild seasons here which have led to its exclusion from Neapolitan houses.

Count Paul Lieven,* and Mr. Richard Williams have arrived here, and dined with us yesterday. The young Russian speaks English like a native, is exceedingly good-looking, and possesses a quickness of perception and discrimination that peculiarly fit him for arriving at eminence in his diplomatic career. Mr. Richard Williams is a good specimen of an Englishman, well-looking and well-bred, with an inquiring, active, and cultivated mind. Both formed a pleasing contrast with the Prince L——, who also dined here, and whose discordant voice still rings in my ears; although, Heaven be thanked! not one of the sentiments it breathed have rested in my memory. A low voice is charming in man as well as in woman; and I never was more convinced of this fact, than after having had my ears tortured by the screaming tones *di Sua Eccellenza il Principe L——*.

Lord Ashley and Mr. Evelyn Denison dined here yesterday. I have seldom seen a more distinguished young man than the first. His air aristocratic, yet free from the *fierté* supposed to accompany *l'air noble*, and his manners manly and dignified. Highly educated, he seems bent on acquiring the knowledge only to be attained by travel, and an acquaintance with other countries, and bids fair to be an ornament to

* Now Prince Paul Lieven.

his own. Mr. E. Denison is a remarkably gentlemanlike, well-informed young man. Sir William Gell, who met them at dinner here, gave them much useful information about Sicily, to which place Lord Ashley intends proceeding.

*Dec.*—As yet we have had no winter here, and no day without more sunshine than is to be enjoyed in England in the midst of summer. This escape from winter is really a blessing to invalids; and when one is basking in the genial warmth of this sunny clime, and reflects on the snow and sleet that is probably at this moment covering our English shores, it is impossible, even in despite of patriotism, not to admit that Italy is a preferable winter residence. Enjoying the frequent society of Sir William Drummond, Gell, Mr. Craven, Mr. Mathias, and a pleasant admixture of the Neapolitans, with the travellers of all countries who come to Naples, it would be difficult to find a place where time can be more agreeably passed than here. Sir William Drummond and Gell, who have tried so many other places, give this the preference, and, by doing so, certainly add much to its attractions. Nor has dainty food been wanting to gratify the palate, while a rich treat has been afforded to the mind. The wild boar, a delicacy much in request here, and the veal of Sorrento, the whitest and most delicious I ever tasted, with well-flavoured poultry, have been abundantly supplied; and our cook has rendered them ample justice by his culinary skill.

*Jan.* 1824.—The new year has opened most propitiously, for the weather is delicious. The garden here boasts so good a supply of flowers, that one can

hardly believe, when looking on it, that we are still in the depth of winter, of which we are only reminded by the shortness of the days. We have added many individuals to our list of acquaintances here, some acquisitions as well as additions; among whom may be ranked the Signor Salvaggi, a man of considerable literary acquirements, and most agreeable manners.

The Duc de Cazarano and Marchese Giuliano were presented to us by the Duc de Rocco Romano, and we see them frequently. Cazarano is a very amusing person, draws well, and is an admirable mimic; and Giuliano has been some time in England, whither he went when Murat lost the Neapolitan throne. The devotion of some of the Neapolitan officers to Murat was very touching, and failed not to the last; and among them, Rocco Romano and Giuliano were distinguished. They are now permitted to live free from molestation here; but have not yet been employed by the present government.

*February.*—The carnival has disappointed me: not that it was wanting in the noisy gaiety peculiar to festivals here, but that, after the novelty of the first quarter of an hour's view of it had passed away, the repetition of grotesque groups, ludicrous masks, and extravagant costumes became as fatiguing to the mind as to the eye. The Neapolitans, high and low, rich and poor, enter into the spirit of the carnival, with a reckless love of pleasure and zest, that appertains only to children in other countries. Even the old seem to enjoy the general hilarity produced by the heterogeneous *mélange* of Neptunes, Hercules,

Cupids, shepherdesses, sailors, Spanish grandees, and a hundred other absurd masks. Innumerable carriages, filled with these votaries of pleasure, pass and repass in the Strada Toledo, playing their antics, and hurling at the persons they encounter showers of bons-bons and bouquets of flowers. The dress of English sailors seems to be a favourite one with the maskers at the carnival, for we saw several worn by persons whose equipages indicated that they were of the aristocracy. The lower class substitute a composition of plaster of Paris for bons-bons, and often throw them with a violence that occasions accidents. Large are the sums expended by the gay Neapolitan gallants, in the purchase of the most delicate bon-bons and fragrant bouquets, which they throw into the carriages or windows, where they recognize their female acquaintances. A party of the *noblesse* a year ago, during the carnival, passed through the Strada Toledo in a ship, placed on wheels, and fired from the guns at each side volleys of bons-bons. Never were broadsides so amicably received, or so agreeably remembered, for they still form the topic of conversation, whenever a carnival is mentioned.

Melancholy news are arrived from Rome, announcing the death of the beautiful Miss Bathurst. This sad event occurred by her horse slipping into the Tiber, from a narrow path near its edge, when she attempted to turn him; and though she rose to the surface of the water on horseback, the efforts of the horse in swimming burst the girths, and she was precipitated again into the flood. She rose once more, and then disappeared into its turbid depths for ever,

in the presence of her agonized friends, who saw her perish without the power of saving her. A fatality seems to be attached to the family. Her father, a most amiable man, and son to the worthy and esteemed Bishop of Norwich, disappeared some years ago, when travelling in Germany, and was never more heard of, leaving a wife and two infant daughters to lament his loss; and now one of these daughters, in the flower of youth and beauty, is snatched from life, and in a manner, too, that renders the blow still more afflicting. I remember seeing this lovely girl, hanging on the arm of her fond mother, coming out of the Opera, at the close of the season of 1822, and being greatly struck with her appearance. What a new and terrible blow must this event be to the bereaved wife and mother! It appears that Miss Bathurst, who was residing at Rome, under the protection of her uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Aylmer, rode out with them, escorted by the French ambassador, the Duc de Laval-Montmorenci. The groom of Miss Bathurst was sent back to the residence of Lord Aylmer with some message; and when the party arrived near the Ponte di Mollé, the Duc proposed leading them by a path which he had often previously ridden, along the bank of the Tiber. The river having become swollen, portions of the bank had given way, which rendered the path so narrow, that after pursuing it some short distance, the Duc, who was foremost, proposed retracing their steps. In endeavouring to turn her horse, Miss Bathurst unfortunately backed him too near the edge of the bank, which gave way, and horse and rider were plunged

into the river. Not one of the party could swim; nevertheless, Lord Aylmer attempted to rush into the water, and had advanced some paces, when his distracted wife held him forcibly back. What renders this sad catastrophe still more lamentable is, that the groom, who had been sent back to Rome, is a good swimmer, and might have been able to rescue this charming young girl from her watery grave. The letter from Rome which I have read, giving these particulars, adds that a more heart-rending scene was seldom witnessed, than that presented by the horror-stricken group on the border of the river, as they watched the object of so much affection rising to the surface of the river, and then saw her engulfed in its turbid depths for ever, leaving no trace but a wide circling eddy on the water, that quickly disappeared. How terrible must have been the return to that home, which her presence had so lately enlivened! to those rooms where her open piano, drawing-table, and all the implements of feminine occupation, were placed ready for use. The dress in which she was to appear that very night at a ball, the letter states, was spread on the bed, whence she had risen in all the health and gaiety of early youth that fatal day, while she—the beloved, whom her protectors would have shielded, with anxious care, even from the most genial shower of spring—was sleeping in death, with the yellow waters of the Tiber booming over her beautiful form, and sullying those long and silken tresses, of which those who loved her—and they were many—were so proud.

The body,—how shockingly the word sounds, when

applied to a creature lately bounding in life and light! —has not yet been discovered, though the river has been drawn with nets, and a large reward has been offered for it. How can the fearful tale be told to that mother who has already pined for years under the mysterious disappearance of her husband? It makes the heart ache even to imagine the attempt. In draining the Tiber, several bodies have been found, some with marks of the stiletto, which prove they were consigned to a watery grave to conceal their assassination. More than one female corse was attired in a masquerade dress.

> "Cut off even in the blossoms of their sins,
> Unhousel'd, unanointed, unnanneal'd;
> No reckoning made, but sent to their accounts
> With all their imperfections on their heads."

Yet no one, at least no stranger, ever heard of the disappearance of those whose bodies have been found; and little surprise is, I hear, evinced at their discovery. In England, such a discovery would serve to fill the newspapers for weeks, while in Italy it is little noticed. The disregard of human life is a striking peculiarity of this country; but, strange to say, it does not originate in either moral or physical courage: on the contrary, I should say that its source may be traced to the want of both, as well as to the indulgence of those evil passions and quick impulses to violence, for which the Italians are remarkable. In a moment of anger or jealousy, regardless of consequences, the stiletto or knife is called into action, and many are the lives thus sacrificed to an ungovernable impulse of rage. The

Italians are so conscious of their being prone to commit such deeds of wrath, that a murder excites little attention among them. Even in the nearest and dearest connexions, innumerable are the instances of lovers and husbands stabbing their mistresses and wives, in a fit of jealousy; and it is not rare to see women with many marks of the knife on their person, inflicted by those dear to them. One woman, whom we questioned in the village of the Vomero, seemed rather proud than ashamed of these marks; and said, when holding up her arms to show them, "My husband loves me too well not to be jealous sometimes: there is no love without jealousy. It is better to have a few such marks as these than not to have a loving husband." Such are the sentiments of many, if not all, of the women of the lower class in Italy, in whose untutored minds love seems to be the ruling passion, offering a satisfactory excuse for all the excesses and crimes into which it may plunge its votaries. In truth, the women here resemble grown children infinitely more than human beings arrived at maturity, or than accountable agents; yet with this ungovernable impetuosity they are not masculine in their modes of testifying it,—tears, joy, and passionate exclamations being here, as in most other countries, the feminine arms to which they have recourse when excited. Their affection for their children is demonstrated by an enthusiastic tenderness that frequently reminds me of that evinced by Irish mothers of the same class of life to their offspring. The expressions of love too, though in languages so different, have a similarity of sentiment; though it must be acknow-

ledged that *animamia* has a more dulcet sound than *cuisla-ma-chree.*

Already has spring manifested itself here. The leaves are putting forth their tender and bright verdure; the birds are carolling from every bough, and the air becomes every day more mild and genial, resembling the early days of May, in England.

The Neapolitans are the kindest persons imaginable, of which every day furnishes us abundant proof in their continued attentions. Books, drawings, and curiosities, are showered on us by those warm-hearted people, who, like their climate, are all sunshine.

*March.*—The last month has flown away rapidly, and pleasantly,—sight-seeking, making excursions, and cultivating pleasant acquaintances. Never did time seem to pass so fleetly as at Naples; the delicious climate rendering existence so positive an enjoyment, that occupation is seldom felt necessary, as in England, to fill up the hours when bad weather and gloomy skies deny the power of out-of-door amusements. I have explored, on horseback, all the environs of this gay city: many of the most beautiful ones are only accessible to pedestrians, or equestrians. We have made acquaintance with most of the peasantry, and all their children, whom we encountered in our rides, and are now welcomed by them with kind greetings whenever we appear. Every path through the vineyards, and every Madonna in the little niches erected for their reception on the bye-ways we frequent, are become as familiar to us as the immediate vicinity of Mountjoy Forest; and charming are the landscapes that we have seen by thus leaving

the high roads, and wandering through the little hamlets and secluded parts of this enchanting country. In these rambles, we have stopped to converse with many a group of peasants, who have ceased their labours, and the songs which invariably accompany them, pleased to converse with strangers, who evinced kindness towards them. They are the most contented race of people under the sun; for never have we heard a complaint of poverty, notwithstanding that several indications of it were visible. Their labours are cheered by songs and smiles, that lighten, if they do not make them forget them. Here the earth yields its productions to her children, like a profuse and generous mother, instead of, as in colder regions, requiring to be rendered fertile by hard labour. I have seen the ground turned up by the feet alone, the aid of spades or ploughs being deemed unnecessary. Poverty can never be felt so severely by this people as by ours; for their wants are much fewer, and more easily satisfied. The mildness of the climate renders fuel and warm clothing here,—heavy sources of expense to the poor in colder climes,—much less necessary to them; and maccaroni, the chief article of their food, is so low-priced and nutritive, that even the poorest peasants can procure it. Their habits of sobriety are remarkable; and to this may, I think, be attributed their cheerful temperaments, and general good health.

*April.*—Naples abounds with English, who have flocked here from Rome, where they have been passing the winter. Among them are my old friends, Lord Dudley and Ward, as clever, amusing, and

eccentric as ever, and Lord Howden and his son Mr. Cradock. They dined with us yesterday, and we passed an agreeable evening.

The eccentricities of Lord Dudley increase with age, and sometimes assume so questionable a shape, as to excite doubts of his sanity in my mind. These doubts are not, however, entertained by others, or, at least, if so, are not acknowledged, notwithstanding that he exhibits proofs of aberration of intellect too palpable not to be noticed. But the truth is, that a man with forty thousand pounds a-year, and willing to give frequent and good dinners, must be as mad as a March hare, before people will admit that he is more than *eccentric*. Lord Dudley thinks aloud, expresses his opinions of persons and things, not often in a flattering tone, *to* the very persons *of* whom he is speaking, much in the style of the characters in Madame de Genlis' Palais de la Vérité, frequently producing the most ludicrous effect. As I have known him long and well, and have perfect faith in his good-nature, I can only attribute these examples of his *façons de parler* to *absence d'esprit*, and not, as many of his acquaintance do, to *méchanceté*.

Conversing with a mutual friend on this topic, two days ago, he declared his conviction that Lord Dudley only affected the absence of mind, so much commented on, as giving a privilege of telling disagreeable truths. So much for the defence of friends!

"No, no! he is far from being insane," added ——. "He never throws away his money in buying things he can do without; never lends a guinea on any

pretext whatever; never makes a present; looks sharply into his steward's accounts; and gives capital dinners. No, he is not mad, I'll be sworn; only *un peu original;* and so are many more of our acquaintance."

Lord Howden is a perfect gentleman of the old school, when good-breeding was an indispensable requisite to form one. And what a charm good-breeding casts over all who possess it! It is the true polish that softens asperities, and renders society agreeable. Mr. Cradock is very good-looking, very well informed, exceedingly clever, and very amusing when he chooses to be so. He talks well on most subjects, and is dextrous in handling an argument, or pointing an epigram, or *bon-mot.* He enters society as an experienced gladiator enters the arena where he is to combat, prepared to use all the weapons, in the use of which he has acquired a proficiency. If he fail, it will not be from want of address, but from the want of a due estimate of the powers of his opponents, an error peculiar to the clever and the young.

*May.*—Mr. George Howard, the elder son of Lord Morpeth, has been staying a few days with us. He is a very superior young man, with a highly-cultivated mind, and a fine understanding. He has all the steadiness of age, without any of its acerbity; and all the frankness of youth, without any portion of its indiscretion or self-conceit. It would be difficult to find a more rational or a more agreeable companion, or one who is more calculated to captivate good-will, and command respect.

SALERNO.—We have made a delightful excursion to Pæstum, which has more than realised our expectations. The route, which passes by the Soldiers' quarters at Pompeii, offers nothing very interesting, until two or three miles beyond that ruined city; when the country assumes a most rich and varied aspect, presenting the most beautiful views. In no part of Italy have I seen such scenery as on this route, uniting all the charms of woods, rocks, and mountains, with dilapidated castles, watch-towers, churches, and convents, so admirably placed as to appear as if erected as ornaments in the enchanting landscapes. In one part may be seen the ruins of a fortress, crowning a mountain which lifts its bleak front on high; while all beneath it is glowing with the richest vegetation; and at another turn of the road, the spires of a convent are seen rising amidst woods, whose umbrageous foliage forms a fine contrast to their snowy white.

We stopped some time at Nocera, the Nuceria of the ancients, called Nocera di Pagani, from its having been taken by the Saracens. Its chief attraction is the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, supposed by some to have been an ancient temple converted to this pious use; while others imagine it to have been a public bath. Like most of the fragments of antiquity, the uncertainty of its original destination has furnished a wide field for the conjectures and disputes of antiquaries; who only seem to have agreed on one point, and that is never to coincide in their opinions, each setting up an hypothesis of his own, and denouncing that of all others. The reason for supposing the building to have originally been a bath is, that in the

centre, which is of a circular shape, there is a large octagon basin surrounded by eight small marble columns; and this basin is asserted to have served as a bath. Those who maintain the opinion that the building was a temple, declare that this basin was designed for baptism, and that this was probably one of the primitive Christian churches. But, as Sir Roger de Coverley used to remark, "much may be said on both sides;" and much *has* been said, leaving the supporters of the different opinions still wedded to their own. The columns in the church are of oriental alabaster, and *verd-antique;* and the workmanship offers incontestible proof of the grandeur of the ancient Nuceria, when they were erected. The other parts of the edifice bear marks of having been the work of a later age; and the decline of taste may be traced in them.

At a short distance from Nocera, we saw the ruins of the castle from which the haughty Urban VI. fulminated his excommunication against the army of Naples, which besieged him in 1378, headed by Otho, Duke of Brunswick, fourth husband of Jane, the first queen of Naples.

From Nocera to La Cava, the same beautiful scenery presents itself, and the latter town is superior to most of a similar extent in the Neapolitan dominion, being well built and clean. The principal street has arcades on each side, which adds much to the beauty of its appearance, and the inhabitants have an air of tidiness and comfort. It was among the wild and romantic scenery in the vicinity of La Cava, that Salvator Rosa and Poussin studied nature in her grandest

and most picturesque forms, and several of the subjects of their pictures may be here discovered.

The entrance to Salerno offers one of the finest views that can be imagined. Placed at the foot of the mountains of Gragnano, which are considered among the highest of the Apennines, and bathed by the blue waves of the Mediterranean, its beautiful Gulf may be said to rival the Bay of Naples, to which it bears a striking resemblance. The ruins of an ancient fortress, crowning the summit of a steep and rocky mountain, of a pyramidical form, which towers on high as a barrier, to protect the town beneath it, adds much to the beauty of the scene; as do three other ancient castles, placed on separate and less elevated mountains in the vicinity, which forms a fine back ground to the picture. No one who has seen the delicious scenery which this spot presents can wonder at its having been sung by almost all the poets of the Augustan age; for it still preserves sufficient charms to justify their admiration. At Cumæ and Baiæ, we look in vain for the originals of those pictures given us by the poets, and for those scenes whose attractions drew the luxurious Romans to their shores. All is changed; for Nature, more cruel than Time, has by her revolutions effaced much, if not all, their charms, converting those once lovely scenes into dreary wastes, exhaling pestilential gales around.

Salerno, after the war with Hannibal, having been rebuilt by the Romans, was raised to the rank of a Roman colony, and the Emperor appointed governors, to whom were intrusted the charge of maintaining the conquests successively achieved in Lucania and Bru-

tium; the governors residing part of the year at Reggio, and part at Salerno. After having suffered all the revolutions to which Italy was exposed in after times, and having been taken and pillaged by the Saracens, Duke Robert Guiscard, in the eleventh century, repaired and beautified it, and, for that purpose, removed from Pæstum the antique ornaments that decorate the cathedral. The ancient Salerno was celebrated for its schools of medicine, which may be traced up even to the period when in possession of the Saracens and Moors. It is said that the Saracens particularly cultivated the science of medicine, and that a certain Costantino, named the African, from the place of his birth, after having made considerable progress in the study of languages; and after having travelled and exercised his professional skill in different countries, established himself at Salerno, and laid the foundation of that medical school which afterwards attained so much celebrity. This African is reported to have embraced the Christian religion, and to have become Abbot of Monte Cassino, where he had several pupils. Giannoni states that the monks of Monte Cassino were considered the most able physicians of that age, and adds that Pope Innocent II., in a decree passed in a council, held at Rome in 1139, commands the monks not to further study a science, the practice of which might degenerate into a grand abuse, and prove injurious to religion. This is only one of many examples of the hindrance given to the progress of arts and science by the Roman pontiffs, who seem in their zeal for the salvation of the soul, to have quite overlooked the preservation of the body. It is

gratifying to observe the more rational and enlightened conduct of Duke Roger, who enacted a law to prohibit all persons from practising medicine who had not been examined and approved by the doctors of Salerno. This law was confirmed by the Emperor Barbarossa, in 1150, only eleven years after the bigoted decree of Pope Innocent II.; and he added to it the penalties of confiscation of the property, and one year's imprisonment on all who infringed this law.

The cathedral of Salerno having been destroyed by the Saracens, the present building was constructed by the order of Robert Guiscard.* The modern repairs have been so injudiciously and tastelessly carried into effect, as to leave few traces of the gothic splendour, which, judging by the pulpit and rostrum, which still retain their original beauty, must have marked it. They are decorated with mosaics, composed of marbles of the rarest kind, the colours so well contrasted as to produce the most brilliant effect. Two magnificent columns of verde antique have been converted into candelabra, and are placed at each side of the choir; the branches for lights spring from the tasteless modern capitals, which ill assort with the beauty of the shafts. The church contains three antique sarcophagi, ornamented with bassi-rilievi, which make up, in spirit of design and gracefulness of attitude, for their deficiency in delicacy of execution. Two of the sarcophagi represent the triumphs of Bacchus and Ariadne; and the third, which contains the ashes of a bishop, is graced with the Rape of Proserpine, and the pursuit

* Son of Tancred, immortalized by the verse of Tasso.

of Ceres in search of her: a most pagan decoration for the sepulchre of a saintly son of the Church! Two vases, of singular beauty, are now used as lustral vases here. On one is represented the arrival of Alexander at Nisa, and the ambassadors beseeching his clemency for the town; and on the other, the pleasures of the vintage.

The court of the cathedral is surrounded by a peristyle, the columns of which, about thirty in number, have been brought from Pæstum. They are of granite, cippolino, and white marble, and the capitals by no means correspond with them. Some are of the Corinthian order, and the others a bad mixture of the composite; affording proofs, both in design and execution, of the degeneracy of the arts when they were constructed. Beneath the peristyle are placed fourteen marble sarcophagi, some Greek, and others Roman, of the time of the consuls, ornamented with bassi-rilievi. The most remarkable represents the chase of Meleager, which seems to have been a very favourite subject with the ancients, as I have remarked it on numberless sarcophagi. Others have the heads of victims, decorated with garlands of flowers and fillets, well executed.

There is something akin to the ludicrous in seeing antique vases and tazzas, on which are sculptured bácchanalian orgies and pagan festivals, crowned by modern covers, adorned with images of the Madonna, or of some saint, pope, or bishop, who appear as if presiding over the impious rites represented beneath. An acquaintance of mine, lately returned from Sicily, saw there a most absurd transformation of an antique

marble sphynx into a Madonna, which was effected by placing a crown on the head; but the rest of the figure retains its original character: yet round this monstrosity he beheld a crowd of kneeling votaries!

In the centre of the court of the cathedral is a large antique basin, formed out of one single piece of granite. It is thirteen feet in diameter, and of a very fine form. The present government tried to remove it to Naples, but failed in the attempt; and materially injured one side of the basin in making it.

The Subterranean Church, which is immediately beneath the cathedral, is very richly decorated; being entirely cased, ceiling included, with various-coloured marbles of the rarest qualities, which reflect the lamps like mirrors on every side, and produce a most brilliant effect. In the centre of this church, inclosed at the foot of the altar, is the body of St. Matthew, which is preserved with great care. Two bronze figures of the saint are placed near his remains, and are said to be endowed with many miraculous properties. But the object which our cicerone seemed to think the most worthy of attention, and to which he led us with an air of mingled awe and pride, was a mutilated fragment of a column, before which he requested us to kneel, and approach our ears to it. We obeyed his wishes, and heard a sound similar to that which is produced by a large shell under similar circumstances; but which the pious father assured us was the noise of the gushing blood of a martyr, who had been decapitated on this broken column. This seeming miracle, so easily explained by the merest tyro in acoustics, it would be here considered nothing short of sacrilege to

question; and when one sees the uses to which superstition *can* be applied, it is easy to perceive *why* science finds so little encouragement among the priesthood of the Roman Catholic religion.

Salerno possesses many of the disadvantages, as well as the advantages, of Naples. If its bay, and the beautiful scenery of its environs, may be compared with those of the capital, it has also its noise and dirt in a proportionate degree; and the streets in the evening are filled with persons of all ages and sexes, whose loud and discordant voices, mingled together, produce a most stunning effect on the ears of a stranger; while the intolerable odours of tobacco and garlic, the inhabitants being exceedingly addicted to the use of both these delicacies, occasion an equally disagreeable effect on his olfactory nerves.

Driven from our walk on the shore, by the noise and stench, we entered a boat, and were rowed over the beautiful bay, which was as calm and pellucid as the smoothest lake. The view of the town, and the mountains above it, from the water, is fine beyond the power of description; and the bright colours of the costumes of the peasantry looked picturesque. The whole scene from the distance was beautiful; so beautiful that it was difficult to imagine it could be the one whence we were only a few minutes previously driven by its intolerable atmosphere of tobacco and garlic, and its noise. One of our boatmen, on hearing me make the observation, philosophically remarked, that many of the scenes which looked fair from a distance, were found to be far from agreeable when reached: a truth that none of us were disposed to dispute.

The Italian language, so soft and musical when spoken by the upper classes, loses all its charms when screamed, rather than uttered, by the people, and sounds as barbarously as Irish or Welsh. Who that has heard it fall meltingly from the lips of a Fodor, or any of the other prima donnas of the Italian Opera, in recitative, could imagine that it was the same language that shocks one's ears in all the streets in Italy, where the lower classes congregate?

From Salerno to Pæstum, we saw little worthy of note, except a distant prospect of Eboli; a nearer one of Persano, a hunting-palace of the King of Naples; and the river Silaro, now called Sele, remarkable for the petrifying quality of its water. On a plain, bounded on one side by a fine chain of mountains, and open to the Gulf of Salerno on the other, stand the temples so deservedly celebrated; and the first view of which must strike every beholder with admiration. Nor is this sentiment diminished on approaching them; for the beauty of their proportions, and the rich and warm hues stamped on them by time, as they stand out in bold relief against the blue sky, which forms so charming a back ground to every Italian landscape, render the spot, even independent of the classical associations with which it is fraught, one of the most sublime and interesting imaginable. The solitude and desolation of the country around, where nought but a wretched hovel, a short distance from the temples, erected for the accommodation of the post-horses of the visiters to Pæstum, breaks on the silent grandeur of the scene, adds to the sublime effect of it. The blue sea in the distance, and the chain of mountains as blue, bound-

ing the horizon, complete the picture. And these fine monuments of antiquity, with others in a more dilapidated state, are all that remain of the grandeur of a place, the possession of which was contested by the Samnites, Picentines, Dorians, Sybarites, and Romans!

I have been reading a translation of Solin, an ancient author, who gives some details of Pæstum; and I have looked into a translation of Strabo, who states that, "after the inhabitants of the Campania, came the Samnites and the Picentines, whom the Romans established at the Bay of Posidonia, at present called Pæstum. The Sybarites built a wall, which reached to the sea, and obliged the inhabitants to retire farther into the country."

Among the details left by Athenée, of the successive enslavement and destruction of the Greek colonies, is a very interesting passage, which that author quotes from Aristoxenes, a philosopher and celebrated musician of Tarentum, and a disciple of Aristotle. "We," said he, "like the Posidonians of the Gulf of Tyrrhene, who, of Greek origin, had degenerated and become barbarous Tyrrhenes, or more properly speaking Romans, assemble, following their custom, on certain fête days, and recalling to memory their name and ancient habits, deplore their loss; and separate, after having mingled their tears, their regrets, and their griefs. It is thus that our theatres, having become barbarous, and the taste for music being quite corrupted, we assemble in small parties to weep our change, in recalling to memory our ancient music."*

Aristoxenes of Tarentum lived about 324 years before Christ.

"This passage," says Pausanias, "forcibly reminds one of the Jews, when, dispersed by the Emperor Adrian and forbidden to meet or speak of their country, they were compelled to pay for the melancholy indulgence of mingling their tears one day in the year."

We looked in vain for some traces of the roses of Pæstum, so celebrated by the poets of the Augustan age, that they seldom noticed flowers without referring to them. Virgil, Propertius, Ovid, Ausonius, and Martial, have praised them; but these beauties of nature, like all those of art, for which Pæstum was once so noted, have passed away, and nothing but the temples and a few ruins remain, to attest its former splendour.

The temple of Neptune, the most remarkable as well as ancient of the three edifices, was the one we first examined. It is built of a porous stone, which resembles cork, and bears marks of having formerly been coated with cement. A young architect of no ordinary promise, Mr. Charles Mathews, who accompanied us in this tour, measured the temples, and to him, who will, I hope, publish a detailed account of them, I leave minute particulars, contenting myself with a general description. In the temple of Pæstum we met Mr. George Howard,* Mr. Archibald Macdonald, and Mr. Millingen, celebrated for his antiquarian lore, who gave us an erudite *résumé* of all that has been known, or *supposed* to be known, (the latter division being much more voluminous than the

* The present Viscount Morpeth.

former,) of the temples, and of Posidonia. I might enrich the pages of my journal by noting down some portion of the results of his learned epitome; but, truth to say, my mind was so filled by the reflections on the instability of human greatness, to which the sight of these stupendous monuments of antiquity had given birth, that I was more disposed to loiter alone amidst the ruins than to profit, as I ought to have done, by listening to his details. There was something so solemn and imposing in the view of these temples, that the eye and the mind must be accustomed to it, before one could bestow an adequate attention on the ingenious hypotheses connected with them. When I looked on their proud fronts, which had braved the assaults of time during so many centuries, and now stood rearing their heads to the blue and cloudless sky above them, I could not help smiling at the little groups moving round their base, who looked like pigmies near these gigantic monuments; yet who, forgetful of how many thousands of their race had passed away since these temples had been erected, or even since they had been considered as antiquities, and how many thousands will pass away before they are vanquished by time, were here discussing them as if *they*, and not the temples, were doomed to live for ages to come!

My sombre reflections were interrupted by the arrival of a barouche, laden with visitors to Pæstum; among whom were the young and the gay, whose joyous voices sounded strangely in the temple, and whose white draperies, seen floating between the columns, had a picturesque effect. I heard sundry

allusions to the last "delightful ball at Naples," or the pleasant excursion to Pompeii, as the youthful groups passed through the temples; while the more mature were thoughtful, and examined the ruins, as those only whom Time has touched look on objects that remind them of the tyrant's power. There is no sympathy between the very young and gay, and such scenes as those of Pæstum—*mais le temps viendra!*

The temple of Neptune stands between that called the Basilica and the temple of Ceres, and antiquarians pronounce it to be of a much more ancient date. It has two peristyles, divided by a wall; the exterior containing fourteen columns, and the interior has two stories of columns of a less size. The edifice is placed on a platform, ascended by three very high steps; its length appeared to me to be about two hundred feet, and its breadth about eighty. The cella, which is raised above the rest of the temple, is inclosed by low walls, and has a double row of columns, which support an architrave, above which are other smaller columns. The altars for sacrifice are still to be seen in this temple; but the Basilica has neither altar nor cella. The length of this last is about a hundred and sixty-five, or seventy feet, and the width near eighty. The front of the Basilica has nine columns, and the sides sixteen each, with a row of pillars in the interior, parallel to those of the sides.

The temple of Ceres is considerably less in its dimensions than either of the others. It also is elevated on a platform, ascended by three steps: it has six columns in front, and thirteen on each side; and in the interior is a vestibule sustained by six columns,

leading to the cella, which is raised on a platform of four steps. This cella is surrounded by a low wall, and the sites of the altars are marked. The length of the temple of Ceres is about a hundred feet, and the breadth about fifty. The exterior is ornamented with a frieze and cornice of the Doric order; and the remains of a mosaic pavement are still visible. Mr. Millingen thought it worthy of remark, that the altars in these temples fronted the east. Fragments of bassi-rilievi, of bold design and excellent workmanship, mark the site of the Theatre; and attest the progress attained, even in the remote times of its erection, in sculpture. Of the Amphitheatre little remains, save the caves for wild beasts, and some indications of the rows of seats.

A collation, that would not have shamed the Sybarite inhabitants said to have once possessed Pæstum, was spread in the temple of Neptune; to which, after ample justice had been rendered, succeeded a highly intellectual treat, as Mr. George Howard complied with the pressing request of the company to recite a poem, written by him when at college, on the ruins we were then contemplating. The poem was admirable, and so spirited as to convey an impression that it must have been written on the spot, and under the inspiration which the actual scene, and not merely a classical description of it, had created. Mr. George Howard is a highly-gifted young man, with a mind enriched by assiduous cultivation, and manners at once open, manly, cordial, and yet dignified. He is calculated to make friends wherever he is known, and to

support the noble name he bears in all its pristine lustre.

We returned to Salerno, where we spent a very agreeable evening. The strangers who joined our party at Pæstum, being no less delighted than surprised by the extraordinary facility and felicity with which Mr. Charles Mathews personated different mendicants, who had assailed us with their entreaties for relief on our route in the morning; and of whom he gave such perfect imitations in the dusk of the evening, that some of the party who had previously bestowed their charity, reproached the supposed beggars for again demanding it in the same day. Mr. C. Mathews has acquired a proficiency in the different patois of the Italian provinces that is quite surprising, especially when we recollect the short time in which it has been attained; and he emulates his father in the Proteus-like versatility with which he can assume any shape he pleases, of which he gives many very amusing examples.

We embarked at Salerno, intending to proceed by sea to *Castellamare,* where we had sent our carriages to meet us; but a fresh breeze rendered the briny element so uncongenial to some of our party, that we were induced, though at no slight risk of having our boat swamped by the breakers near the shore, to effect a landing near Amalfi. Nothing could be more rich or romantic than the views presented to us, as we glided along the side of this beautiful coast. Steep cliffs crowned by many a convent spire glittering in the sun; ruined towers half covered by ivy; grottos,

and caverns formed in the rocks, through which the sea rushed sonorously, and around the entrance to which the snowy sea-gulls were flying, formed pictures that continually reminded one of the sources of the scenery which Salvator so much delighted to paint. At some spots groups of men were seen, sending down from the giddy steeps, by the medium of ropes, large bundles of wood, to load boats waiting to receive them; and the boatmen displayed no little skill and dexterity in steadying their little vessels while being laden, and rocked by the heavy swell of the sea. Our crew, with their white shirts, short drawers, and scarlet caps, looked like the pictures I have seen of Greek sailors, their bronzed throats, chests, and muscular legs and arms being left uncovered; and their jetty curled locks escaping from the scarlet caps, beneath which their dark eyes flashed with animation. The whole formed a striking scene to those whom the sea left well enough to enjoy it; among which favoured few I was so fortunate as to find myself. But there were among our party some individuals, whose piteous looks and ghastly complexions proclaimed their incapability of deriving pleasure from the lovely scenery we were passing. In compassion, therefore, to their misery, we turned our boat towards the shore, at about two miles' distance from Amalfi; and had it dragged through a boiling and brawling surf which, luckily for us, owing to the steepness of the bank, was but shallow, although it broke rudely against our boat, and treated our garments rather unceremoniously.

The boatmen of the Neapolitan coast are a bold

and hardy race; they row with extraordinary rapidity, singing snatches of their national barcaroles, while they impel the boat along, or bantering each other with a gaiety and vein of comic wit that are very amusing.

We had a delightful walk to Amalfi, stopping on the way to examine a very large manufactory of maccaroni, the extreme cleanliness of which served to remove the prejudices entertained by some of us, with regard to the mode in which this succulent and favourite food of the Neapolitans is made. The partiality of an Irishman for his potatoes, of a Scotchman for his bannocks, or a Welshman for his leeks, is cold and tame in comparison with the Neapolitan's enthusiastic preference for maccaroni. The promise of an ample supply of it is the most powerful incentive that can be held out to him. Its very name seems to act as a magical talisman on his feelings, nerving his arm with new force to urge on his boat; or to cleave the tide with arrowy speed when he dashes into it, to dive for some object thrown in to exercise his powers of swimming. I have seen such wonderful exploits in diving performed by some of the Neapolitan boatmen, as to render the story of Nicolo, the celebrated diver of Palermo, no longer so fabulous as it appeared to me when I first perused it.

Amalfi justifies all the commendations bestowed on it, for the beauty of its situation; but no trace of its former importance remains, though celebrated by the poets Geofry Malaterra and William, called the Apedian, who state that its walls contained fifty thousand citizens, and that its commerce extended to the banks

of Africa, Arabia, and India. The Amalfians still claim the distinction of their town having given birth to the inventor of the mariner's compass, although the statement has been called in question; no doubt, however, exists that this useful invention originated in Italy. Notwithstanding that Amalfi is now reduced from a flourishing city to a rural village, it still boasts a church enriched with the usual quantity of marble, gilding, and paintings to be found in all Italian churches, and of which its simple inhabitants seem to be not a little vain. We loitered in this romantically situated spot, exploring its many natural beauties, until chairs, borne on poles, resting on men's shoulders, were prepared to convey us across the mountains to Castellamare. This is the only mode of conveyance to be procured, and, as visitors to Amalfi are "like angel visits, few and far between," we found some difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of men to bear our large party: four men being required for each chair, with four more to act as a relay when the previous chair-bearers were fatigued.

At first I confess I felt rather nervous at finding myself conveyed rapidly along, elevated on the shoulders of my porters; nor could I conquer the repugnance naturally entertained, at witnessing men performing the functions of horses, or mules; but the gaiety with which the task was undertaken, and the celerity with which it was performed, soon reconciled me to so unusual a mode of travelling. The chair-bearers only requiring the occupants to maintain a perfect equilibrium, advanced in a rapid trot up the steepest mountain tracks, crossed ravines, through which gushed

sparkling water; and descended heights that made one giddy to look down, with a velocity, yet surety of foot, that was truly surprising. Songs and jokes enlivened the way, these cheerful men keeping up a continual and exuberant gaiety, that thus manifested itself, and the relays slipping into the places of the tired chair-bearers so quickly, that the person borne was unconscious of the operation.

No description can render justice to the beauty of the scenery between Amalfi and Castellamare, one moment offering views of the blue Mediterranean, seen sparkling over the groves and vineyards, between it and the mountains, and the next showing a convent-crowned eminence, rising from a mass of wood, or a ruined fortress standing on some bold projection of rock. The hamlets through which we passed were exceedingly picturesque. Each had its fountain, round which groups of women were filling their classically-shaped water-jugs, singing, laughing, and chatting the while; their dark hair rolled like those of the antique female statues, and their scanty drapery revealing just enough of their figures to give them the appearance of having furnished the models of the rural-nymphs we see in some of the pictures of the old masters. They saluted us gracefully, offered some of the sparkling water, whose coldness they praised; and exchanged smiles and pleasantries with our chair-bearers, which, though fraught with gaiety, were free from even an approach to coarseness.

In one hamlet, Gragnano, the women are famed for their beauty, and though prepared to see them more than usually good-looking, they surpassed our expect-

ations. Tall, stately, and well formed, with dark glossy tresses, bound gracefully round their heads, flashing eyes, and clear brown complexions, through which a rich crimson mounted to their cheeks, they really were so charming that I wished to have had a painter on the spot, who could have rendered justice to such admirable subjects for his pencil. The elderly women were for the most part occupied in plying the distaff, or in tending the little sturdy sun-burnt children, nearly in a state of nudity, who were playing around them; and the male inhabitants seemed to be all absent, engaged in agricultural labour, for we scarcely saw any, except some very old men, who were sunning themselves on stone benches before their doors.

We were not sorry to find a good dinner awaiting us at Castellamare; after partaking which we returned to Naples, highly delighted with our expedition, not the least gratifying part of which had been our passage over the mountains from Amalfi to Castellamare. Castellamare is much frequented in summer. It stands beneath Mount Lactarius, celebrated by Galen for the salubrity and mildness of its air; and is but a short distance from Stabia, where Pliny the historian was suffocated by the sulphurous vapours from Vesuvius.

Mr. George Howard accompanied us yesterday, on an excursion to the Torre di Patria, which stands where once flourished the ancient Liternum, and is renowned as being the place to which Scipio Africanus retired, when driven from Rome by the ingratitude of

his countrymen, and where he died. The word "Patria" is still visible on the tower, but nothing else of the epitaph, "*Ingrata patria, ne quidem ossa mea habes,*" written by Scipio to be inscribed on his tomb, remains. The tower is, beyond doubt, of a so much more modern date than the event it seems meant to have commemorated, that it can only be received as evidence of the desire of some generation subsequent to that in which Scipio lived to mark the site by its erection and inscription: but as, even in the time of Pliny, the precise spot of interment appears not to have been ascertained, it is not wonderful that, in our day, doubts are thrown out as to this being really the place where his bones were laid.

The scenery around the tower is the least attractive of any in the vicinity of Naples. The ground is marshy, and exhales an effluvium that precludes a long sojourn in its neighbourhood; and the want of trees leaves those who visit the spot in summer exposed to the scorching beams of the sun, which still more excites the insalubrious vapours of the marsh into action. Every step in the environs of Naples is pregnant with classical associations, and the pleasure of exploring such scenery is greatly enhanced by the companionship of those whose minds are so highly cultivated and enriched by learning, that the view of places to which a classical interest is attached awakens in them invaluable stores of erudition to delight their associates. We felt this yesterday, when some of our party, with memories as tenacious as their tastes are refined, rendered our visit to the Torre di Patria a

very delightful one, by the classical reminiscences it awakened, and the information of ancient times they conveyed.

Sir Wm. Drummond has sent me his "Origines," a work requiring all the patient research and profound erudition for which he is remarkable. It rarely occurs that a person who devotes so much of his time to literary labours should be so brilliant a conversationist as is this gifted man. The versatility of his knowledge is really surprising; proofs of which are elicited by every subject to which conversation may turn, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Lord Dudley took us yesterday to see the Villa Gallo, at Capo di Monte, the pleasure-grounds of which are quite beautiful; presenting all the varieties of hill and vale, with rustic bridges spanning limpid streams, and grottos of large dimensions offering delicious retreats from the garish and too fervid rays of the burning sun. Many of the plants, to be found only in hothouses with us, here grow luxuriantly in the open air; and, among the trees, the fine cedars are contrasted by a palm-tree of great beauty, which imparts an Oriental character to the picture. Terraces rise over terraces, filled with flowering shrubs, and giving a notion of the hanging gardens of Babylon; and the views of Vesuvius and Naples, seen from them, with the Caudine Forks near Capua in the distance, form a delightful prospect.

"I often think of this enchanting spot," said Lord Dudley, "when shivering in the rude breeze of an ungenial English spring or a premature autumn, when the dense and chilly atmosphere has as baneful an

effect on the spirits as on the health, and wish myself an occupant of the sunny Villa Gallo. I assure you it sometimes requires no little self-control and patriotic feeling, to resist becoming a dweller in some such place in Italy, and leaving our damp country-seats and dingy London houses untenanted."

Lord Dudley spoke in high terms of commendation to-day of Lord Ashley, whom we encountered on our route to the Villa Gallo. He thinks him one of the most promising young men that we have in England, and augurs a brilliant career for him.

Lord Ponsonby dined with us yesterday; he has come to Naples from the Ionian Isles, where he has been residing some time. He is well-informed, and exceedingly distinguished in his manners and bearing, both presenting a perfect type of aristocratic high breeding. In England, he was, I am told, considered merely as a fashionable and very gentlemanlike man (the terms are *not* synonymous); and only such perhaps he might have continued to the present hour, had circumstances not induced him to fix his residence for some years in a place where so little temptation, in the way of society, offered, that, as a defence from the inroads of ennui, he devoted much of his time to reading; the fruits of which are agreeably visible in his conversation, which, while perfectly free from even the semblance of pedantry, abounds with information, never obtruded, but always available in society.

We returned yesterday from a very agreeable excursion to Beneventum, known to the ancients by the less happy one of Maleventum; to which name, however, nothing is observable in its site or air to entitle it.

Mr. George Howard accompanied us. The route to this ancient city passes through a country not less remarkable for the beauty of some parts of its scenery, than for the interesting souvenirs attached to them. Among these is the village called Le Forche d'Arpaja, said to be the ancient Caudium, the defile near it being, as is asserted, the Furcæ Caudinæ. But, like most subjects of antiquity in Italy, this also is much disputed; many antiquaries maintaining that the real site of the Furcæ Caudinæ is higher up: so that those who wish to contemplate the scene of Roman subjection, and Samnite clemency, will be puzzled to ascertain at which of the disputed spots they are to pause.

We were very much incommoded by the dust, which penetrated into the carriage, in spite of having the glasses, with one exception, drawn up, and literally covered our garments, until no trace of their original tints could be seen, and half blinded and suffocated us. The costume of the women along the route was singular, and more picturesque than neat. It consisted of a roll of linen bound round their heads, and mingled with their long dark tresses; while a scanty drapery, which could not be called a petticoat, as it was open before, and met by an apron, scarcely concealing the coarse chemise, whose corsage shaded the bosom, completed the dress.

It was fortunate that we had sent on our courier the previous day to Beneventum, to prepare a domicile for us; for the town contains but one inn, and private lodgings are out of the question. Some notion of the *agrémens* of this said inn may be formed when I state

that the only approach to the *premier étage* was through a stable, filled with horses and bullocks, where a rough staircase, resembling a ladder, enabled us to reach the rooms prepared for us; and which, as might be expected, were strongly impregnated with the odour of the stable beneath them. Palchetti, our courier, had achieved wonders in this miserable dwelling, for he had arranged a room in it to serve the double purpose of *salle-à-manger* and *salon*, by dismissing from it not less than six beds, and white-washing the walls. But notwithstanding this salutary precaution, he had not been able to get rid of the animated inhabitants of the banished beds; for quantities of them might be seen hovering around, and not a few were hopping over the white-washed walls. There was no glass in the windows in this, the only inn of the famed Beneventum; so that no choice remained but that of sitting in darkness by closing the shutters, or freely admitting the air, by having them open, which last alternative we adopted.

Our dormitories did not shame our *salon* by the comfort of their arrangements. Iron frames, on each of which was laid a sack, filled with the straw of Indian corn, with a large pillow *en suite;* two wooden chairs, a table, and two jugs of water, formed the contents of each chamber. A looking-glass, of even the smallest dimensions, was not to be procured; but, thanks to well-supplied *nécessaires*, we managed to dispense with the aid of our hostelry. It was also fortunate that we had brought with us a plentiful stock of provisions, for the inn could offer nothing but

lean beef resembling horse-flesh, eggs that looked anything but fresh, and potatoes so stinted in their growth, as to prove that they were an exotic luxury.

Beneventum stands on an eminence, beneath a lofty chain of hills, and is washed by the river Calore, over which is a bridge, that constitutes a great ornament to the town. The triumphal arch of Trajan forms one of the gates of entrance to Beneventum: it is composed of marble, and consists of a single arch. Its sides are enriched by four Corinthian pillars, placed on pedestals, and the interior and exterior are covered with well-executed rilievi, representing the achievements of the emperor. Although this arch is generally admired, it falls short of my expectations. The sculpture looks meagre, and is fatiguing to the eye to contemplate: yet, as one of the best preserved monuments of antiquity in Italy, it offers a very interesting object to those who, like me, love to dwell on such sights.

Near a mill, in the outskirts of the town, some huge fragments of stone, said to be the remains of an ancient bridge, were pointed out to us, of which the miller seemed not commonly proud. This pride in the wrecks of former splendour is peculiar to the Italians; who, having little in the present to boast of, save their delicious climate and beautiful country, turn with complacency to the remnants of their past grandeur.

The Cathedral is of large dimensions, and is a mixture of the Gothic and Saracenic style of architecture, which produces a good effect. It contains an abundance of white marble columns, said to have be-

longed to antique temples in the neighbourhood; but has little else to recommend it to attention.

As we sauntered through the town of Beneventum, we observed several persons entering a church, into which we also bent our steps, and witnessed one of those exhibitions so common in Italy; where the enthusiasm and passionate warmth of the preachers so frequently lead them to overstep the propriety of their calling. The matter of the sermon and manner of this expounder of the Roman Catholic Faith were truly surprising, and, to say the truth, not a little shocking to our feelings, although the rest of the congregation evinced great admiration, for what to us appeared so *outré* and indecorous.

On returning to our inn, Mr. C. Mathews gave us the most perfect imitation imaginable of this preacher; nay, even contrived to look like him, though, in reality, no two persons could well be more dissimilar.

We stopped to see Caserta, on our route to Beneventum. It reflects credit on the munificence of Charles III., and on the architectural taste and skill of Vanvitelli; and is justly accounted the most magnificent residence of which any sovereign is possessed The portico which forms the entrance is above five hundred feet in length, and the stair-case is the finest imaginable. The chapel is very beautiful, and the theatre is positively splendid. But the aqueduct, though I saw it only from a distance, attracted my admiration more than the palace, fine as it is. Nothing can form a more beautiful picture in a landscape; and as a mere object of beauty, without reference to its utility, it forms a suitable appendage to a palace.

Mr. G. Howard accompanied us on our excursion to Beneventum, and added much to its agreeability by his society, and the interest and information he evinced in the objects of antiquity that we examined. His is an active, as well as a highly-cultivated mind, and the brilliancy of his imagination, which is displayed in many graceful poems, has not deteriorated the calm good sense for which he is remarkable.

We ascended Vesuvius a few days ago, accompanied by our amiable friend, Sir William Gell. Nothing could be more propitious than the weather; the atmosphere being of its usual clearness, and the air unusually cool and refreshing. We left our carriages at Resina, and entered the house of San-Salvador, the most esteemed of all the guides to Vesuvius, while the asses, who were to bear us to the hermitage, were getting ready for the expedition. From the window of Salvador's dwelling a scene presented itself worthy the pencil of Hogarth, and to which his alone, or that of the admirable Wilkie, on whom his mantle has descended, could have rendered justice. To convey our party, which consisted but of eight, sixteen asses, attended by thrice as many men and boys, followed by their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, and aunts, were assembled; all and each anxious that the ass or asses belonging to their family should be engaged, and vociferating loudly the most hyperbolical commendations of theirs, and the most unqualified abuse of the animals of their competitors. The dresses of this animated group were composed of the gaudiest colours, and were sufficiently tattered to satisfy the most ardent admirer of the picturesque.

Salvador having selected eight of the most promising-looking asses, we proceeded to mount our patient steeds; but we found this no easy operation to effect, owing to the angry violence of the rejected ass proprietors, who assailed the accepted ones, not only with torrents of abuse but with sundry blows, from which the gentlemen and servants who attended us had great difficulty in shielding our persons in the *mêlée*. The donkeys on which we were mounted came in for several of the blows aimed at their owners; and became so restive in consequence, that we could scarcely retain our seats. The women and girls took an active part in the fray, loading the rival factions with the bitterest invectives; and, suiting the action to the word, laid violent hands on each other's drapery and head-gear. Although exposed to the chance of sharing the blows meant for our donkey-men, the whole scene was so irresistibly comic, that personal fear was forgotten in the laughter it excited.

At length we escaped from our assailants, and proceeded on our route to the hermitage, which, for the first mile, passes through vineyards. Our guide pointed out to us the villa of *Mi Lor* Grandorge, a very respectable English shopkeeper established at Naples, but whom the peasants honour with the designation of "*Mi Lor*"—a custom peculiar to this country. They declared he was a true nobleman and had great possessions. Sir William Gell asked them, "How it was that they imagined a grand English lord could keep a shop and serve his customers?" when one of them answered that "He knew *all* the English nation kept shops, which made them so rich." This

was a curious coincidence with Napoleon's opinion that "the English were a nation of shopkeepers."

After a tedious, though not disagreeable ascent of about three or four miles, over different strata of lava and scoriæ, each turn in our route offering us the most beautiful views, we arrived at the hermitage, to which we were welcomed by the peal of the bell, just then ringing for prayers. Its measured chime, unbroken by any other sound, with the wide expanse of sea and land spread out beneath us, had a solemn effect; while the sterile mountain above, on a ledge of which we stood, with its blue smoke curling towards the sky, seemed as a beacon to warn us of the destruction it might spread over the beautiful scene upon which we looked. The hermitage stands on a ridge of the mountain; and is so situated, that, in an eruption, the lava rushes down in torrents at each side of it through channels formed by former eruptions, without injuring this quiet abode, which resembles a simple farm-house. This dwelling is sheltered by a few trees, which, in so barren a spot, appear to singular advantage; and is inhabited by two hospitable monks, who "spread their simple store," and press and smile, offering all the refreshments within their limited means to those who call at the hermitage. The view from the stone bench in front of this house is indescribably beautiful; and while enjoying it, the monks approached with biscuits, and some of the *Lachryma Christi,* which they strongly recommended us to taste, to prepare us for the ascent. The profane name given to this wine is pronounced by them with as little reverence as an Englishman evinces on naming sherry:

nay, they dwell on it with great unction, declaring that nowhere else is its vintage to be equalled by that grown on this mountain, the internal heat, as they allege, giving the grape a more delicious flavour.

Having refreshed our donkeys at the hermitage, we again pursued our route along the ridge on which it stands; until we reached the commencement of the very steep ascent, where we were compelled to quit them, leaving Sir William Gell at the hermitage. It was curious to observe a party who were on the summit above us, and who appeared like fairies, their small, dark, speck-like figures seen against the bright azure of the cloudless sky that bounded the horizon. Chairs, resembling those used in English farm-houses, and suspended to poles in a similar way to those that conveyed us across the mountains from Amalfi, were here ready for our use. But, having tried one of them for a short time, I found the movement so disagreeable, owing to the chair-bearers slipping, and falling down at nearly every second step, in consequence of the lava and scoriæ crumbling beneath their feet, that I preferred descending from my unstable altitude. Assisted by the arm of Salvador, and holding by leather straps fastened round the waist of one of the guides who preceded me, I managed to ascend; but not without considerable difficulty and fatigue, being, like Sisyphus in his task, rolled back at each step, and at each step carrying away loose fragments of lava, gravel, and cinders.

A most piteous sight was presented to us by the ascent of a very fat, elderly Englishman, who commenced this painful operation at the same time that

we did. He was, like me, preceded by a guide with leathern straps, to which he adhered with such vigorous tenacity, as frequently to pull down the unfortunate man, who complained loudly. The lava, gravel, and cinders, put in motion by the feet of his conductor, rolling on those of the fat gentleman, extorted from him sundry reproaches, to which, however, the Italian was wholly insensible, not understanding a word of English. The rubicund face of our countryman was now become of so dark a crimson, as to convey the idea of no slight danger from an attack of apoplexy; and it was bathed, not in dew, but in a profuse perspiration, which fell in large drops on his protuberant stomach. Being afraid to let go the leather straps for even an instant, he was in a pitiable dilemma how to get at his pocket-handkerchief. Panting and exhausted, he used a considerable portion of the breath he could so little spare, in uttering exclamations of anger at his own folly in attempting such an ascent; and in reproaches and "curses, not loud but deep," on the stupidity, as he termed it, of his guide. He had not less than eight or ten falls during the ascent; and at each fresh disaster bellowed like a bull, which drew peals of laughter from the chair-bearers and guides. One of our party offered to take out his pocket-handkerchief, seeing how much he stood in need of it; an offer which he thankfully accepted, but explained that his pocket was secured by buckles on the inside, to prevent his being robbed; a precaution, he added, that he well knew the necessity of, as those d——d Lazarettos (*Lazaroni* he meant) would not otherwise leave a single

article in it. It required no little portion of ingenuity to separate the pocket inside; and while the operation was performing, he kept praying that his purse, snuff-box, or silver flask might not be displayed, lest they might tempt the *Lazarettos* to make away with him, in order to obtain those valuables.

"I took care to conceal my watch," said he, with a significant look, "for I know these rascals of *Lazarettos* right well. Why, would you believe it, ladies and gentlemen, they pretty nearly knocked me down, in that dirty village where the donkeys are hired? I was up to their tricks, however, and saw with half an eye, that when they pretended to fight among themselves, it was a mere sham, as an excuse that I might get an unlucky blow between them; when, I warrant me, they would soon have despatched me, and have divided my property amongst them, but they saw your large party coming, and that saved me."

I asked why, if his opinion of the Neapolitans was so bad, he ventured alone with them on so hazardous an expedition.

"Indeed, ma'am, I never had such a foolish intention; for, would you believe it, I have come to that there dirty village no less than three times, in the hope of meeting a large party of English who might serve as a protection for me; but, until to-day, never saw more than one or two persons, therefore I returned as I came. I had heard, however, so much of this burning mountain, that I was determined to look on with my own eyes; for I am one of those who don't believe everything I hear, I can tell you; and more especially about places in foreign parts. In truth,

ma'am, I just wanted to be able to say when I got home, 'Why, good people, I've been on the spot, and am up to the whole thing!' It is the desire to surprise, or silence our neighbours that makes all people put themselves to such trouble to see sights; for never tell me that folk take pleasure in rolling about in this here way. No, no, it's all for the sake of astonishing and vexing people when one gets home."

We soon left the fat gentleman far behind, consoling him by affirming that as we should be always in sight, no danger could occur from the cupidity or malice of the man who accompanied him; for all attempts to prove that the *Lazarettos*, as he persisted in calling them, were by no means disposed to injure strangers, was out of the question. He only shook his head, gave a knowing wink, and answered,

"I'm up to them, take my word for it, I'm up to them!"

On arriving at the summit of the mountain, the view of the sea and land around was so beautiful, that it was impossible to turn our eyes for some time on the object of our visit, the crater. When we did, the fearful contrast it presented to the enchanting scenery beneath was truly striking. This vast and yawning abyss was sending up a dense smoke, and many parts of it bore evidence to the smouldering fire concealed beneath its surface, by emitting small though lurid flames. When viewing this immense gulf, and reflecting on the destruction it has occasioned, overwhelming cities and towns, and laying waste the most fertile and beautiful lands, it is impossible not to feel a sentiment of awe; and one cannot divest one's self, at least I could not, of

a presentiment that, in this smouldering crater, I beheld the engine of future destruction to the enchanting country around. No wonder that it presents so deep and vast a concave, when the substance that once filled this immense and burning bowl has not only hurled ruin over the cities in its immediate neighbourhood, but has been scattered even to remote countries. A stick thrown down became ignited in an instant, and the shifting movement of the substance that lines this gulf, one moment bursting into lurid flames, and the next sinking into a dense smoke, conveys the impression that its volcanic properties are still in activity.

Vesuvius was first noticed by Diodorus Siculus,* who states that it then bore evident marks of having suffered from internal fires. Vitruvius asserts, that the fires of Vesuvius had been ejected upon the surrounding country; and Strabo takes notice of the caverns and fissures, with stones, which appear to have been exposed to the action of fire, whence he conjectures this mountain to have been volcanic. Strabo observes that the soil of Vesuvius was peculiarly fertile, excepting the top, near where the caverns alluded to were situated. Martial, shortly after the first eruption, reverts to the altered state of Vesuvius, and dwells on the beauty of its appearance, and its luxuriant vines, and vegetation, previous to that event. Tacitus describes it as presenting a natural fortress; its sloping sides covered with glowing vines.

It is extraordinary that a phenomenon, offering so rich a subject to the imagination of the poet, should

* Diodorus Siculus flourished about forty-four years before the Christian æra.

not have been seized on by any of those gifted beings who have immortalized some of the places in its vicinity. The few who have named it have noticed it only for its fertility, or salubrity; but its horrors, the peculiar province of the poet, have been left untouched. But though poesy, however, has not taken advantage of this wonder of nature, superstition has; for in an account, written A.D. 1062, by Pietro Damiani, we find that the mountain was, in his time, viewed as the abode of supernatural beings, and the place of final punishment for the wicked. He relates many terrific tales on this subject; and asserts that, on the death of any distinguished sinner, the flames burst forth with renewed vigour, as if fed by the fresh fuel afforded by the dead. The use to which so fertile a source of terror might be turned, in a country where superstition is encouraged by the wily and designing, as certain means of producing them power and emolument, was not neglected. When we view the various examples, with which a residence in Italy daily furnishes us, of the gross ignorance, and almost heathenish superstition of the lower orders, even at present, some idea may be conceived of the terrors inflicted on them by so powerful an engine as this volcanic wonder formed, when directed by those in whom they reposed unbounded confidence, and pointed, with unerring aim at the most vulnerable part.

Our learned countryman, the late Sir William Hamilton, has published an account of Vesuvius that will be read with interest by all who wish for information on the subject; and in the admirable work on Pompeii, by Sir William Gell and Mr. Gandy, whence

I have derived much information, many particulars will be found.

A chasm of considerable size, which emitted fire, and lava in a state of fusion, during a former eruption, is still open, and sends up a small column of smoke. One of our guides pointed it out as the grave selected by a Frenchman some years ago, who ascended with an appearance of *sang froid*, probably unexampled, in one who was meditating suicide. He stood, as the man said, nearly an hour on the summit of the mountain, looking down with apparent delight on the lovely prospect around; then began hastily to descend, and jumped into the chasm, before the guide had the most remote suspicion of his intention. He verified the Neapolitan proverb, *Vedi Napoli e poi mori*, for the last object he looked on was its beautiful coast.

With what delight does the eye turn from the contemplation of the fearful and yawning crater, to dwell on the glowing picture seen from the summit of Vesuvius! The bright blue sea, on whose glassy bosom innumerable white sails are flitting, like snowy-pinioned birds; the vine-clad hills and fertile Campania, with the undulating line of the coast reaching out like a crescent towards each end of the Bay; the Isle of Caprea, shielding it from the rude winds or waves of the ocean; and Naples descending to the extreme edge of the shore, as if to lave her terraced palaces in its pellucid waters. The promontory of Misenum lifts its head to the right, and the high land of Sorento bounds the left; Nisida, Procida, and Ischia are seen rising from the calm bosom of the sea like islands called into life by the wand of enchantment; and all this lovely

scenery is bathed in an atmosphere so transparent, and canopied by a sky so heavenly blue, that it looks as if it were indeed, what the Neapolitans proclaim Naples to be, "A piece of Paradise dropped on earth."

The descent from Vesuvius is a much less difficult operation than the ascent; and we achieved it, supported on each side by a guide, with a velocity that really surprised me. We encountered the fat old gentleman, panting and puffing, the perspiration literally falling from his crimson face over his garments, and his guide looking nearly as much exhausted as himself. He tried to speak, but so rapid was our course that his words were lost in the air; but his rueful countenance fully expressed the state of his feelings.

We found Sir William Gell, and a homely repast, awaiting us at the hermitage; and hunger lent a flavour to the simple fare that the most luxurious collation often wants. During our dessert of apples we amused ourselves with reading the albums of the hermitage, in which the visitors are requested to write their names, with any observation that Vesuvius, or the hermitage, may have suggested. We found, on an average, twenty English to one of any other nation; and, I regret to add, that the style, grammar, and orthography of the generality of the inscriptions were not calculated to impress a high opinion of the diffusion of knowledge, or the march of intellect, of which we hear so much in our country. Some French tourists had written severe comments on the inscriptions of the English; and, with an illiberality too often practised, applied their strictures to the whole

nation, for the vulgarity and ignorance of the few writers in the album of the hermitage. Voltaire observed, that "—*Le caractère d'un peuple est souvent démenti par les vices d'un particulier.*" Thus is England judged by the disgust excited by some of the worst specimens of her inhabitants. Foreigners cannot, or at least do not, understand that persons may be rich enough to encounter the expenses of making a tour, without being sufficiently educated to derive any advantage from it. Travellers of their countries are confined to persons who possess at least enough cultivation to pass current, without any exhibition of the gross vulgarity so often witnessed in ours, who, belonging to all classes, are, not unfrequently, anything but creditable to their country.

Two inscriptions, which I copied from the album, one by an Englishman, and the other by an Hibernian, may serve as specimens of the style of writing which so strongly excited the censure of the French tourists :—

"John Hallett, of the Port of Poole England, whent to see M Vesuvius on the 20th of October 1823, haud I would Recomind anney person that go ther to take a bottle of wine with him, for it his a dry place and verrey bad roade."

"1823. I have witnessed the famous Mountain of Vesuvius in Italy, and likewise the Wicklow Mountains in Ireland which I prefer. They talk of their lava in a palaver I little understand, and as for the crater, give me a drop of the swait cratur of Dublin in preference.

"James G."

This day the melancholy intelligence of the death of Lord Byron reached us. Alas! alas! his presentiment of dying in Greece has been but too well fulfilled—and I used to banter him on this superstitious presentiment! Poor Byron! long, long will you be remembered by us with feelings of deep regret! This sad news has thrown a gloom over us all. We have been recalling to memory every word, every look of his during our last interview. His little gifts of friendship to each of us, the tremulousness of his voice, the kind words, the eyes filled with tears—all, all are now remembered, as if it was only yesterday that we parted! And but eleven fleeting months have glided away since we left him; we confidently counting on seeing him again, and he, shaking his head, and, with a mournfully prophetic look, declaring his conviction that we should never more meet.

There are moments when I can hardly bring myself to think that Byron is indeed gone for ever: his looks, his voice, are continually in my recollection, ever since I yesterday heard of his death. A thousand circumstances, trifling in themselves, but associated with our *séjour* at Genoa, and constant intercourse with him, are recurring to memory. I have been reading over the notes of his conversations with me; and could almost fancy, in those well-remembered accents of his, I heard his lips utter the words noted down. How much do I now regret not having fulfilled my promise of writing to him!—a promise so earnestly urged on his part, and the non-performance of which now rises up to reproach me for this seeming unkindness,

### LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

And art thou fled—and is that mind subdued—
That glorious mind, by Genius' self imbued;
Whose bright effusions, free from tame control,
Struck with deep sympathy each generous soul?
And is that hand benumbed which struck the lyre
With all the fervour of poetic fire,
And sent forth strains that wrung the trembling heart
With feelings thou alone couldst e'er impart?
Alas! the hand's unnerved!—the strain is o'er,
And Britain's noblest Poet we deplore.
The narrow grave contains what rests of thee,
Who gave thy life to Greece and Liberty:
But though thy mighty spirit hence has fled,
And thou art numbered with the silent dead,
As cold and passionless as meaner clay,
That ne'er had glowed with inspiration's ray,
Thy name shall live, inscribed in Albion's page,
The pride and boast of many a future age;
And pilgrims journeying from each distant land
Shall seek thy grave, and o'er it pensive stand
To read that name, to every nation known,
And dear to each, as if thou wert her own;
While Freedom with the Muse shall o'er thy bier
Entwine their wreaths, embalmed by many a tear.

It is gratifying to witness how generally lamented Byron is here: the Italians mourn him, as if he belonged to their sunny land; and the place where, and the cause for which he died, increase their respect and regret. What glorious works might we not have expected from the maturity of such a genius, when the fountain that supplied it was no longer troubled by the passions, over which experience and reason were gaining a salutary empire. At thirty-seven Byron had acquired a self-control and a distaste for the luxurious indulgences to which so many

of even a more advanced age give way, that was as surprising as it was praiseworthy; and his mind, released from the thraldom of the senses, was every day making a rapid progress towards that elevation to which those who best knew him felt certain he would ultimately arrive. Had a lengthened span of life been granted to him, he would have yet nobly redeemed the errors of his youth, and left works that would have won a pardon for some productions, which all who esteemed him must regret he ever wrote.

Sir William Gell, who was well acquainted with Byron some years ago, is one of the English here who most regret him. He fully understood the character of this wayward and spoiled child of genius, who, favoured to excess by the Muse, was most scurvily treated by the greater part of his contemporaries, and lashed into satire by the scorpion whips of envy. He has escaped from his enemies now, and sleeps well—insensible to the arrows that detraction never ceased to aim at him, he can no more be wrung by seeing the bitterness with which the envious, a mighty host, pursued him; and that acute sensitiveness, the peculiar attribute of genius, and which forms at once its power and its curse, can no longer be tortured by the malignity, that for years repaid the delight afforded by his poems, by the most envenomed hostility towards the poet. Who would not tremble at the possession of genius, if hatred and vituperation be its reward; and that such is the case, how many examples may we not find in the lives of the most gifted? Who, among the brightest ornaments of our literature, has escaped the malevolence of envy? This reflec-

tion is consolatory for mediocrity: for better were it to be denied the distinction which genius can confer, than to pay for it at the price of hatred and detraction.

Dined yesterday with the dear good Archbishop of Tarentum, and met some very agreeable people. In the evening several persons, of both sexes, were added to the party. No one ever did the honours of a house so admirably as this excellent and venerable man. He has the happy art of making every guest feel perfectly at ease, and of drawing out the information of each, with a tact peculiarly his own.

There is something very interesting in forming one of a circle composed of individuals of every land, where each possesses the good-breeding and knowledge of the world so essential to the harmony of society; and are influenced by that desire to please, which half achieves its object. Every one seems amiable at the archbishop's, even —— ceases to contradict, and —— to grumble. What a proof of the salutary influence of the host!

Russians German, French, Italian, and English might all be heard spoken in the same *salon*, last evening, when the visitants were scattered in groups examining the various objects of taste and vertù that ornament the apartment. But when his guests assemble round the chair of the dear archbishop, French or Italian is alone spoken, and his opinions, delivered with that suavity which constitutes so great a charm, are listened to with a respectful deference due alike to his age, character, and superior understanding.

*June.*—Byron is continually recurring to my memory. Strange, that while he lived, I thought of

him but rarely; yet now, he mingles with every thought!—The following lines suggested themselves to me last night, in the last scene, where melancholy reflections might be supposed likely to intrude—a gay musical party—yet so it was.

In gilded halls where crowds surround,
And all are gay, or seem to be,
I shrink from Music's joyous sound,
And pensive Memory strays to thee.

I think upon that lofty brow,
Which I again shall never see,
That in the grave is mouldering now,
And scarce retains a trace of thee.

I think upon those dark gray eyes
Through which the soul shone out, and see
No tint save twilight's softened skies
That brings their colour back to me.

I think upon that scornful mouth,
That rarely smiled, yet smiled with me;
Like summer lightnings in the south
That smile appeared, then fled from thee.

I think upon that glorious mind,
Inspired by Genius; and can see,
Byron! no poet left behind
To fire or melt the soul like thee.

One of the most agreeable persons at Naples is the Honourable Mr. K. Craven, and his society is consequently much sought after. To a great versatility of knowledge, he unites most graceful manners, considerable skill in music, and performs, as I am told, in genteel comedy, equal to some of the best professional actors. He is universally respected at Naples, and he, and his *fidus Achates*, Sir William Gell, are so

popular with the Neapolitans, that they have impressed them with a favourable opinion of their compatriots, and disposed them to extend their civility to all recommended to their notice. Sir William Drummond, Sir William Gell, and Mr. K. Craven, having fixed their residence at Naples, render it still more attractive to English travellers; who find in their houses the most rational society, including distinguished foreigners and Italians, as well as good supplies of books. We are so fortunate as frequently to see these amiable and gifted persons, particularly the two first, for Mr. Craven's exemplary attention to his mother, the Margravine of Anspach, who is in delicate health, keeps him much more at home than his friends could wish: but few days pass without our enjoying the society of Sirs William Drummond and Gell. Mathias, too, comes to us frequently, and, "God blesses his soul" at every new dainty which our French cook prepares. Two days ago, when he last dined here, this said cook encaged a poor goldfinch in a temple of spun sugar, as an ornament for the centre of the table for the third course; and the poor bird, while the *convives* were doing honour to the *entremêts* and *sucreries*, fluttered through the temple and beat his wings against its sugary pillars, till they were encrusted with the clammy substance; all which time Mr. Mathias kept exclaiming, his mouth filled with sweets, "God bless my soul, how strange, how very odd! I never saw a live bird, a real bird, in that sort of thing before. Bless my soul, it is very pretty, very curious indeed, and must have been very difficult to manage." A young child could not have been

more pleased with the sight than Mathias was, and he went away fully impressed with a high opinion of our cook's abilities.

Mr. J. Strangways, the brother of Lord Ilchester, and Mr. H. Baillie, two new arrivals at Naples, dined here yesterday—both well-informed, well-bred, and very agreeable. The young men of the present day, judging from those I see here, are very superior to the race of beaux whom I remember some seven years ago, with little claim to distinction, except the cut of their coats, or the tie of their cravats. The march of intellect has effected great changes; and a young man of family, now-a-days, would be ashamed of the mediocrity formerly so prevalent. This promises well for England. Nor do the young Englishmen who come to Italy abandon themselves to the temptations of this luxurious capital, or indulge in the delicious habits of the *dolce far' niente*, which the climate disposes people to do. Those whom I know read attentively, compare places with the descriptions given of them in history, and make themselves well acquainted with the policy of the country, its laws and constitution. They acquire much useful information to fit them for a future career of utility in the senate at home; and I have seen scarcely one who does not give the promise of proving an excellent citizen to Old England.

The Duke of Rocco Romano and Prince Ischittella dined with us yesterday. The former is full of anecdotes, and recounts them with a peculiar grace and vivacity: a better specimen of an Italian gentleman

could not be found; well-informed, dignified yet lively, and with a profound deference in his manner towards women that reminds one of the days of chivalry. Though advanced in years (report states him to be near sixty), his military bearing, and the elasticity of his spirits give him the appearance of being at least twenty years younger. He was, in his youth, considered to be the flower of the Neapolitan nobility; and innumerable are the conquests he is said to have achieved among the susceptible hearts of his fair countrywomen.

The Neapolitans are, for the most part, highly accomplished. Many of them of my acquaintance are good musicians, and draw well, and some compose pieces of music that would not discredit a professor. The talent for versification is much and successfully cultivated amongst them; and I have read many poetical compositions of theirs which, if breathing not the elevated character of genius, were gracefully and elegantly turned. Their epigrams are lively and pointed, and their satires are pungent and terse.

There are many ladies in Naples remarkable for the grace of their manners, the vivacity and piquancy of their conversation, and their rare skill in music. A *naïveté* resembling that of children, but wholly free from *brusquerie*, or *gaucherie*, is a peculiar trait in the Neapolitan women, and in my opinion gives an additional charm to their society. They are reserved in their intercourse with strangers until a lengthened acquaintance removes this constraint, when their live-

liness, good-nature, and sweetness of temper never fail to endear them to those who have opportunities of knowing them.

I have nowhere witnessed such a perfect freedom from vanity or coquetry as among the women here. Scandal and slander are vices unknown to them; and they consider an indulgence in them so indicative of a bad heart, that they carefully avoid those who give way to this baneful propensity. I have frequently been asked, "Why do the English people tell such ill-natured stories of each other? If founded in truth, they ought, from a patriotic feeling, to be concealed from the inhabitants of other nations; and if untrue, how dreadful to propagate them! But the English seem to relate such tales with a spiteful pleasure, rather than with regret for the crimes they disclose." Such was the observation of a Neapolitan woman of high rank and cultivated mind, addressed to me a few days ago; and sorry was I to find, that this besetting sin of my compatriots, the love of scandal, was so well known wherever they sojourn.

Mr. Millingen, the antiquary, has taken up his abode with us for some days, and has been initiating us into the mysteries of numismatics, a very interesting science, and the study of which serves admirably to illustrate history. The number of false medals offered for sale to collectors, renders a knowledge of the ancient ones very necessary; and so accurate is Mr. Millingen's practised eye, that it can detect a counterfeit at the first glance. Some connoisseurs assert that they can discern the true from the false medal by the taste; a criterion, in my opinion, to be

avoided, as a contact with the verdigris which incrusts them must be dangerous to the tongue. It is amusing to observe how deeply engrossed each antiquary is by his own peculiar studies: one talks of nothing but Nola vases, seeming to think that they alone are worthy of attention; another confines his observation to antique gems, and will spend hours with a magnifying-glass, examining some microscopic engraving on a precious stone—hazarding innumerable conjectures relating to the subject, and founding some fanciful hypothesis on each. Then comes the lover of mutilated sculpture, who raves of some antique horse, as if it had acquired value by the loss of its limbs; and who admires half a Venus more than an entire one. The connoisseur of *antique bijouterie* must not be forgotten, who pays extravagant prices for golden dropsical Cupids, plump Bacchuses, and lanky Venuses of Lilliputian dimensions, and is as vain of their possession as if he owned the *chefs-d'œuvre* of a Phidias or a Praxiteles. Each of these antiquarians looks down with a pity, bordering on contempt, on the object of the pursuit of the others, believing his own to be the only one meriting devotion; but each, and all, deride him who, attaching himself to the vertù of the *cinque cento*, can be pleased with the fine specimens of coloured glass, the beautiful *bijouterie* of Benvenuto Cellini, or the countless other beautiful objects belonging to that epoch. This "onesidedness" of mind, as the Germans would term it, is peculiar to those who allow themselves to be wholly engrossed by one branch of a science, instead of taking a general interest in all; and constitutes the

ridicule which these enthusiasts are accused of throwing on such subjects. Mr. Millingen is one of the few antiquarians who is exempt from this defect; for he appreciates, at their just value, every object of art handed down to us from antiquity.

Dined on board our yacht, the Bolivar, yesterday, in the cabin, where Byron wrote much of his Don Juan; a poem which all who liked him must wish he never had written. How forcibly inanimate objects remind us of those past away for ever! The table at which he wrote, the sofa on which he reclined, and the different articles of furniture, all in the place where they stood when he owned the yacht, brought Byron back to my recollection most vividly. He was very partial to this vessel, which was built for him at Leghorn, and enjoyed a sail in it very much.

The view of Naples from the bay is beautiful. It presents an amphitheatre of houses rising one above the other, with a mixture of foliage that adds much to its picturesque effect. The coloured tiles with which many of the churches are roofed, with the minarets, seen in fine relief against the blue and cloudless sky, give the place the air of an Eastern city, while the tranquil bay, rendering the movement of the vessel scarcely perceptible, enables one to enjoy the lovely picture spread before us. We have made the acquaintance of Mr. Snape Douglas, who appears to be a very agreeable man, and is universally esteemed here: his devoted attention to his mother, Lady Douglas, and his sister, united to the many good qualities all who know him declare he possesses, render him very popular at Naples.

*August.*—Mr. Herschel, our English astronomer, dined here yesterday, and accompanied us in the evening to the observatory at Capo di Monti, where we were much delighted by the observations we were enabled to make on the heavenly bodies, and still more so by those which he offered; observations which a Neapolitan astronomer, who was present, asserted to be almost as luminous as the brilliant objects that called them forth. Mr. Herschel is a very superior man, and, what all superior men unfortunately are not, a very agreeable one; uniting to a profound knowledge a fine imagination and extensive information. What greatly pleased me was his love of poetry, and general acquaintance with our best authors. His *savoir* in the science of astronomy has charmed those competent to appreciate it, both at Palermo and here, and his social qualities have won him the esteem of all who have formed his acquaintance in Italy. It is pleasant to witness Sir William Gell's delight in meeting any scientific person, from whom he can derive knowledge on any subject. Far from being content with his own acquirements, which are various, he grasps at every opportunity of adding to his store, with all the freshness of intellect of a youth of seventeen. This unquenchable thirst for knowledge preserves his mind in all its pristine freshness, and precludes the possibility of his experiencing the *tædium vitæ* to which most people of his age are subject. He was much gratified by the conversation of Mr. Herschel, and inquired with interest into the recent discoveries and improvements in the formation of astronomical instruments. Gell brought us some

extremely interesting letters from his enterprising and learned friend, Mr. Wilkinson, the Egyptian traveller, to whom he is much attached.

An American fleet has arrived in the bay, and we went yesterday on board to see the ship of the commodore, Crichton. Nothing could exceed the good order and cleanliness of the vessel, nor the elegance of the cabin of the commodore. The sailors are fine-looking men, and the commodore and his officers are exceedingly gentlemanly, well informed, and intelligent. We were received with great politeness, refreshments were served in the cabin, and the band, a very good one, played several national airs. There is a library in each ship, from which the crew are supplied with books, each man giving a receipt for the book lent to him, and great is the demand for them. The collections are chiefly composed of voyages, biography, and history; and so great is the thirst for knowledge among the crew, that the volumes are seldom allowed to remain on the shelves. It was very gratifying to witness the rapid march of intellect evinced by all that we beheld on board the American ship; and prejudiced and unjust, indeed, must those be who, after seeing its details and *ensemble*, could deny that our transatlantic brethren have made a wonderful progress as a nation. A Mr. Livingstone, a passenger in the commodore's ship, is an excellent specimen of an American; being well bred, and thoroughly well informed.

We have made a very pleasant expedition to the Island of Caprea, where we stayed three days. Messrs. Strangways, H. Baillie, and Millingen accompanied us, and, with our own inmates, made a large party. As

there is no inn at Caprea, we sent our courier, a day or two before us, to arrange for our reception: this he effected by taking three small houses, which, by whitewashing and thoroughly cleaning, were rendered very tolerable abodes. The Bolivar was freighted with provisions, and on the island we found fish that might have satisfied even the fastidious palate of a Lucullus.

The views from Caprea are charming. On one side, Naples is seen with her cupolas, steeples, and minarets bounding the blue waters of the bay; and on the other, an extensive prospect of the sea is spread out, until it appears to mingle with the azure sky in the distant horizon. The beautiful coast of Sorrento, which is about three leagues distant, is beheld to peculiar advantage from Caprea; and the islands of Ischia and Procida form fine features in the picture. The balmy air is so strongly impregnated with the saline qualities of the sea, that the frame, rendered languid by the heat of Naples, soon becomes invigorated by the fresh and salubrious breezes of this island, which might be rendered a most delicious retreat during summer.

The inhabitants of Caprea, or Capri, as it is at present called, are a good-looking, healthy race, and the women are peculiarly handsome. A curious instance of the *naïveté* of some of them was furnished to us on the first evening of our arrival. Having ascended to Ana-Capri, we seated ourselves, on the route, on a platform, commanding a fine prospect, when we saw three very beautiful women approaching, dressed, for it happened to be a fête-day, in their

holiday costume, which is exceedingly rich, picturesque, and becoming. We remarked their beauty, but as our observations were made in English, they could not comprehend the praise we bestowed; and in passing, smiled, and nodded to us, with that grace peculiar to Italian women. They descended a few of the five hundred steps of the declivity that separates Ana-Capri from Capri; when they quickly returned, and running up to us, alternately clasped me in their arms, with every demonstration of affection, apologising for the liberty they had taken, by declaring that an irresistible sentiment, a "*sympatia,*" urged them to its commission. Our party were exceedingly amused by this burst of natural feeling; and as the women were perfectly clean, I joined in the laugh it excited, with more mirth than I should have experienced if my embracers had been less free from symptoms of personal neglect.

The ascent to Ana-Capri is very fatiguing, but the view, and fresh breezes, repay the trouble of mounting above five hundred steps. We made the circuit of the island on mules; and on the eastern promontory the site of the palace of Tiberius was pointed out to us, which was an admirable position. We then rode to the Piscina, and explored the ruins, among which are the remains of a theatre and baths. In the latter place, we found several small fragments of rich and rare marbles; and I picked up a piece of false opal, which, except with experienced judges, might pass for the real stone. The ancients had arrived at an extraordinary degree of perfection in the imitation of gems; for I have seen several in Italy, that, until minutely

examined, I believed to be genuine. They excelled, also, in the fusion of different compositions with glass, an art now nearly lost; and at Rome, specimens were shown me of great beauty.

The day after our arrival at Capri, the handsome peasant women, whom we encountered on the platform at Ana-Capri, brought large bouquets of flowers for my acceptance; and pressed me, with a graceful warmth, to make their island my residence. Among the many inducements held out, were the health I should enjoy,—no one, as they asserted, ever being ill at Capri; the long duration of youth, and its attractions, (no trivial inducement to a woman;) and though last, not least, the empire that would be gladly accorded to one, who would suffer herself to be loved by the inhabitants. In short, they said I should be their queen; a distinction which they declared had never before been offered to any other person—and all this homage and affection was the effect of "*sympatia.*" In our colder country this feeling could not be understood; for, though we also experience the magnetic attraction which some countenances possess, and are as strongly repulsed by others, which nevertheless may not be positively disagreeable, yet as the usages of society prevent us from yielding to our impulses, we can hardly imagine how wholly these simple people abandon themselves to theirs. Good looks have, I believe, nothing to do in exciting this same "*sympatia;*" it is some benevolent expression of countenance that gives birth to it. The superstitious dread of an evil eye, so generally felt in Italy, originates, I imagine, in the disagreeable impression pro-

duced on this sensitive people by an ill-natured, or repulsive aspect; for I have seen the peasants turn abruptly away from a severe, or stern visage, although the features were faultless.

The ex-Empress of France, Marie-Louise, has arrived on a visit to the King of Naples. I saw her yesterday, and a less interesting-looking woman I have seldom beheld. Her face must always have been plain, for neither the features nor expression are such as constitute good looks. The first are truly Austrian; the nose rather flat, the forehead anything but intellectual, the eyes a very light blue, and of an unmeaning character, and the mouth defective. Her figure is no longer round and well formed, as it is said to have formerly been; and there is neither elegance nor dignity in her air or manner. She was attended by the Count de Neiperg, her avowed chamberlain; and, as most persons assert, her not avowed husband. He is a gentleman-like looking man; and though wanting an eye, his physiognomy is not disagreeable. Now that I have seen Marie-Louise, I am not surprised at her conduct on the fall of Napoleon: the weakness and indecision of her character are visible in a countenance which might serve as an illustration to Lavater's system, so indicative is it of imbecility. Marie-Louise had a great *rôle* to enact in the drama of life, had she only had spirit and heart enough to have filled it. Her devotion to Napoleon in his fallen fortunes would have been as honourable to her character as soothing to his feelings; and was the more called for, as it would have justified the subserviency and show of affection evinced towards him, while he

ruled the destinies of France. How widely different has been the conduct of the Princess Catherine of Wirtemburg, towards her husband the ex-King of Westphalia, brother of Napoleon! She nobly resisted every endeavour to induce her to renounce her husband, when driven from the throne which she shared. It was her duty, she said, never to forsake him to whom she had pledged her vows at the altar; and his misfortunes only served to render this duty still more imperative. How forcibly must the contrast afforded by the conduct of these two princesses have struck Napoleon, when pining in exile; and how must it have aggravated the bitterness of his feelings, at this unnatural desertion, when, chained on a rock, Prometheus-like, he fed on his own heart!

Last night, I witnessed one of the most beautiful scenes imaginable. It was a sort of fête offered to Marie-Louise, by the King of Naples, and took place on the water. Never was there a more propitious night for such a festival, for not a breeze ruffled the calm bosom of the beautiful bay, which resembled a vast lake, reflecting on its glassy surface the bright sky above, which was glittering with innumerable stars. Naples, with its white colonnades, seen amidst the dark foliage of its terraced gardens, rose like an amphitheatre from the sea; and the lights streaming from the buildings on the water, seemed like columns of gold. The Castle of St. Elmo crowned the centre of the picture; Vesuvius, like a sleeping giant in grim repose, stood on the right, flanked by Mount St. Angelo, and the coast of Sorrento fading into distance; and on the left, the vine-crowned height of the Vomero,

with its palaces and villas, glancing forth from the groves that surround them, was crowned by the Mount Camaldoli, with its convent spires pointing to the sky. A rich stream of music announced the coming of the royal pageant; and proceeded from a gilded barge, to which countless lamps were attached, giving it, when seen at a distance, the appearance of a vast shell of topaz, floating on a sea of sapphire. It was filled with musicians, attired in the most glittering liveries; and every stroke of the oars kept time to the music, and sent forth a silvery light from the water which they rippled. This illuminated and gilded barge was followed by another, adorned by a silken canopy, from which hung curtains of the richest texture, partly drawn back to admit the balmy air. Cleopatra, when she sailed down the Cydnus, boasted not a more beautiful vessel; and as it glided over the sea, it seemed excited into motion by the music that preceded it, so perfectly did it keep time to the delicious sounds, leaving behind it a silvery track like the memory of happiness. The king himself steered the vessel; his tall and slight figure gently curved, and his snowy locks falling over ruddy cheeks, show that age has bent but not broken him. He looked simple, though he appears like one born to command; a hoary Neptune, steering over his native element: all eyes were fixed on him; but his steadily followed the glittering barge that preceded him. Marie-Louise was the only person in the king's boat; she was richly dressed, and seemed pleased with the pageant. Innumerable vessels, filled with the lords and ladies of the court, followed, but intruded not on

the privacy of the regal bark, which glided before us like some gay vision or dream.

Yesterday, we went on board the Revenge, commanded by Admiral Sir Harry Neale. It is a magnificent ship; and the admiral is the very *beau idéal* of a British flag-officer. Handsome, dignified, and amiable, no wonder that he is so beloved by the crew, and so respected and esteemed by all who know him. I could have fancied myself back in dear Old England again, while on board the Revenge; English faces around me on every side, and English voices ringing in my ears. How the charm of such associations are felt, when one has been long away from home! There is something to be proud of, when one sees the moving English town, floating on a foreign sea, preserving all her national customs and usages as strictly as though she were anchored in some English port; the glorious flag of her country flying in the air, and her denizens actively employed in preserving that good order which has placed the British navy above all others. I experienced this feeling, mingled with tenderness, when going over this magnificent ship: it was like finding the temple of our Dii Penates on the ocean.

Commodore Crichton, and four or five of his officers, dined with us yesterday: they are sensible and agreeable men: one, a Captain Deacon, has his son on board, a very fine and interesting child, eight or ten years of age. It was pleasant to see the kindness and gentleness displayed towards this boy, by the messmates of his father; it was almost feminine; but there is, I think, a peculiar benevolence in the breasts of sailors,

that disposes them to protect the less strong. There is a great gravity in these American seamen, yet it is wholly distinct from dulness, and seems to be the fruit of reflection: it sits well on them,—better, in my opinion, than gaiety would; for, to men passing the principal portion of their lives exposed to the treacherous element over which they float, seriousness seems but natural. It was gratifying to me to hear the regret expressed by the Americans for Byron; *he* would have been pleased at this homage, rendered to him by the individuals of a nation he respected; for he was keenly sensible to kindness, and had experienced too little of it from his compatriots, not to appreciate it from others.

Among the officers of the Revenge, Lord B. has recognised the son of an old friend, General Wemyss. He has come to stay a few days with us, and is so amiable and well-informed, that he is a great acquisition to our circle. He is daily expecting his promotion of master and commander, and will be greatly regretted when he leaves the Revenge. I know not why it is, that people imagine that naval officers are in general rough in their manner, and more jovial than well bred. No opinion can be more erroneous; for, out of an extensive acquaintance, I never met a naval officer that was not well bred and agreeable. Mr. Wemyss, who has been at sea since he was ten years old, possesses all the high breeding and gentleness, that people think appertain peculiarly to those accustomed to pass the greater portion of their time in the most refined female society. He draws remarkably well, is fond of music, and has an extensive knowledge

of literature; and is nevertheless, I am told, considered one of the best officers in the service: a proof that nautical skill is not incompatible with accomplishments and refinement.

I have become so accustomed to see my kind and excellent friends, Sirs Wm. Drummond and Gell, continually, that the loss of their society will be felt as a severe privation, whenever I sustain it. Drummond's is one of the most highly cultivated minds imaginable; and his conversation teems with instruction, so happily conveyed, as to impress itself deeply on the memory. I count it one of the greatest advantages of my *séjour* at Naples, to have enjoyed so much of the society of this remarkable man; and to have inspired him with a friendship that will, I feel certain, continue while we live. I value this amity, perhaps the more, that it is bestowed but on a chosen few; while that of the good-natured Gell is accorded to all who seek it. An Italian lady said of Gell that his heart, like their churches, was open to all who choose to enter; but that Drummond's, like Paradise, was difficult to be entered, consequently one was sure to meet there but a select company.

England could not have sent out a minister to Naples more calculated to impress its natives with a favourable opinion of the English, than Mr. Hamilton. To rare erudition, he unites a fine taste and agreeable manners; and is universally esteemed and respected. His skill, as a virtuoso, is worthy of being classed with that of his distinguished countryman and, I believe, relative, Sir William Hamilton, so long minister here.

We have spent four or five days very agreeably at the island of Ischia; Mr. J. Strangways accompanied us there. It is a delightful spot, and the homeliness of its accommodations is not without its charms. We stopped to see the beautiful island of Nisida, which looks as if formed for the residence of fairies, so fresh and bright is its verdure, and so picturesque, yet *petite*, is its *ensemble*. While at Ischia, we ascended the Monte di Vico, and Monte d'Epopeo, which command the most enchanting views imaginable. A hermit resides in a cave at the summit of the latter; and did the honours of his rude dwelling with much urbanity and intelligence. The ascent is exceeding abrupt; and the latter part of it we were compelled to accomplish on foot, leaving our mules behind us. From the hermitage, the island is looked down on, with its vines and figs, presenting a mass of brilliant verdure, only broken by the stone terraces that crown nearly all the flat-roofed houses; many of them surrounded with rustic trellis-work, overgrown by flowering plants, or vines. The blue and sparkling sea is spread out as if to serve as a mirror to the azure sky that canopies it; and the white sails that float on it, resemble swans gliding over some vast and tranquil lake. The hermit seemed gratified with our lively admiration of the prospect from his dwelling; and assured us, that use had not palled the pleasure it afforded him.

"I know not whether it appears more lovely," said he, "when sparkling in the bright beams of the morning; or when the sun sinks into the sea, casting its red light over the scene."

On returning, our guide led us by a still more abrupt path than the one by which we had ascended; and the mode by which the muleteers got their mules down some of the worst parts of the route surprised me. A few of them went below, while others forced the animal head-foremost to the edge of the summit of the steep; and, holding it by the tail, to prevent it from falling, let it gradually descend, until the men beneath, who had clambered up a portion of the ascent to encounter it, were enabled to grasp it, and assist it to the bottom. The loud neighing of the mules, and the cries, exclamations, and curses of the muleteers, formed a chorus by no means harmonious; and when the feat was accomplished, the laughter in which the men indulged, as they imitated the kicking and neighing of the mules, was irresistibly comic.

The lower class of Italians in general, and the Neapolitans in particular, have a decided taste and talent for buffoonery, which breaks forth on every occasion. Innumerable examples of this propensity may be witnessed, on pausing to observe any group assembled on the quay, or in the streets. I have frequently been amused by seeing the drollery with which some of the lazaroni mimic each other, when I have been waiting for our boat on the Mola: they cannot repeat a story without giving an imitation of the persons engaged in it; and this is done in so comic a way, that few actors could do it better.

During our *séjour* at Ischia, we were much gratified by the music heard nightly in the little hamlets, as we returned from our evening rides: groups of three and four persons, with guitars, were seen seated on a

terrace, or on a bench before their houses, singing Neapolitan airs, and barcaroles, in a style that would not have offended the ears of Rossini himself: while, in another quarter might be found a party dancing the merry tarantella, to the sound of a guitar and tambourine, to which their voices, as well as their feet, kept perfect measure. Rarely did we pass two hundred yards without meeting such groups; and when we paused to listen to their songs, or see the dancing, they invariably offered us seats, and then continued, without any embarrassment.

The fête-dress of the female inhabitants of Ischia is very picturesque and becoming, and totally unlike that of the Neapolitan women: the men wear scarlet caps, of the Phrygian shape, and are a fine-looking and hardy race. The females are much handsomer than those of Naples; and have very expressive countenances, and gentle manners. The mud, sand, and mineral baths at Ischia are considered very beneficial in rheumatic and cutaneous diseases, and are much frequented.

On our return, we stopped to see the island of Procida, which, though much inferior to Ischia, is well worthy of being visited. Here wine, bread, grapes, and figs, of the most delicious quality, were offered to us by the women; and one or two of the houses which we entered, though homely to the last degree, were so clean, that the fruit presented to us in them might be eaten without the smallest apprehension or dread.

When passing beneath the Promontory of Misenum, we saw several flights of the flying-fish. They were small, with very bright hues, which shone radiantly,

as they rose dripping from the surface of the sea, and soared to a short distance, not ascending higher than five or six feet, and then sinking into the water again. It was a very beautiful sight, and but rarely seen here.

A peculiar charm of Naples is the variety of delightful places in its environs; whither, when tired of the town, its inhabitants can repair and totally change the scene. Sorrento, whence we are but just returned, is, in my opinion, one of the most pleasant spots for a summer residence that I ever saw; and whether approached by land or water, offers the most striking and attractive scene imaginable. The view from the Promontory of Sorrento is magnificent; and the ruins scattered through the place give it additional attractions. But those fragments of antiquity, interesting as they are, had less charms for me than the spot where the gifted, but unhappy poet, Tasso, first saw the light. How much may the beautiful scenery at Sorrento, amid which he passed the first nine years of his life, have influenced his mind! powerful and indelible as early impressions are known to be on all minds, but doubly so on poetical ones. We saw the house in which his sister resided; and to which the ill-fated Torquato returned for consolation, when, the victim of an unhappy passion, he fled from Ferrara, where his genius and misfortunes excited only enmity and persecution. How much misery might he have escaped had he remained with his faithful friend and sister!—but unable to bear a prolonged absence from the object of his passion, he returned to Ferrara; and expiated by a long and cruel confinement in the dreary cell to

which he was condemned, the misplaced attachment which he had indulged.

The plain of Sorrento is divided into gardens, in which bloom the orange, pomegranate, aloe, and other trees, with various odoriferous plants, which grow with a luxuriance I never previously saw equalled. The peaches, figs, and grapes, are abundant and of a delicious flavour; and flowers that in our chilly latitudes are only to be seen in hot-houses, may here be encountered in the gardens of every peasant. Sorrento, viewed from any of the hills that overlook it, seems one mass of orange and lemon trees, with their golden fruit and snowy flowers glittering beneath the sunbeams; while the lofty stone-pine, cedar, oak, and cypress, lift their heads far above them, as if to guard the rich and glowing fruit. The town of Sorrento is very picturesque. Above it, and between the houses, is the richest and brightest foliage, while its walls are bathed by the sea, blue as the sky that overhangs it. Fishermen, with their scarlet Phrygian caps, are seen conveying baskets laden with fish of the most brilliant colours; and peasants, in their fanciful costumes, are passing along bearing piles of the most tempting fruit, crowned with bouquets of odour-breathing flowers. This mixture of the fruits and flowers of earth, and the productions of the sea, brought in contact for sale, has an admirable appearance; and the mingled group of fishermen and peasants, with the surrounding scenery, would make a charming picture.

On the route to Meta, the site of a temple, said to have been dedicated to Venus, was pointed out to us; near to which are two myrtle trees of such immense

dimensions, that at first sight we could hardly believe them to be of the same species with the stunted myrtles of our own country. The village of Meta has a handsome church, and some of the finest olive-trees I ever saw. There is no inn at Sorrento, but excellent lodging-houses on reasonable terms may be had. An epicure will find there an abundant supply of viands of the best quality, and the poultry and veal are worthy of their reputation, being exquisitely white and delicate in their flavour. The caverns along the shore, in many of which boats are moored, and groups of fishermen may be seen reclining, look very picturesque from the sea; and are said to have furnished the models of many of the pictures of Salvator Rosa. Taken altogether, Sorrento, in my opinion, offers the most delightful residence of any place in the environs of Naples; and to those who like retirement and beautiful scenery, is preferable to it.

*October.*—Now that the equinoctial winds have reminded us how much our beautiful residence, the Belvedere, stands in need of solid reparation for the winter, we find ourselves compelled to remove to the less fine, but infinitely more comfortable abode, the Villa Gallo, at Capo di Monte. It is with great regret, too, that we abandon this fine palace; but it is much more suited to a summer than to a winter residence. The gardens of the Villa Gallo are beautiful beyond description; but the rooms are neither sufficiently large, nor lofty, for my taste, especially after having so long occupied the fine apartments of the Belvedere. In three days we remove to our new abode, to the great regret of the good peasants who

inhabit the lower part of Belvedere, and who have become as much attached to us as if we had passed all our lives under the same roof. A more affectionate and grateful race than the Neapolitans cannot be found; and judging by my own experience, a more honest one. We have now dwelt a considerable time amongst them, and have never lost the slightest article, notwithstanding that many things of value have been left exposed in the different apartments.

Villa Gallo, *November.*—We are now installed in our new residence, and a beautiful one it is; yet I regret the Belvedere. The royal family of Naples are, it would seem, less fastidious in their notions of comfort than we are; for I have just heard that they have taken it for two or three months in despite of its windows shaking at every breeze, and its unlined pale blue silk curtains waving at every gust. The air of the Vomero is considered so salutary, that the Prince of Salerno, heir-apparent to the Neapolitan throne, who is in delicate health, has been induced to try its efficacy in preference to any of the royal palaces in the vicinity of Naples.

Several English have arrived for the winter. Among them are our last year's acquaintance, Mr. Henry Baillie, a very agreeable acquisition to our society, and the two Captains Dundas, sons of Lord Melville. The two latter dined here to-day.

The Cambrian, commanded by Commodore Hamilton, has arrived at Naples. He is an old friend of Lord B.'s, and came to dine with us yesterday. There is something peculiarly agreeable in a well-bred sailor, and nearly all that I know are so. How

unlike the bluff, rude animals, half man, and half sea-monster, that we read of in some of the old novels, taking tobacco into the mouth, and pouring oaths out of it! The suavity of a naval officer possesses that gentleness which peculiarly appertains to a more than ordinary degree of manliness, and is, therefore, always acceptable and agreeable to women. Commodore Hamilton looks the personification of a Neptune. His stature is about the general height; he is robust and powerful, without losing any portion of its dignity and grace. His manner is that of a person accustomed to command, yet, though grave and dignified, it is full of benevolence. I can well imagine how much such a man might be missed from his home and hearth, and how anxiously his return must be looked for in his domestic circle. He referred to his family with a sigh, and said he had no hope of seeing them for a long time to come. What sacrifices men make for their country, when they leave those so dear to them, for an indefinite period, to encounter hardships and perils of which we, enjoying all the comforts and security of land, can form but a slight idea.

More English have arrived at Naples; and among them are Mr. Henry Fox, the son of Lord Holland, and Mr. J. Townshend, the son of Lord Sydney.* They dined here yesterday. Mr. H. Fox possesses the talent for society in an eminent degree. He is lively, intelligent, and *très-spirituel;* seizes the points of ridicule in all whom he encounters, at a glance; and draws them out with a tact that is very amusing

* The present Lord Sydney.

to the lookers-on. Mr. J. Townshend is amiable, well-bred, and agreeable, perfectly free from vanity, though with much that might excuse, if not justify such a weakness, being very good-looking.

The Sybil, Captain Pechel, has arrived at Naples, and he came to dine with us yesterday, bringing with him a fine youth, the son of Lord Carlisle; and young Tollemache, a relative of Lord B.'s, both of whom are midshipmen on board his ship. We have obtained permission for them to spend a few days with us, and they seem greatly to enjoy their visit. Captain Pechel is very agreeable; full of good sense and knowledge of the world. He has lost no occasion of gaining information; and its acquirement has not been obtained at the expense of any portion of the good-nature and kindness of heart for which he is so remarkable, and for which he is so much esteemed by all his friends.

We have now been so long residents here, that we have formed not only intimacies with many, but friendships with some, of the Neapolitans. The family of the Count de Camaldoli is that to which we feel the most attached; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to encounter persons more highly gifted and amiable than the different members of it. They are, and deservedly, considered the most distinguished at Naples; for their mental endowments, high cultivation, and well-known benevolence. Possessed of a large fortune, the Count de Camaldoli makes a noble use of it: for, independent of exercising a liberal and refined hospitality, he is the generous and enlightened patron of arts and science: and at his delightful abode

may always be met the most distinguished poets, painters, sculptors, and architects, as well as the most remarkable statesmen and Neapolitan nobility. Strangers may well consider themselves fortunate who can obtain an introduction to this charming family; in whose domestic circle the constant practice of every virtue is united with a love and knowledge of the fine arts, rarely acquired, except by artists. The Count de Camaldoli is looked on as the man in Naples the best calculated to be prime minister; but those who witness the happiness he diffuses and enjoys in his home, can never wish, however advantageous it might be to his country, to see him exchange the tranquil, useful, and honourable life he now leads, for the more brilliant, but less happy career for which he is considered to be so well qualified.

The Countess Camaldoli is beloved by all who know her; and scarcely less than adored by her husband and children, over whose happiness she watches like a presiding deity.

The two daughters of this excellent couple are perfect musicians, and sing in a style rarely attained by musical amateurs. They draw and paint admirably: one of them is esteemed a first-rate mathematician, and the other a good poet. Their conversation is full of general information; so unostentatiously and agreeably conveyed, that they never can be suspected of pedantry. The two sons are what might be expected from such parents. The elder, an admirable scholar, is full of good sense, and will one day emulate the fine qualities of his father; the second is a youth of rare genius, already the author of poems

that give the promise of no common success when a few more years are added to his age, for he is now not more than fifteen or sixteen. Never have I witnessed, even in dear England, such devoted affection in any domestic circle, as in that of the Count de Camaldoli. For with us, though the daughters of a family may be as fondly attached as are these amiable girls to their parents, the sons, from having received a public education, are apt to lose that devotion to home and its inmates which characterise the young Ricciardis, who, brought up beneath the paternal roof, have never been separated from their family. Well might the venerable archbishop of Tarentum pronounce the Ricciardis to be the model which all Italians ought to copy; and the family which he would select as being most calculated to convey to strangers the best impression of the Neapolitan domestic character.

Mr. Hedworth Lambton dined with us yesterday. He has made himself thoroughly *au fait* of all that is most worthy of observation in Italy, and has stored his mind with information. He is much to be liked, and gains on being well known, which occurs but to few.

General Church dined with us yesterday; he is full of military ardour, and has studied his profession *con amore*. He has introduced General Florestan Pepe to us, who is clever, intelligent, and agreeable. Filangieri, Prince Satriano, is one of the most distinguished men in Italy, not only as a soldier, but as a scholar. We made his acquaintance at the house of the good Camaldoli, and consider his society to be one of the most desirable acquisitions we have made

since our arrival here. Nothing can be more delightful than the evenings passed with those with whom we are the most intimate here. Music of the very best kind, and conversation stored with information and interest, fill up the hours; while the total absence of ceremony and constraint impart, to even an extensive circle, all the freedom and charm of a family one.

The *Duc* and *Duchesse* de —— dined with us yesterday. He was, formerly, ambassador from Naples at Paris, and was at Campo-Formio when Napoleon displayed so much ill-humour relative to the treaty. He abounds in diplomatic anecdote, which he loves to relate. The *Duchesse* is lively, good-natured, and good-looking: she is a descendant of the ancient and noble Roman family of Colonna, of whom, however, I discovered in a conversation with her, she knows much less than I do. She seemed surprised when I talked of the intimacy of Petrarch with her ancestor Stephen; and still more so, when I named her charming relative Vittoria Colonna, the wife of the celebrated Duc del Vasto, and the friend of Michael Angelo; nor had she ever heard of her beautiful sonnets, until I spoke of them. She smiled at hearing that she had a poetess among her ancestors; when the *Duc* explained that the early marriage of the *Duchesse*, the care of her large family, and her love of music, prevented her knowing as much of past times as could be wished, to which assertion she assented with a charming *naiveté*. Accomplishments are in general more attended to in Italy, in the education of women, than is literary instruction. Most

of them can charm the ear by their fine and well-taught music, and can exhibit masterly sketches in their portfolios; but it is not often that highly cultivated minds, capable of affording delight in conversation, can be found. When they are met, however, as in the case of the ladies of the Ricciardi family, and some others, it must be admitted, that in versatility of acquirements, the women of no other country can be more admirably educated, or more formed to make rational and agreeable companions.

All the inhabitants of Naples are in a state of excitement, caused by the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt; which shocking event occurred close to Pæstum, on their return from that place. Murder, or indeed robberies, have been so unfrequent during the last few years, that this one has surprised, nearly as much as it has shocked, the Neapolitans.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were both in the bloom of youth: newly married, they had set out for Italy immediately after their nuptials, little anticipating that in the beautiful land which they eagerly journeyed to see, they should so soon encounter a premature and violent death. I met them at Naples but three days previously to the fatal event; and was so struck with the beauty of this ill-fated young woman, that I inquired her name: now that I hear it coupled with a horrible death, I can hardly bring myself to think that one I so lately saw full of life and health, is indeed her whose murder is the topic of every one I meet. The youth, personal attractions, and fond attachment of this young couple, have awakened a lively interest and regret in the minds of all who are

acquainted with the sad tale of their deaths. They were on their return from Pæstum, attended only by a man servant, who was on the box of their *calèche*, when three or four armed brigands stopped the carriage, and menaced them with death, unless they immediately delivered their money and baggage. Mr. Hunt, a fine, spirited young man, was more disposed to offer resistance than to comply with this demand; but Mrs. Hunt, greatly alarmed, entreated him to give them the bag of dollars which was in the carriage, beneath their feet. His servant remonstrated with the brigands; who, incensed at his interference, violently struck him. Mr. Hunt stooped down, whether to seize the bag of dollars, or fire-arms, is not known: the brigands thought the latter was his intention, and they instantly fired at him. Mrs. Hunt, seeing a robber take aim at her husband, threw herself between them, clasping him in her arms, and received two balls, which passed from her person to his, mortally wounding both.

The brigands fled with their booty; and some peasants, hearing the shot, came to the spot, and found the young couple nearly insensible, and weltering in their blood. They removed the husband into the next hut on the road, where he soon expired; and took Mrs. Hunt back to the wretched abode at Pæstum, which she had so lately quitted in the enjoyment of as much happiness as falls to the lot of mortals. The melancholy intelligence soon spread, and next day reached the residence of the worthy Miss White, an English maiden lady, of advanced years, who inhabits a house at La Cava, and she soon set out on horseback, to

offer her services to her unhappy countrywoman. In the meanwhile two young officers of the Revenge, who had gone to see Pæstum, arrived there within a short time of the fatal catastrophe, and undertook the care of Mrs. Hunt, on whom they waited with all the tenderness and delicacy that could have been expected from the gentlest of her own sex. She, poor soul! kept inquiring continually for her husband, who she was told was doing well, in a house at a short distance, but whence it would be dangerous to remove him: she then entreated to be taken to him, making light of her own wound, which was so soon to consign her to the grave. She appeared to have no sense of her own danger, and preserved a degree of cheerfulness to the last, reverting to her distant home, and those dear relatives she was never more to behold; who would, as she asserted, be so grateful to her two kind young countrymen, who nursed her as though she was their sister. The wound produced fever and delirium, during the paroxysms of which she raved of her husband; congratulated herself on having saved him at the expense of her own danger; addressed the most affectionate expressions to the far distant relatives, whom she believed to be close to her bed; and sang snatches of songs in a voice so harmonious, that those who heard it could hardly bring themselves to think that it would soon be hushed for ever. She died the evening of the next day, unconscious of all that had occurred; and Miss White arrived only to see the corse of her she would have so tenderly succoured.

The first news I heard on awaking this morning, was the decease of the King of Naples. He was

found dead in his bed, by his attendants, without having suffered any previous illness, having been in perfect health last night when he retired to that chamber which he was never more to leave but as a corse. His death appears to have occurred while he slept, for all about him indicated that no struggle had taken place. He is much regretted; for, if not a sovereign of superior mental acquirements, he was assuredly a good-natured man. I was reminded of the sentiments of the same class of individuals in Ireland, to-day, when I walked in the pleasure-grounds, and heard the peasants comment on this event in something like the following terms:—

"Ah! Signora, how hard it is to be compelled to die, when one possessed all that could render life desirable! *Corpo di Bacco!* it is a sad affair. Now, for one of us, who only know a life of labour and privation, it is a different thing; but for a king to be forced to leave behind him all that can delight the heart of man! yes, it is a hard thing."

I saw the deceased Sovereign only two days ago, looking healthy and vigorous; and now—another sits in his place! His successor, and the Royal Family, have come to the palace at Capo di Monte, close to this place; and the route is filled by the carriages of the ministers of state, officers of the palace, and courtiers, hurrying to worship the new king, and totally oblivious of the departed one.

Various are the reports in circulation relative to the probable changes in the administration. The liberal party, anticipating that they will be called to hold office; and the other party calculating, and, I think,

with more likelihood of their expectations being fulfilled, that they will continue in power. Innumerable are the virtues, hitherto unsuspected, but now attributed to the present king, and the errors discovered in the late. It would seem that in new sovereigns, like brides, their good qualities are lauded, and their defects overlooked; for, during a long residence at Naples, I never heard so many anecdotes in favour of Francesco, as in the last two days. How long will it be before a reaction takes place, and people begin to find that, after all, the good old king was an excellent monarch? For thus it ever is; sovereigns, like other public characters, seldom preserve their popularity long; for they cannot satisfy the unreasonable expectations of all parties.

The Count de Camaldoli came to dine with us yesterday. No sooner was it discovered that he had been seen on the road to Capo di Monte, than a rumour was circulated that he had been sent for by the king; and as he staid with us till twelve o'clock at night, it was asserted that they had been closeted until a late hour. On the faith of this report, half Naples believes that he will be the new premier; while he is, perhaps, the only person who neither expects nor desires the office: for he is too wise to wish to forego the happiness he at present enjoys in his domestic life, and its peaceful occupations, for the laborious, though by so many coveted, dignity of first minister. It not unfrequently occurs, as in the case of this excellent man, that those who are most fitted to fill situations of high responsibility, are precisely those who least desire them; while men destitute of the qualities indispen-

sable for holding office, ardently aspire to attain, and pertinaciously cling, to its possession, in defiance of the reproaches inflicted by conscience and public opinion. The family of the Count Camaldoli would deplore any advancement, however flattering, that robbed them of any portion of the society of their good father.

General Church, who dined here yesterday, proposed to conduct me to see the remains of the late king, lying in state in the Palace at Naples; and I this day availed myself of his offer. What a changed aspect did the palace present, since I had seen it last, though but a few days before! The staircase, and suite of rooms leading to the chamber of death, were hung with black, and lighted with funeral torches. Mutes and soldiers, with their arms covered with black crape, paced silently along; and all the persons attached to the palace were clothed in deep mourning. In the middle of a large and lofty chamber, lined with black velvet, spotted with silver tears, a high platform, covered with the same material, trimmed with deep silver lace and bullion fringe, was erected. On it a catafalque, surmounted by a royal crown, was placed, composed of cloth of gold and silver, and having at the four corners large plumes of feathers. On this catafalque reposed the mortal remains of the deceased king, the head elevated on a pillow, covered with cloth of gold and silver, and the face exposed. Officers of state sat at each corner of the platform; an innumerable quantity of waxen serges of huge dimensions, in silver stands, were distributed around; and large candelabra and sconces of silver were placed against the walls. Not a sound broke the silence of the place; the

floors of the apartments being covered with black carpets, of so thick a substance that no step could be heard. There lay the face I had so lately seen in health; the white locks I had often marked floating over the ruddy cheeks, now pale and marble-like. The hand, thus motionless, a few hours ago swayed a sceptre; and at this moment it cannot chase away the insolent fly that has settled on that pallid cheek! Death, at all times a most solemn and imposing sight, never appeared to me invested with more solemnity than to-day, when I saw it surrounded with all the insignia of worldly power and grandeur, over which it waves its triumphal but sombre banner. I thought of the evening, only a few months ago, when I beheld him, who now lay so cold and immovable on the splendid catafalque before me, steering his gilded bark over the waters, "the observed of all observers." His nod was then as a law, and on his fiat life or death depended; yet is he now humbled to the dust, the very grandeur of the trophies that surround his earthly remains seeming but as a mockery, when contrasted with the ghastly spectacle which they are meant to honour and dignify! And his successor will put on the crown, and dwell in the stately and gilded palaces, in which that poor pale shadow of departed greatness lived; and will feast and rejoice, and influence, as *he* did, the destiny of hundreds. Yet can he not avert his own! for a greater, a sterner Monarch, will in turn summon *him* away; and those who now tremble at his power, will flock to view his inanimate form, wondering how a creature, frail as themselves, should have filled their breasts with such fear and awe; forgetful

that to his successors they will again transfer similar homage and idolatry.

The silver tears on the hangings were the only ones I witnessed in the chamber of death; and it struck me that they were a happy invention for such occasions. As dead kings are rarely wept for, their disappointed subjects (and how many of them, even under the sway of the best sovereigns, are to be found!) look to his successor for the fulfilment of their frustrated expectations, which the new one, in his turn, is probably destined to equally disappoint. To be flattered in life, and unmourned in death, seems to be the fate of monarchs, whatever may be their merits; and yet they are the envied of earth, by those who, looking but to the surface of things, see only power, grandeur, and wealth, and behold not the cares beneath.

A curious incident lately occurred in our immediate neighbourhood. A gentleman who has a villa near this, dreamt that a certain number would be a prize in the lottery. The morning after his dream, which was only a week previous to the drawing of the lottery, he wrote a note to his clerk to desire him to buy the ticket immediately: and subsequently told many of his neighbours and acquaintances of his dream, the number, and of his purchase of the ticket. Being a very popular person, all who heard of the circumstance were anxious that his dream should be realised; and, to their great satisfaction, the number was drawn a very large prize. Forthwith, a numerous party of artisans and peasants, employed by the gentleman in question, sallied forth from Naples, with musical

instruments, colours flying, and a banner gaily decorated; on which the lucky number was inscribed, and also the amount of the prize. In this manner they proceeded to the habitation of Mr. ——, and announced the joyful intelligence, which it is needless to say spread a general hilarity through the house. This procession was followed by several friends and acquaintances, who came to congratulate the fortunate owner of the prize. Refreshments in abundance were served out on the lawn for peasants and artisans; and a collation in the *salle-à-manger* was offered to the friends. Sufficient wine of an inferior quality not being in the cellar, the best was copiously supplied, in the generosity occasioned by the good fortune of the host. The health of the winner of the prize was repeatedly drunk; and many suggestions relative to the disposal of a portion of the newly acquired wealth were given. The news spread, and the pleasure-grounds of Mr. —— became literally filled with visitors of all classes; when, in the midst of the general rejoicings, the clerk who had been a week before deputed to purchase the ticket arrived, with a visage so rueful and woe-begone, that one glance at it announced some disagreeable news. Alas! this unlucky wight had, in the pressure of more than ordinary business, forgot to buy the ticket! and thought not of it until informed of its having been drawn a prize.

The rage and disappointment of Mr. —— may be more easily imagined than described, when he saw the wheel of fortune, which had passed his door, driven to that of another; who, having heard of the dream of Mr. ——, selected the number, and became the buyer

of the ticket only the day before it was drawn. The refreshments so liberally dispensed on this occasion had quite exhausted the larder of the dreamer, and nearly emptied his cellar : and thus ended the affair of the lottery.

Never were people so addicted to this species of gambling as are the Neapolitans. All classes indulge in it, more or less, but the lower ones give way to it with an extraordinary recklessness. Every dream, encounter, incident, or accident, has its own particular sign and number, which may be found in a book published for the instruction of the buyers of tickets, and of which every house has a copy. The death of a friend, however lamented, refers to a particular number, which the mourner forgets not to secure, if it comes in conjunction with some fortunate sign : thus even out of misfortunes and afflictions the Neapolitans seek to draw some recompense. Nor does frequent disappointment seem to correct their eagerness for the lottery. They always discover some satisfactory reason for having missed the prize, and hope to be more fortunate next time.

*May.*—Went yesterday to see the Lunatic Asylum at Aversa. This town, which is of considerable extent, owes its construction to the Normans, and occupies the site of the ancient Atella ; so celebrated for those farces, which are said to have been the prototypes o that species of amusement in Italy, for which the people have not yet lost their taste. Strange metamorphosis, from the theatre of unlicensed merriment, to a mad-house!

Aversa seems destined to be ever the scene where

unbridled passions assert their wild empire. It was near to it that the unfortunate Andrew, the husband of Queen Joan the first, of Naples, lost his life, in a manner that furnished presumptive evidence that if not chargeable with, she was at least implicated in the crime. When the reputation attached of old to this place is reflected on, it may be a question for casuists to decide, whether the Oscan inhabitants of the ancient Atella, or the prisoners of the modern Aversa, were the more insane. One thing is certain, which is, that the present occupants of the place are under better government than the former, and that their folly can injure none: and this is something gained.

The attention paid to the comfort of the insane in this establishment extends not only to their persons, but to their minds; and many are the satisfactory results with which this rational and merciful treatment have been attended.

The opulent, when afflicted with the dread malady of loss of reason, can here find the most skilful care and judicious attention to their wants, for which a moderate yearly sum is paid, while they continue in the asylum; while the poor are received gratis. The first-named class occupy chambers fitted up with the same attention to their comfort as if they were in their own homes. Hot and cold baths, an extensive library, a theatre, a concert room, an apartment appropriated to astronomical instruments, and another to experiments in electricity, galvanism, and chemistry, are comprised within the building. In short, the establishment resembles one of those arranged for the reception of inmates of cultivated minds and refined habits; and

such, many of the pensioners at Aversa have become, who entered it in a state of violent mental aberration, that gave little hope of their recovery.

So anxious are the superintendents of the *Mansion de Santé* to avoid wounding the feelings of their patients, that to banish even the semblance of confinement, the iron bars that secure the windows are constructed in the form of vases filled with flowers, painted on the interior and exterior, of the bright colours of the productions of which they are made in imitation. Those who are not violent are permitted to take their repasts together; and a strict attention, not only to cleanliness, but even to elegance of toilette, is enjoined. Comedies are performed twice a week, and of concerts an equal number. Balls are permitted whenever a desire for dancing is manifested; and the patients are allowed to devote their mornings to any occupations most congenial to their tastes, idleness being prohibited. Tragedies are considered too exciting; but comedies are supposed to have a salutary effect on the minds of the inmates. The performers are the patients, as are also the musicians of the concerts; and I have been told by those who have witnessed the performance, that it is so good as to defy the possibility of suspecting that the actors are deranged. Of the concerts, I can speak from my own knowledge, for we were permitted to be present at one, composed of various pieces, all of which were admirably played. Many of the individuals, who entered the establishment without any knowledge of music, have subsequently evinced such a predilection for it, that when facilities for acquiring it have been afforded them, they have seldom

failed in becoming skilful performers. Of this fact several examples were given to us. The soothing effect of music on the mind has been found advantageous in the treatment of the patients; and the desire to acquire the accomplishment is considered a favourable symptom. In the library we found several persons occupied in reading; and more than one employed in making notes. So grave, and collected, was the aspect of each, that no observer could have imagined that their intellectual faculties had ever been deranged; much less that they were then under the influence of insanity. On passing near the reading-desk of one, my eye glanced over the work he was perusing, and I discovered it to be a folio volume of the works of Calvin. The reader was so engrossed by his study, that it was only when we approached close to him that he became conscious of our presence. He instantly rose, took off his velvet cap, bowed politely, and smiling, made a pleasant allusion to the work he had been reading, by pointing to his head, which was very bald; thereby indicating a quibble on the word Calvin. Nothing could be more rational than his conversation, or more well-bred than his whole demeanour, until the sound of brisk music, from an adjoining chamber, struck on his ear; when, forgetting Calvin, and us, he sprang into the air with an *entrechat*, and left the room in a *pas de Zéphyr*. This gentleman is a marquis, of ancient descent and large fortune.

Another of the inmates of Aversa, a Neapolitan officer of most gentlemanly appearance, accompanied his guitar, in a voice of exceeding harmony. De-

prived of reason by an unrequited passion, he was absorbed in a deep melancholy, and passed many hours of every day in singing melodies of his own composition, expressive of his unhappiness. There was much pathos in his tones, and the air he sang was very plaintive. He seemed totally unconscious of our presence, and sang for some time *con amore ;* but at length his voice died away, until it became like a whisper, and the lips continued to move though their sounds no longer reached us.

Having examined the portion of the establishment assigned to the upper class, we were conducted to that appropriated to the lower ; and here, a different scene awaited us. All was hilarity or grief, the indications of both sentiments being boisterously displayed. Many of the patients crowded round us, requesting snuff, or coffee. Not a few questioned us with an air of anxiety, that saddened one to observe, whether we brought them intelligence from home; while others entrusted us to take charge of letters to their friends to apprise them of the ill-usage to which they were subjected.

" How can you tell such falsehoods?" said a man among the crowd ; " you know, or ought to know, that you are as mad as was Alexander the Great, when he struck Clytus. Yes, you are raving mad, and ought to be chained in darkness; for it is too horrid that I, and some others here, who possess reason, should be compelled to herd with maniacs, and listen to their incoherent fancies, while such as you are allowed freedom."

This remark called forth an angry rejoinder; and

a rising quarrel was only prevented by the rebuke of the superintendent, from whose stern glance both of the maniacs turned away. Another madman declared himself to be Charles Stuart, King of England, and offered us his hand to kiss, with an assumption of regal dignity which called forth a shout of laughter from the crowd.

"Bravo, bravissimo!" cried one amongst them; "only hear the idiot endeavouring to impose on the strangers, by passing himself off as their King."

"Silence, rabble," exclaimed the *soi-disant* Charles Stuart, "and you," looking indignantly at the last speaker, "poor, contemptible reptile, who announce yourself as Sovereign of the West."

"Of the East, and not the West," interrupted the other; "but you know not the difference between the two, nor what you say."

The "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," so prevalent in the world, and exerting such a baleful influence over those not accounted mad, seemed to flourish here as much as in society, each individual endeavouring to depreciate, or turn into ridicule his neighbour, and to elevate himself. These evil propensities, which appear to be innate in men, even while endowed with reason, are only more openly displayed when deprived of its guidance; a guidance which, alas! more frequently teaches their concealment, than their correction or eradication.

I turned away saddened from this too similar, but exaggerated representation of the vices of society, to pause at the open cell of a priest, who was prostrate before a wooden cross of his own manufacture. The

crown of his head was shorn, but long locks of snowy hue fell from the sides of it, and mingled with his beard of the same venerable colour, which reached to the cord that confined his robe round the waist. His face was pale as death, and his eyes, which were raised to the cross, were filled with tears, which chased each other down his attenuated cheeks. He was not sensible that several persons were around him, and he prayed with a fervour truly edifying; the words of the prayer breathing the very soul of piety, Christian resignation, and adoration for the Deity. Never was a more touching picture presented to me. I could have fancied it the original of one of those fine pictures of Correggio, or Rembrandt, but the deep intonations of the voice, and the fervent devotion which it expressed, gave a sublimity to this *tableau vivant* that no picture ever possessed. What a contrast to the scene passing at a few yards' distance among the maniacs, insulting and deriding each other! The superintendent told us that for twenty years this priest had not ceased to pray with a similar fervour to that which we witnessed, during all the hours of the day, save when he hastily swallowed some bread and water, the only food he would touch. Sleep never stole on him until he was exhausted by abstinence and fatigue; but even in sleep he continued to ejaculate prayers, mingled with sighs and groans. In the times of the primitive Christians, this man would have been deemed a model of holiness, and after death would have been canonised as a saint; a deep and never-ceasing sense of self-unworthiness, a contrite spirit, and an all-engrossing adoration of he Creator, were so

far from being then considered as proofs of an aberration of reason, that they were regarded as the most convincing ones of a more than ordinary possession of it. Yet these are the only symptoms of insanity attributed to this priest; and from them, in our days of civilization and mundane occupation, he is declared to be insane!

I left not this enthusiast unmoved. The earnestness of his prayers, and his total abstraction from all worldly concerns, made a deep impression on me. His life of sanctity, in the midst of the herd of maniacs with whom he was surrounded, *with*, but not *of* them, reminded me of some pure stream gliding through a turbulent river, without mingling its clear water with the turbid waves. He is pitied but beloved by the superintendent and assistants of the asylum, and derided and insulted by the patients; but he is insensible of the compassion of the first, or the contempt of the second.

Spent a most agreeable day yesterday at the Vomero, at the delightful residence of our excellent friends, the Ricciardis, where we met many clever people of both sexes; among them was Mr. Cutlar Fergusson, who has long filled a high judicial office in India, and is returning to England, after an absence of many years. He is a very superior man, converses well on all subjects, and has the ease of manner peculiar to those who have seen much of the world, and mingled in some of the most distinguished of its societies.

Leoni, the celebrated improvisatore, made another of the party at the Count de Camaldoli's, and surprised, as well as pleased us, by the wonderful readi-

ness with which he recited poems; many of them so elaborately pointed, and happily turned, as to convey the impression that they had been carefully polished instead of being improvised at the instant; individuals, some of whom he had never previously seen, being the subject of them. I can well imagine that a wonderful facility in versifying may be attained by the frequent exercise of this rare gift of impromptu composition; but I am persuaded that none can reach excellence in it save those remarkable, not only for highly poetical minds, but for a quickness of apprehension, and readiness of wit seldom accorded even to poets. This art, if art that may be named which depends so much, if not entirely, on a peculiar attribute of genius, may well be called a lightning of the mind; for so vivid are the flashes of poetry which escape, as it were, from the improvisatore, when in the heat of inspiration, that I can compare them with nothing but those gleams of lightning that in summer follow each other so rapidly in hot climates. That this gift is singularly rare, is proved by the comparatively few examples of it seen even in Italy, for I cannot count mere ready rhymists improvisatores; and the solitary one in England, Mr. Theodore Hook, whose achievements in it are, I have often been told, truly surprising. In Italy, the improvisatore is encouraged, if not inspired, by the vivacity with which his points are seized, and the enthusiasm with which they are applauded; the mercurial temperaments and lively imaginations of his compatriots enabling them to appreciate every lucky hit, and applaud every poetical image. The enthusiasm he excites animates the improvisatore to still

higher flights of fancy; until his eyes gleam, and his cheeks glow, as he pours out a stream of verse which, if not of profound depth, is at least bright and sparkling to the last. The exhibition reminded me of what one imagines of a Pythoness on the Tripod, at the moment of inspiration: but a consciousness of the labour and difficulty of the performance, together with the exhaustion, mental and bodily, which it must produce, detracted from my enjoyment of it. I was painfully anxious lest the Signor Leoni should break down in any of his rhymes, or fail in any of his tropes or metaphors; and so mar an achievement, in the perfect success of which, not only his *amour propre*, but his fame, might have been compromised. But my fears were groundless: he accomplished his various tasks without a single fault in the performance, and sat down amid the enthusiastic plaudits of his delighted auditors. Having been asked to give a subject to Signor Leoni, I named the death of Lord Byron. The following is the sonnet which he instantly improvised: and which a friend present, endowed with the pen of a ready writer, committed to paper as the lines were uttered.

LA MORTE DI LORD BYRON,

IMPROVVISATO A RIME OBBLIGATE,

SONETTO.

Di Pindo i ligni in Messolunghi un canto
Erser funebre per le vie del Cielo,
Allor che Byron dal corporeo ammanto
Lascio all' esequie estreme il freddo gelo.

Tremó la morte nel vibrar quel telo,
Che tolse della vita al dolce incanto
Lui, che fulgea come virgineo stelo;
Ed onorato suse a Radamanto.
Seudo all' umanitâ, con largo core
Visse poco l' Eroe, sparé qual lampo,
E piange il genio Adico nel suo dolore.
Bardo animava i combattente in campo
Greci, sclamando, sino all' ultim' ore
Pugnate audaci; nel valor vié scampo!

*August.*—Mr. Henry Fox, the son of Lord Holland, has been our inmate for some days. He is a most agreeable companion—lively, playful, and abounding in anecdote, with just enough of what the French term *malice*, to render his remarks very piquant, and just sufficient good-nature to prevent their being too satirical. The French term, *malice*, must not be taken in the sense of the broader and stronger one of the word malice, in our language. The French phrase means simply a roguishness or slyness, that induces a person to play tricks, and draw out, and exhibit the follies of his acquaintance, for the sake of exciting a laugh, without being impelled by any desire of injuring them. Henry Fox gives such admirable imitations of the peculiarities of his absent acquaintances, that those present are infinitely amused; forgetting that they in turn will furnish subjects for the talent they are now admiring. Henry Fox is just such a forced plant as might be expected from the hot-bed culture of Holland House; where wit and talent are deemed of such importance that more solid qualities are, sometimes, if not sacrificed to their growth, at least overlooked in the search for them. Accustomed

from infancy to see all around him contributing to the amusement of the circle they compose, by a brilliant persiflage, a witty version of the *on dits* of the day, epigrammatical sallies, which, though pungent, never violate *les bienséances de société*, and remarks on the literature of the day, full of point and tact, it cannot be wondered at that he has become what he is—a most agreeable companion. As, however, he possesses no inconsiderable portion of the sweet temper and gaiety of spirits of his father, he may yet attain the more worthy distinction of becoming an estimable man.

Sir William Gell dined with us yesterday; always cheerful, though suffering under a malady that leaves him but few intervals free from acute pain. No wonder that he is so universally beloved; for, independent of his social qualities, his readiness to oblige, and general philanthropy, must secure him the good-will of all who know him, and the affection of those who are favoured with his friendship. Gell can be irresistibly comic too, when so disposed, and makes one laugh for successive hours by his drollery. Perhaps, in the middle of some story, related with all the spirit and broad humour in which he abounds, a violent twinge of the gout compels a pause; when he, with tears in his eyes extracted by pain, yet with a half smile, exclaims, "Pray, good Mr. Gout, take pity upon me, and let me pass one hour unmolested by your attacks. Only consider how long and patiently I have borne them, and do not wreak your vengeance on this poor, worn-out, crazy body of mine. Go to —— or ——, *they* will pamper you luxuriously, and saturate your spirit with brimming bumpers, while

with me you will be starved outright, and chilled with the simple beverages in which 'water from the spring' forms the principal ingredient."

On the cessation of pain, he resumes the thread of his story with all the comicality of its commencement; and those who listen feel surprised that he, whose drollery has so much amused them, should, though deprived of the powers of locomotion, and a prey to such frequent assaults of acute pain, have the cheerfulness, nay more, the gaiety of heart thus to enliven and charm society.

We were agreeably surprised this morning by a visit from Mr. Peter Campbell Scarlett, the son of my old and valued friend, Mr. Scarlett.* What a change a few years effects in a youth! When I last saw this fine young man, he was but a boy, and now, though but four years have elapsed since I beheld him, he has grown into a steady, sensible, clever, and highly-accomplished man. He is *en route* to join our Embassy at Constantinople. He reminded me strongly of his father, whose countenance, sparkling with intelligence, and beaming with good humour, his greatly resembles. I have rarely, if ever, met with a man possessing a more highly cultivated mind than Mr. Scarlett, or with a finer taste in literature. On first knowing him, like many of those acquainted only with his great forensic powers, I was not prepared to find his manners so bland and agreeable, and looked more for the keen and searching ability for which he is so famed, than for the amenity and good nature that really belong to him.

* Now Lord Abinger.

Sir William Gell has introduced to us Mr. Richard Westmacott, a young sculptor, who has been studying at Rome, and who has executed some very charming works since his residence there. He is the son of Mr. Westmacott, who has attained such a deserved reputation in London; and is a person of a highly-cultivated mind, and gentlemanly manners. Lord Dudley is one of his most zealous patrons, and spoke to us very warmly in his praise, all of which is justified by the merits of his *protégé*. Gell has also brought us Mr. Uwins, an artist, whose works are greatly admired here; and whose society is justly deemed an acquisition, from his information and amiability. Mr. Uwins has made some very clever pictures, and has given the happiest delineations of the glowing scenery and picturesque inhabitants, both of whom he has studied with all the *gusto* of a painter, who feels the beauty of his art, and is determined to attain in it the highest excellence.

*November.*—I yesterday witnessed an exhibition of an extraordinary nature, one to be seen only in a country like this, where superstition mingles in even the most sacred and solemn things. A community is formed at Naples, each member of which, during his life, subscribes an annual sum, in order that, after death, his remains should be deposited in one of certain vaults, the earth conveyed into which has the peculiar quality of preventing decomposition, and of preserving bodies as if dried by some chemical process. But the preservation of what was intended to decay is not the only object of this institution, nor the only

mode of applying its funds. The exposure, on a certain day of each year, of the frail wreck of mortality thus strangely rescued from corruption, attired in the habiliments worn by the deceased when living, is secured by the subscription; the number of annual exhibitions being dependent on the amount of the sums received. Can anything more preposterous be imagined?—nothing, I am quite sure, more disgusting can be beheld. Three or four subterraneous chapels, in the Church of Santa Chiara, divided only by partitions, are dedicated to this extraordinary exhibition, which presents one of the most ghastly scenes ever disclosed. All the sublimity of Death disappears, when the poor remains of his victims are thus exposed; and instead of an appalling sight, they offer only so grotesque a one, that it is difficult to believe that the figures before one ever were instinct with life, or that they are not images formed of brown paper, or russia leather, dressed up to imitate humanity.

The subterraneous chapels are guarded by soldiers. The altars are arranged in the usual style of those in Catholic chapels; innumerable torches illuminate the place, and an abundance of flowers and religious emblems decorate it. Ranged around the walls stand the deceased, unhappily disinterred for the occasion, and clothed in dresses so little suited to their present appearance, that they render death still more hideous. Their bodies are supported round the waist by cords, concealed beneath the outward dress; but this partial support, while it precludes the corse from falling to the earth, does not prevent its assuming the most gro-

tesque attitudes. Old and young, male and female, are here brought in juxta-position. The octogenarian, with his white locks still flowing from his temples, stands next a boy of six years old, whose ringlets have been curled for the occasion; and whose embroidered shirt-collar, and jacket with well-polished buttons, indicate the pains bestowed on his toilette. Those ringlets twine round a face resembling nothing human, a sort of mask of discoloured leather, with fallen jaws and distended lips; and the embroidered collar leaves disclosed the shrunken dark brown chest, once fair and full, where, perhaps, a fond mother's lips often were impressed; but which now looks fearful, contrasted with the snowy texture of this bit of finery. This faded image of what was once a fair child, has tied to its skeleton fingers a top, probably the last gift of affection; the hand, fallen on one side, leans towards the next disinterred corse, whose head also, no longer capable of maintaining a perpendicular position, is turned as if to ogle a female figure, whose ghastly and withered brow, wreathed with roses, looks still more fearful from the contrast with their bright hue. Here the mature matron, her once voluminous person reduced to a sylph-like slightness, stands enveloped in the ample folds of the gaudy garb she wore in life. The youthful wife is attired in the delicate-tinted drapery put on in happy days, to charm a husband's eye; the virgin wears the robe of pure white, leaving only her throat bare: and the young men are clothed in the holiday suits of which they were vain in life; some with riding-whips, and others with canes attached to their bony hands. A figure I shall never

forget was that of a young woman who died on the day of her wedding. Robed in her bridal vest, with the chaplet of orange flowers still twined round her head, her hair fell in masses over her face and shadowy form, half veiling the discoloured hue of the visage and neck, and sweeping over her, as if to conceal the fearful triumph of death over beauty.

Each figure had a large card placed on the wall above the places they occupied; on which was inscribed the names, date of their ages, and death, with some affectionate epigraph, written by surviving friends. It would be impossible to convey the impression produced by this scene; the glare of the torches falling on the hideous faces of the dead, who seemed to grin, as if in derision of the living, who were passing and repassing in groups around them. Not a single face among the ghastly crew presented the solemn countenance we behold in the departed, during the first days of death; a countenance more touching and eloquent than life ever possessed: no, here every face, owing to the work of time, wore a grin that was appalling; and which, combined with the postures into which the bodies had fallen, presented a mixture of the horrible and the grotesque, never to be forgotten. Around several of the defunct knelt friends, to whom in life they were dear, offering up prayers for the repose of their souls: while groups of persons, attracted merely by curiosity, sauntered through this motley assemblage of the deceased, pausing to comment on the appearance they presented.

"Why, bless me," said a middle-aged woman, with a countenance indicative of more than usual self-

complacency, "here is poor Caterina Giustiani: who could have thought that she would have been so sadly changed in so short a time?"

"Time changes us all sadly, even before death," replied the person to whom she spoke.

"Not *all* of us," rejoined the first speaker; "why, poor Caterina was not above five years my senior, and now I vow she looks any age."

"Five years your senior! your junior, you mean."

"I mean no such thing; and I can——"

Here the speakers moved away, and the rest of the dialogue was lost to me; but, from the tone of the latter part of it, and the looks of the parties, I was led to believe its conclusion was not amicable.

Many other were the observations I heard from the persons gazing on the withered remains of those they had known in life; and sorry am I, for the sake of human nature, to record, that nearly all of them were as unfeeling, and unsuited to the place in which they were uttered, as was the conversation which I have related. One woman said she remembered the day, when the gown, now hanging in loose folds on a corpse before us, was bought. "Margarita was ever vain, and fond of fine clothes," continued she; "but who'd have thought, so young and healthy as she appeared, that we should so soon be gazing on her here?"

"Yes, and who'd have thought that she who was so pretty," replied another woman, "should so soon have lost all trace of her beauty?"

"Why, for the matter of that," said the other, "I never saw any great beauty in her; I always thought

her like maccaroni without salt, too insipid for my taste."

"There are those still alive who were not of your opinion," resumed the first speaker; "and many a time I've heard it said, that had Margarita lived, you would not have been the wife of Giovanni Martelli."

"Then you heard what is false," replied the other, her face growing red with anger, "for my Giovanni never could bear the sight of her."

At this moment a group interposing between us and the speakers, prevented our hearing more.

"Look at Nicolo Baldi," said a man to his companion, pointing to a male corpse, somewhat more smartly dressed than the others; "see how rakish he looks, with his head on one side, as if he were ogling the dead woman next him."

"Oh! yes, poor Nicolo always had an eye to the women," replied the other. "But see who is placed at the left side of him; no other than Bartolomeo Magatti, with whom he was always quarrelling."

'Poor Nicolo must be dead, indeed, to stand quietly near one he so hated," rejoined the first interlocutor.

Such were the sentiments we heard expressed in the chamber of death; where the disinhumed tenants of the grave, attired in the gaudy finery worn when alive, looked nearly as fantastic and absurd as were the observations to which they gave rise. I turned from this ghastly masquerade, nearly overcome by the mingled vapours of the frankincense and the torches; and by the horrors of an exhibition in which the most

solemn objects were exposed to the profane gaze of crowds to be made a mockery and a jest, instead of being left to the repose of the tomb.

The Duc de Fitzjames dined with us yesterday. Report says that he is come to Naples to negotiate a marriage between his aged sovereign, Charles X., and the pretty and piquante princess Christine of Naples. Probably, like the generality of reports, this one is without foundation; the ages of the parties are too disproportioned to admit of much chance of the alliance proving a happy one: nevertheless, Christine is precisely the sort of person to turn the heads of the Parisians; being elegant, graceful, and *toujours bien mise*, with a *tournure* as *distinguée* as even Parisians could desire.

The Duc de Fitzjames is a very sensible and intelligent man, with all the knowledge of the new school, and all the high breeding of the old. There is a manly frankness in his manner and bearing, not often to be met with in those who have lived much in courts; and yet it does not deteriorate from the polish and politeness said to appertain to them: I say *said*, because I have seen courtiers commit as great solecisms in politeness as could be witnessed in the most uneducated.

*December.*— Dined yesterday at the dear good Archbishop of Tarentum's, where I met *Son Altesse* the Prince Gustave of Mecklenbourg Schwerin, the Duchesse de Plaisance and her daughter; a German Countess with an unpronounceable name which I forget; General Count Haugwitz, who at present commands the Austrian troops here; the Russian Count

Beckendorf, brother to the Countess Lieven, Ambassadress from Russia to our court; Sir William Gell, some Neapolitans; and, though last, not least, Casimir de la Vigne, the poet, and his brother.

*Son Altesse* is an unaffected, good-natured, well-informed, and well-bred man. He is nephew to Queen Charlotte; and, consequently, first-cousin to our King. Perhaps it is this relationship that renders him so remarkably polite and civil to the English; but whatever may be the cause, the effect is visible. Count Beckendorf is a very distinguished man; exceedingly good looking, with *l'air noble*, mild, and polished in manner, sensible and intelligent in conversation. He is an excellent specimen of the Russian aristocracy. Casimir de la Vigne has a *spirituelle* countenance, and very agreeable manners. There seems to exist between him and his brother a degree of fraternal affection, seldom witnessed. They are, I am told, inseparable, and are united by the bonds of sympathy as closely as by those of nature. There is a simplicity and modesty in the manners of both the brothers that is very attractive, because it is evidently unaffected; and they are general favourites wherever they go.

The dinner was a pleasant one, which cannot often be said of dinners where the guests are composed of persons belonging to so many different countries; and who, consequently, can have but few sentiments in common. But I attribute its agreeability to the benign influence of the venerable and amiable host, whose urbanity smooths the asperities of national pre-

judices, and whose tact leads the conversation to subjects of general interest.

The Russian fashion of arranging the dinner table is universally adopted by the Neapolitans. A plateau and epergne occupy the centre, as with us; and the dessert, mixed with vases of flowers, occupies the places of the dishes, which in England are set on the festive board, but which here are placed on the buffet, and are carved and handed round by the servants. This mode, though it prolongs the time of dinner is, in my opinion, a great improvement, for the economy of the table is undisturbed, and the eye is gratified by the sight of flowers and fruit, instead of contemplating the fragments of entrées and relevés; the olfactory organs, too, are regaled by sweet scents, in place of the mingled effluvia of fish, flesh, and fowl. Another advantage should also be named, a lady's sleeves are not crushed nor her hair deranged by a servant changing dishes over her shoulder.

Some of the Neapolitan dishes are excellent, and the native cooks are by no means deficient in the gastronomic *savoire-faire*. I observed that the Neapolitans, like the French, taste of all dishes, however numerous they may be, that are served at table, and that no one except an invalid limits his dinner to one or two. They do not eat more than English people do, but they require a greater variety. Yet, notwithstanding this indulgence in epicurism, foreigners suffer less from "*le remords de l'estomac*," as Grimod de la Reyniere delicately termed indigestion, than do the English, who confine themselves to fewer and more simple viands. I suspect that our plain roast and

boiled is too nutritious for persons not taking much exercise, and that the made dishes of the French and Italians, from the meats of which the succulent juices have been nearly quite extracted by the process of cooking, are less likely to induce dyspepsia. Perhaps it is not epicurism alone that tempts foreigners to eat of all the dishes handed round; it may be politeness which prompts them not to reject what a neighbour, seated at each side, accepts; for it certainly is *gauche* to see, as I repeatedly do at grand dinners, some fastidious English guests declining every entrée offered them, with a rueful shake of the head and a "*non merci*," waiting until the *roti* is carved.

The Italian confectionary and ices are far superior to those of the French and English; and their variety is infinite.

*January*, 1826.—Filangieri (Prince Satriano), the Duc Rocca Romano, the Count and Countess de Camaldoli, their accomplished daughters, and Piazzi, dined with us yesterday. The latter talked to me of Mr. Herschel, of whose acquirements he spoke in terms of warm commendation. Referring to the knowledge of Sir William Herschel and his son, he observed, "if they with their murky atmosphere and nebulous skies judge so accurately as they do, what precision ought *we* not to arrive at with our transparent one and cloudless heavens, where, with the naked eye, we can better discover the stars than they can with a powerful glass? Your countrymen are unequalled for their perseverance, industry, unsophisticated good sense, and total freedom from charlatanism. They have arrived near the summit of the hill of astrono-

mical science, while we, alas! have remained at its base: though the eminence has been partly concealed from them by clouds and dense fogs, and we have had it before us, but unfortunately like the glaciers, though exposed to view, nearly inaccessible. But you have in your admirable constitution," continued Piazzi, "a moral sun that can dispel the most dense clouds and fogs. Ignorance and superstition have dissolved before its influence: and, with such a blessing, who would complain of the rarity of the visits of that sun which shines so brightly on us, but, alas! finds us in a state of comparative moral darkness?"

Some one having addressed Filangieri by his title of Prince Satriano, Piazzi said, "I lose patience when I hear that new title, and wonder how he who bears it, so noble and distinguished as he is, and so justly proud of the name bequeathed to him by his illustrious father, could sink it in any title, however elevated. Filangieri is a name which every Italian is or should be proud of. Ancient and noble, the family can be traced to the times when it rendered such assistance to the brave Normans, but it is still more ennobled by the father of that distinguished man before us, whose works and whose life were equally calculated to serve and reflect honour on his country."

It is pleasant to observe the enthusiasm with which the Neapolitans refer to those who have conferred distinction on their native land, nor are they less proud of the distinguished dead than of the meritorious living; witness their admiration and affection for the Count de Camaldoli, Piazzi, Filangieri, and Rocco Romano.

The works of Filangieri, the father of the Prince Satriano are,—"*Le reflessioni politiche sull' ultima legge sovrano riguardante l'amministrazione della giustizia,*" and "*Scienza della legislazione:*" works, which acquired for their author a reputation as brilliant as durable. The mother of the Prince Satriano was one of the most remarkable women of her time. Highly educated and devoted to her domestic duties, she was the friend and companion of her husband, in whose fame she gloried, and whose labours she cheered. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the son of such estimable parents should be a superior man—brave in the field, wise in the council, and urbane and pleasant in society, to which his various accomplishments contribute so many attractions.

A most agreeable dinner yesterday, at home. I like Casimir de la Vigne very much; there is a *naïvété* about him that is peculiarly attractive. Not a single symptom of vanity or affectation can be detected in his manner, and his conversation is fraught with interest. I do not wonder that he is a general favourite; the strong affection visible in his brother towards him, predisposes one to believe him as amiable as he is clever, and the warmth with which it is repaid is a proof how well it is merited. This fraternal sentiment is not displayed or paraded as I have sometimes seen it in others, but is honest and true.

Few poets are, I should think, more happy than Casimir de la Vigne; indeed, judging from what I have seen of him, he seems to have escaped the moody habits and morbid sensitiveness peculiar to that irritable tribe. His is a healthy mind, satisfied with, but

not overrating self, and well disposed towards all the world: he is content with the success his writings have obtained, and is more anxious to please than astonish his readers. The Neapolitans like him exceedingly, and fête him very much, and he appears touched by their esteem, which is evinced in a manner that can leave no doubt of its sincerity. He is not made a lion of as he would be in London, where every celebrity, no matter of what kind, is followed and stared at until eclipsed by some new candidate for fame, but he is received with cordiality, and I might add with affection, which cannot fail to gratify him. We are to meet him at dinner at the Count de Camaldoli's to-morrow, where all the literary people at present in Naples are to assemble.

Casimir de la Vigne came to see me to-day, and delighted me by reciting his unpublished "Columbus." It is a charming poem, and will add to his fame. He recited it admirably, and his countenance so forcibly expressed the sentiments his lips pronounced, that the verses received an additional charm. His recitation is not theatrical, yet it is very striking, and, from its truth and feeling, reminded me of Moore's singing. Nothing, after all, is so calculated to create sympathy as the words being *truly felt* by those who repeat them, and not pronounced in a declamatory style that denotes the speaker to be more occupied with the manner than the matter.

Colonel Hugh Baillie dined here yesterday, and met some agreeable Neapolitans, with whom he seemed pleased; among these were the handsome Madame Nicola and her father, and the Comte Francesco

Puoti. I never heard a finer voice than Madame Nicola's; round, sweet, melodious, and powerful, full of passion and sentiment; the phrase used by a French connoisseur, relative to the voice of a celebrated singer, might well be applied to hers, "*c'est plein de larmes.*" Who that has drunk in the dulcet notes of amateur singers in Italy, could ever listen with patience to the performances of a similar class in England? *Here,* the very soul of music is breathed; *there,* the grosser part only is expressed; *here,* people sing to please; *there,* to *surprise;* and it must be admitted that they generally succeed. *Here,* singers make *you* feel, because *they* feel what they sing; while in England, vocalists think only of the effect to be produced on others, and miss attaining their object by allowing it to be evident; in fact, they no more feel what they sing, than a musical instrument does the sounds it conveys.

Music, here, may be considered as a soothing system: but English music is a positive irritation to the nerves of sensitive people.

*February.*—As the time approaches for quitting Naples my regret increases. A residence of nearly three years has attached me to the country and the people by ties that cannot be rent asunder without pain; and though the poet talks of "dragging at each remove a lengthening chain," memory offers no consolation for the absence of dear friends left behind, in a land that is not our land, and where we can hardly hope to come again. Some of those friends, too, are so near the goal of life,—or, should I not say, so near heaven?—that we cannot look forward to

meeting them again on earth. The dear and venerable Archbishop of Tarentum, the good Piazzi! Sad thoughts recur to my mind each time I see them, now that the period for our parting is fixed; and their consciousness that our departure will be eternal, increases my despondency. The dear and amiable Ricciardis talked of travelling in France and England, so I anticipate our meeting there: but even should they not leave Italy, they are young enough not to preclude the hope, if not the certainty, of finding them in Italy once more, should I, as I trust, return; for I cannot bring myself to think that I am leaving Italy for ever.

Two agreeable English travellers made their appearance here yesterday, with letters of introduction; Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, jun., and his cousin of the same name. Well-informed, and intelligent, they came to Italy with minds prepared for what they were to see; hence, they have neither been surprised, nor disappointed, as too often happens to persons who have not previously turned their thoughts to this country. It really is gratifying to a patriotic heart to observe the superiority of the present generation of young Englishmen. Education, and good sense, joined to their natural result, good manners, seem to appertain to them all, with very few exceptions; and their bearing and conduct are well calculated to command the respect of the foreigners whose countries they visit. To be sure, I *have* met here some young men, and of ancient descent too, who displayed a degree of ignorance, not a little surprising, in the nineteenth century. One, on seeing a small lachrymatory

on my table, asked what it was? A person present answered it was a *lacrymatoire*. "A *lacrymatoire!*" resumed the questioner, "surely it is too small to hold enough cream, even for one cup of tea." Another seeing a small bronze statue of Voltaire on a console, on which were placed some antique lamps and vases, asked whether the latter were really antique? Being assured in the affirmative, he took up the statue of Voltaire, and observed, "Oh! for this, no one could question its antiquity: one has only to look at it, to ascertain that it must be an antique. the fellow looks so old."

But the ignorance of a third compatriot is even more amusing; for living in a street at Rome, near the corner of which the filthy scrapings of the streets were permitted to be deposited, he believed the inscription expressive of this fact to be the name of the street, and dated his letters, "*Strada immondezza;*" to the no small amusement of his correspondents.

Yet, these are but three solitary examples of ignorance; and I have met innumerable young Englishmen, since I have been on the Continent, who might be cited for their general information and abilities. Should this journal ever see the light, my three ignorant acquaintances will, if they ever read it, acknowledge the exactitude of my statement, and thank me for not naming them. In detailing the ignorance of these my compatriots, I ought not to omit noticing that of a Neapolitan; who inquired of a newly-arrived Englishman, whether he had come from England by sea, or land, not knowing that a sea must be crossed.

Yes, leave-taking is a painful thing; and I felt it

so yesterday, most deeply, when I bade adieu to some very dear friends at Naples. Their regret justified mine; and I was not ashamed of the tears that bathed my cheeks, when I saw theirs flowing. During the last week, which we passed at the hotel of the *Grande Bretagne*, our *salon* has been filled every evening with friends anxious to spend the last evenings of our *séjour* here with us; and innumerable are the gifts presented to us as *gages d'amitié*, endeared by our regard for the donors.

I have seldom been more affected than the day before my departure from Naples; when I went to bid farewell, to the dear and venerable Archbishop of Tarentum. I found him in tears surrounded by three or four friends, who were offering him consolation. No sooner had his major-domo announced us, than this amiable prelate rose from his seat, and advanced to embrace us as rapidly as his trembling limbs would permit; exclaiming, "Ah! you see my dear friends have not left Naples without saying adieu to their old, but most attached friend. No, I thought your statement could not be correct; and yet it agitated me more than anything ought to agitate one who must so soon bid an eternal farewell to all that is dear to him."

It appeared that one of the persons present had, in passing the *Grande Bretagne*, seen our carriages drawn out, and the courier busy in arranging them for our journey. The dear Archbishop, mentioning his regret for our approaching departure, and the sadness with which he looked forward to our parting adieu, this person said, that he believed his reverend

friend would be spared that pain, for some hours previously he had seen the carriages ready to convey us away. This intelligence so grieved the good *Capeccellatro*, that it occasioned the tears I found still streaming down his pale and venerable face, which furnished such a proof of his affection as greatly moved me.

Every word he uttered was listened to as are the words of the dying, for we cannot hope to see him more. There was a solemnity mingled in the tenderness of his parting words, that I can never forget; and which even now, bring the warm drops of affection to my eyes. The dear, the estimable Ricciardis, too, I seem still to hear their kind words, and to feel their tears on my cheek. And all this occurred but so few hours ago; and *now*, I have left these dear and attached friends, and sunny Naples, most probably for ever. Piazzi, the gifted and good—Monticelli, the sage and gentle—Salvaggi, the brilliant and well-read—Rocco Romano, too, the brave and chivalrous Rocco Romano—Filangieri, the worthy son of a noble sire—Pepé, generous as courteous, and high-couraged—Ischitella, honest and frank—Cazarano, gay and joyous as his clime—Puoti, accomplished and amiable—and St. Angelo, ever obliging and kind. These, and others, with whom we had equally frequent intercourse during our residence at Naples, all seem again to surround us, as in the last days we spent there, with warm expressions of attachment on their lips; and as warm regret at our departure, expressed in their countenances. The English are praised for the calmness and self-control, which preclude the

demonstrations of affection, to whatever extent it may be experienced: there may be wisdom in this restraint, for it undoubtedly has the effect of checking any symptoms of pleasure at meeting, or sorrow at parting, in those who perhaps feel disposed to indulge in either. Who can give free course to joy, or tears, in presence of those who, imitating the calmness of Stoics, declare that they "are very glad to see us," or that they "are sorry we are going away?" holding out, at the same time, two fingers of the right hand, not to press, but to be pressed, if it so please the person to whom the said two fingers are offered. Now, in Italy, one would be as much ashamed at *not* participating in the natural demonstrations of regard, as in England, people feel afraid of betraying them; for *here*, neither coldness, nor the affectation of it, are esteemed requisites in high breeding. People have not the *mauvaise honte* of concealing that they have warm hearts, and are capable of strong attachments; while with us the outward and visible signs of such attributes are exhibited only by boarding-school girls, during the first months of separation from the "beloved Emma," or "dearest Amelia," with whom a girlish friendship, based on the unstable foundation of puerile confidence, and romantic notions, had sprung up.

ROME.—Here we are again in the Eternal City, but only *en passant, en route* for Florence. The spring is far less advanced than at Naples—dear Naples!—and the place looks sombre after the gaiety of Parthenope. Our excellent friend Sir William

Gell is here, always a victim to rheumatic gout, and always bearing pain as no one else ever bore it.

I have been to the beautiful villa of Mr. Mills, on the Mount Palatine; it occupies the site of the Palace of the Cæsars, and is arranged with exquisite taste. The gardens are charming beyond description, presenting an unrivalled view of Rome and the Campagna, and containing some most interesting fragments of antiquity, seen to peculiar advantage, mingled with trees and flowering plants of luxuriant growth. The owner of this terrestrial paradise is worthy of it; possessing a highly cultivated mind, great suavity of manners, and qualities of the head and heart that have endeared him to all who know him.

Saw the celebrated Mrs. Dodwell to-day, whose rare beauty has rendered her an object of curiosity and interest. Fame has not exaggerated her loveliness, for it is surpassing; combining the most perfect regularity of features, joined to the most sparkling and various expression of countenance. If any defect could be found, it is that she is somewhat *trop petite;* but she is so finely formed and proportioned, that she cannot be called short, though below the middle stature. Her manner is *naïve* and vivacious, which adds to her beauty; her voice is clear and sweet, and her movements, though animated, always graceful. There is not a symptom of vanity or conceit visible in her, which greatly enhances the effect of her charms.

Mr. Dodwell is an antiquary *du premier genre.* Of an ancient and wealthy family in England, he has spent the greater portion of his life in travelling; of

the fruits of which, his 'Travels in Greece' furnish a good example, being a work replete with erudition and classical research. He is many years the senior of Madame, who is a Roman lady of noble descent. When Mr. Dodwell was showing us his fine collection of antiquities to-day, he directed our attention to a female mummy, declaring that the Egyptian dame must have been one of the most perfect beauties ever seen. At that moment my eyes were fixed on his beautiful wife, who stood by him, offering in her own person one of the most faultless models of loveliness ever beheld; and the arch smile that played round her lips seemed to say, that living beauties might be found to compete with the dead one.

It would be difficult to find two persons so disproportioned in age, and so dissimilar in tastes, living so harmoniously as Mr. and Mrs. Dodwell are reported to do, by those who best know them. The beautiful Roman respects the antiquarian pursuits of her sexagenarian husband; and he tolerates the love of dancing and amusement so natural to her years. I like them both in their different ways; him for his vast store of general information, and her for her beauty, her vivacity, and the originality of her mind. Yet it is a strange sight to behold this lovely Italian sylph, all youth and sprightliness, hovering round a grave, sober English antiquary, who seems wholly occupied by his collection; and more disposed to descant on the perfections of his mummy, than to dwell on the fine qualities of his wife. Nevertheless, he is fully sensible of them, and enjoys her playful sallies *con amore*.

Le Comte Alexandre de la Borde, and his son, Monsieur Léon de la Borde, dined with us yesterday: they are on their route to make a tour in Greece and Egypt. Sir William Gell and Mr. Dodwell, who were of our party, gave them much useful information. Le Comte de la Borde is a clever, well-informed man, fond of literature and science; and his son is highly educated and accomplished.

Mrs. Dodwell came in the evening, looking, if possible, more beautiful than in the morning; and it amused me to see how much the *French* men were struck by her appearance. I have given them a letter of introduction to my old friend Lord Guildford.

Mr. Jerningham, the son of Lord Stafford, and Mr. B. Gurdon, were presented to us to-day. They are travelling together, appear amiable, and are very gentlemanly. It must be admitted, that nine out of every ten Englishmen one meets on the Continent are entitled to this commendation. I refer, of course, to those met in society.

*March.* — The Italians are a very kind-hearted people, of which fact I have had many proofs. A new one was offered to me yesterday, in the interest and good-will evinced by some of them to a Mr. Moore, an Englishman, whose extreme delicacy of health requires a winter residence at Rome, and compels the necessity of total seclusion nearly the greater portion of the time. Mr. Moore is gentle, kind, and patient, and these qualities they can appreciate; but he is likewise well read in the literature of his own country, which, though it renders his society very agreeable to his compatriots, is much less attractive to

the Romans, who still regard foreigners and barbarians, as in days of old, as synonymous terms. Nevertheless, they display an interest in the health of this suffering *forestiere,* that must be soothing and gratifying to his feelings, and which, I fear, he could only hope to receive from near relations at home: for a long malady, which incapacitates the invalid from sharing the amusements of his acquaintances, is very apt to take from them the desire of contributing to his. We English are like the man who declined going to visit his friend in a prison, on the plea that he could not bear to see him in distress. We do not like visiting the sick, because we cannot bear to behold them suffering!

FLORENCE. — Lord Normanby and Mr. Henry Anson dined with us yesterday; the latter is going to Egypt, and anticipates the scenes he is purposing to explore, with all the buoyancy of youthful spirits. He is a fine young man, and very popular here.

I know not what Florence could do without Lord and Lady Normanby, who entertain its inhabitants with theatricals, of which the Florentines speak with delight. They are much beloved here, and their departure, whenever it occurs, will be greatly regretted.

The Marquis de la Maison-Fort, Minister from France to the Court here, called on us yesterday. He is a Frenchman of the *vieille cour, bien poudré, et bien élevé,* fond of the fine arts, and passionately devoted to poetry; nay, a poet himself, of which we had a proof in some lines which he recited. He spoke to us in the highest terms of eulogium of M. de Lamar-

tine, whom the Marquise d'Esmengard has promised to make us acquainted with. Madame la Marquise is a *bel esprit*, knows everybody and everything in Florence; can tell where the finest picture is to be seen, and the prettiest cap or bonnet is to be purchased; talks on all subjects, and *well* on all: in short, is very lively and agreeable. Mr. Francis Hare is here, and is as clever and entertaining as ever. Lord and Lady Burghersh are in England; and Mr. Strangways officiates as chargé d'affaires. He yesterday, in that capacity, witnessed the solemnisation of a marriage between an English young man of high family and a *soi-disant* widow, of French extraction. This union has caused much surprise, and, it is to be feared, may ultimately occasion as much regret.

I have seen M. de Lamartine, and greatly like him. He is very good-looking and distinguished in his appearance, and dresses so perfectly like a gentleman, that one never would suspect him to be a poet. No shirt collars turned over, an apology for a cravat, no long curls falling on the collar of the coat; no assumption of any foppishness of any kind; but just the sort of man that, seen in any society, would be pronounced *bien comme il faut*. His features are handsome, and his countenance is peculiarly intelligent and intellectual; his manners are polished, and his conversation is brilliant and interesting. He has a *presence d'esprit*, not often to be met with in the generality of poets; and a perfect freedom from any of the affectations of manner attributed to that *genus irritabile*. The truth is, that though gifted with a

very glowing imagination, and a deeply reflecting mind. Mons. de Lamartine has been called on to act a prominent part in the scenes of actual and busy life, which has compelled him to exercise his reasoning faculties as much as his genius has led to the exertion of his imaginative ones: hence he presents the not common union of a clever man of business, a well-bred man of society, and a poet; and appears to advantage in all the three *róles*. He is very well disposed towards the English; and no wonder, for he is the husband of an English lady, said to be possessed of so many estimable qualities, as to give a favourable impression of her compatriots. He has a little daughter, one of the most beautiful children ever beheld, with eyes lustrous and timid as those of the gazelle; and a countenance beaming with sensibility, and radiant with beauty. Imagination cannot picture anything more lovely than this child, on whom her father dotes. M. de Lamartine is exemplary in his domestic life; offering a proof of the falsehood of the opinion often expressed, that poets are not calculated to make good husbands.

The Marquise d'Esmengard, M. de Lamartine, Lord Dillon, and Mr. Strangways, dined with us yesterday. The poet improves on acquaintance, for he has a mind overflowing with information, and a fancy ever teeming with beautiful imagery; and all these rich and rare acquisitions gleam forth, rather than are displayed in his conversation, which never seems to have for object the desire of shining. A deep religious sentiment is discoverable in M. de Lamartine, to which may be traced many passages in those poetical

effusions, that appeal with such earnestness to the heart; but this sentiment is wholly free from bigotry, and has in it nothing austere or repulsive. Altogether, he is a delightful companion, as well as a very gifted poet; and is formed to be as much esteemed in society, as his works are admired in the study. He has asked me many questions about Lord Byron, and evinces an interest towards him, that goes far to prove that *he* can make allowance for the infirmities of genius; which those possessed of less intellectual superiority are so prone to comment on with severity.

*April.*—Lord Dillon dined with us yesterday, and in the evening recited a considerable portion of his epic poem, entitled "Eccellino, the Tyrant of Padua." Some parts of it are spirited, and all are highly original; as might be expected from the writer, who is a man more formed to have lived in the heroic age than in our common-place one; for he possesses all the generosity, high courage, and chivalrous feeling, attributed to the *preux chevaliers* of those times. His countenance and air, too, partake of this character; and he gives me the impression, that he is as incapable of suspecting unworthy motives in the conduct of others, as of being actuated by them himself. He is a zealous advocate of the philosophy of Kant, which he has long studied; but the warmth of his heart, and impetuosity of his nature, lead me to believe that he is more likely to admire the system of the German in theory, than to follow it in practice. Lady Dillon and her daughters (all, save one, still in childhood), offer in their handsome faces as fine specimens of the lilies and roses of their country as could be

shown, and their complexions are the admiration of the Florentines.

Demidoff, the Russian Crœsus, is here, living *en prince*, with a *corps dramatique* attached to his suite, to whose representations he invites, in the season, all who are presentable in Florence. He expends a considerable part of his vast revenue here; has a palace in which malachite (so rare with us, that we are only accustomed to see it manufactured in small pieces of bijouterie) is seen in tables, slabs, and vases of large dimensions, as much or more in use than marble is in England. This precious material constitutes a portion of his vast wealth, as do whole mines of platina. This singular man is said to unite two opposite qualities,—an ostentatious display of his riches, and a prudential forethought in the manner of the exhibition. He is also said to be very superstitious; in exemplification of which fact, various curious anecdotes are related, worthy to have figured in the dark ages.

GENOA, *December*.—Once more at Genoa; and *he* who made our *séjour* so agreeable when previously here, numbered with the dead! Every object around recalls poor Byron so vividly to my recollection, that I can hardly think that *he* whose image is identified with all I view, is sleeping in his English grave. Mr. Barry, at whose house we spent last evening, has read me several letters and MSS. of Byron's; many of them highly characteristic, and some full of interest. Others he read, which I hope, for the sake of the living and the dead, will not be published; for whatever may be the talent they exhibit, the feeling that

dictated them was not creditable. One among the number is a lampoon on a brother poet—a poet, too, for whom Byron once professed no common esteem. I remember well his repeating these identical verses to me, and offering me a copy, which I declined to accept, not only because wholly disapproving them, but because I was on habits of intimacy with the person attacked: a scrupulousness which excited the raillery of Byron.

"I do not think," said he, "that many of ——'s friends in England would refuse them."

Strange inconsistency in the human mind, to profess, nay, I am sure, *to feel* admiration and regard for an individual, and to lampoon him; yet, of this was Byron capable, as the lines I refer to, as well as some others, equally severe on his acquaintances, prove. Nevertheless, I am persuaded, had he met them, he would have evinced as much good-will as if the obnoxious lampoons had never been written; for he was a creature of impulse, wrote these things when in a bitter mood, and in their severity got rid of the temporary feeling of dissatisfaction that gave rise to them.

We were agreeably surprised by meeting our old acquaintance, Lord John Russell, in the street yesterday. He came and dined with us, and was in better health and spirits than I remember him when in England. He is exceedingly well read, and has a quiet dash of humour that renders his observations very amusing. When the reserve peculiar to him is thawed, he can be very agreeable; and the society of his Genoese friends having had this effect, he appears

here to much more advantage than in London. Good sense, a considerable power of discrimination, a highly-cultivated mind, and great equality of temper, are the characteristics of Lord John Russell; and these peculiarly fit him for taking a distinguished part in public life. The only obstacle to his success seems to me to be the natural reserve of his manners, which, by leading people to think him cold and proud, may preclude him from exciting that warm sentiment of personal attachment, rarely accorded, except to those whose uniform friendly demeanour excites and strengthens it; and without this attraction it is difficult, if not impossible, for a statesman, whatever may be the degree of esteem entertained for his character, to have devoted friends and partisans, accessories so indispensable for one who would fill a distinguished *rôle* in public life.

Lord John Russell dined with us again yesterday, and nobody could be more agreeable. He should stay two or three years among his Italian friends, to wear off for ever the reserve that shrouds so many good qualities, and conceals so many agreeable ones; and he would then become as popular as he deserves to be. But he will return to England, be again thrown into the *clique*, which political differences keep apart from that of their opponents; become as cold and distant as formerly; and people will exclaim at his want of cordiality, and draw back from what they consider to be his haughty reserve.

To-morrow we depart for Pisa, passing by Borghetto and Lucca. The weather fortunately favours our travelling.

PISA.—Arrived here yesterday, and found the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, with their beautiful children, established in the Casa Chiarabati, on the south side of the Lung' Arno. The Duchesse is one of the most striking-looking women I ever beheld; and though in very delicate health, her beauty is unimpaired. Tall and slight, her figure is finely proportioned, and her air is remarkably noble and graceful. Her features are regular, her complexion dazzlingly fair, her countenance full of intelligence, softened by a feminine sweetness, that gives it a peculiar attraction; and her limbs are so small and symmetrical, as to furnish an illustration of Byron's favourite hypothesis, that delicately formed hands and feet were infallible indications of noble birth. But had the Duchesse de Guiche no other charm than her hair, that would constitute an irresistible one. Never did I see such a profusion, nor of so beautiful a colour and texture. When to these exterior attractions are added manners graceful and dignified, conversation witty and full of intelligence, joined to extreme gentleness, it cannot be wondered at that the Duchesse de Guiche is considered one of the most lovely and fascinating women of her day. It is a pleasing picture to see this fair young creature, for she is still in the bloom of youth, surrounded by her three beautiful boys, and holding in her arms a female infant strongly resembling her. One forgets *la grande dame*, occupying her tabouret at court, "the observed of all observers," in the interest excited by a fond young mother in the domestic circle, thinking only of the dear objects around her. The Duc de Guiche looks like the *beau idéal* we form

to ourselves of le Chevalier Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" Singularly handsome, there is a character of chivalrous bravery, mingled with an urbane politeness in his countenance and bearing, that strikes the beholders at first sight; and his manners are well calculated to render the impression produced by his appearance still more favourable. I never saw parents and children so highly gifted by nature as are this family; and this opinion is generally partaken, if one may judge by the attention they excited when they appeared in public.

Spent last evening at the Duchesse de Guiche's, where we met M. de Lamartine the poet, who came from Florence to see the Duc and Duchesse. The conversation was lively and brilliant: M. de Lamartine is, I am persuaded, as amiable as he is clever; with great sensibility, which is indicated in his countenance, as well as it is proved in his works, he possesses sufficient tact to conceal, in general society, every attribute peculiar to the poetical temperament, and to appear only as a well-informed, well-bred, sensible man of the world. This tact is probably the result of his diplomatic career, which, compelling a constant friction with society, has induced the adoption of its usages.

Drove in the Cascina to-day; the weather so mild, as to render an open carriage very agreeable. This favourite promenade of the Pisans was nearly deserted, as were the streets; which convey the idea that the town had lately been ravaged by one of those maladies, so destructive, when the Medicis were reclaiming the swamps then around its neighbourhood.

Pisa is now considered a very healthy place, and its air is said to be peculiarly salutary in pulmonary attacks. Though remarkably mild, the climate is not relaxing, a general fault attributed to mild climates.

The facility of receiving books and other comforts from England, by way of Leghorn, which is a free port, is a great recommendation. Here also are established English bankers, merchants, and shops; the latter containing many of the articles deemed so essential in the formation of an English establishment, and not always to be found in Italian shops. *Apropos* of Leghorn—how barbarous does this English name of the sea-port sound, in comparison with its Italian one, Livorno! I like not our adopting the French mode of changing the euphonious names of foreign places into our language, when the original names are as easily pronounced, and are so much more agreeable to the ear.

I like this place very much; its deserted streets and sombre aspect, remind one of the precincts of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, during the vacations; and the sight of a professor or student, gliding along, adds to the resemblance. Many persons complain of the *tristesse* of Pisa; but these are people, who only enjoy themselves in gay cities, and cannot exist without balls and fêtes. Here the air is pure and exceedingly mild, the country around pretty, and the forest magnificent. Though gaiety does not prevail, rational society is to be had, books can be procured; and what more is needful to constitute the amusement of sensible people?

The leaning tower, now that I have become used to

the contemplation of it, pleases as well as surprises me, though at first it only surprised. The Cathedral, baptistery, and Campo Santo, offer interesting objects for a morning walk. We have engaged the Casa Chiesa, on the Lung' Arno, unfortunately on the north side; but all the large houses on the south were already occupied. Luckily, however, the principal rooms of our new abode face the south. On going to see the house, I observed that the person who showed it, examined our faces with peculiar attention; and on one of our party having slightly coughed, the scrutiny became more observable, and was accompanied by a certain rueful shake of the head, that struck us as being very mysterious. The mystery was solved the next morning, when the agreement for the house was brought for signature; as in it was found inserted a special covenant, stating that in case of any individual of the family dying in the house, a certain sum was to be guaranteed to the proprietor for reimbursements, for the demolition of the plastering and painting of the apartments, and re-doing the same; as well as for the loss of the bed and furniture of the sleeping-room, which, in case of death, must be destroyed and replaced by new. We looked at each other, to observe which among us was the foredoomed, and each appeared alarmed, though in as good health as any equal number of persons could be found. Our *maître-d'hôtel*, an Italian, indignantly remonstrated with the proprietor of the mansion, asserting, with no little pride, that the family he had the honour to serve enjoyed the most uninterrupted good health: nay more, he insinuated that a suspicion of the contrary was an affront; and more than insinuated that we

were not subject to the ills and ailments to which alas! poor human flesh is heir. The cough heard when viewing the house was urged in extenuation for the insertion of the covenants; to which the answer was, "Do you think a family with an invalid would look at, much less engage, a house looking northwards?" Then the plea was given, that *if* none of the family were *really* in a dying state, the objectional clause would not expedite their decease, and consequently could be of no importance. But our *maître-d'hôtel* would listen to no further reasoning on this point; and at length the proprietor of the house consented to waive the insertion of the objectionable covenants. All this *pour-parler*, though of trifling import to those in good health, would be very trying to the nerves, and might have an injurious effect on an invalid. Indeed, the want of feeling and delicacy of the person who urged such a doubt was rather disgusting: but those who gain a subsistence by house-letting soon lose sight of all other motives than a sordid view to their own interest; and are so accustomed, in places resorted to by those suffering under acute maladies, to see death put an end to their diseases, that they calculate on a similar result to all who arrive in their dwellings.

Nowhere does the current of life flow more sedately than at Pisa: no crowd, no bustle, and few carriages, are to be seen in its silent streets; where only now and then a drooping-looking girl, leaning on some fond arm, or a youth, with hectic cheek and bent shoulders, glides along, mingled with some groups of the inhabitants, who eye them with a melancholy glance, that seems to foretell their approaching doom.

The Lung' Arno is bordered by fine palaces, among which the Lanfranchi is conspicuous, not less interesting from the souvenirs of the middle ages attached to it, its founder being the leader of the Ghibelline party at Pisa, and the rival of Ugolino, whose terrible punishment Dante has immortalised, than from having been the residence of Byron. The severity of its style of architecture is in harmony with the recollections with which it is associated; and few strangers pass without pausing to view it. The Lanfreducci Palace is another of the interesting objects on the Lung' Arno, and its inscription, "Alla Giornata," with the iron chain still suspended over its door, said to have been placed there by its founder, in commemoration of his having been made a prisoner by the Saracens in the crusades, carries back the beholder to the olden times. But the Gothic Chapel, on the opposite side of the Lung' Arno, called the Spina, attracts all eyes, being one of the most beautiful specimens of the skill of Giovanni di Pisano, so celebrated in his art. The smallness of the dimensions, and exquisite execution and proportion of the building, justify the *naïve* exclamation of an English fine lady of great wealth, who, on beholding it, said to her lord, "Do, pray, dear ——, buy me that beautiful little thing, and have it sent home, to be placed in my flower-garden."

Three bridges span the Arno, and the quays at both sides of it are magnificent.

*January*, 1827.—The Pisans are remarkably civil to strangers; and already have we experienced much of their politeness. The Chancellor of the University, Signor Anguillesi, a poet of no mean repute, and the

Professor Rossini, a well-informed and sensible man, have been doing the honours of their town to us.

There is established here a little colony of Greeks, among whom are some of the highest families of the Fanare: Prince Michael Soutzo,* formerly Hospodar of Moldavia, Prince Carragia, Hospodar of Vallachia, with their families; the Archbishop of Mitylene and suite; and Argyropolo and his wife. The Prince Michael Soutzo is a man of superior abilities, and most polished manners. The Princess appears a very amiable woman, and their sons and daughters give an excellent specimen of their race, being peculiarly good-looking and remarkably intelligent. The Archbishop of Mitylene is a venerable and excellent personage. A curious episode in his life is the *séjour* he made with that remarkable man, Ali Pacha, of whom he relates many very interesting anecdotes, which go far to prove the quickness of apprehension and natural talent of the Turk. The Archbishop has collected a fine library, which he means to bequeath to his country, and which we inspected to-day. The choice in the selection is that of a philosopher, rather than of a dignitary of the church; yet why should the profession of philosophy and religion ever be considered incompatible—both, in their true senses, inculcating morality and virtue? Monsieur Mostras, the friend and secretary of the Archbishop, has arranged the library, and classed the books with a precision that enables one to find any work required, with the greatest facility.

* At present Minister from Greece to the British Court.

This Greek colony are nearly all well-informed and clever men, who have known adversity, and profited by its harsh lessons.

*February.*—The mode of passing time at Pisa is more rational than in most other places; for though it may be urged, that we are all at liberty to dispose of our hours as best suits our inclination, still the interruptions consequent on a town residence preclude the enjoyment of diurnal occupation, so agreeable, if not necessary, to those habituated to it. The mornings here are not broken into by visitors; so that the hours from breakfast until it is time to ride or drive into the country are wholly at one's own disposal. The evenings are devoted to visits, when a cheerful society are collected, those staying after the *prima sera* who have no other engagements. We meet in my house, and one or two others, without the ceremony of a formal invitation; and time flies with incredible rapidity in these pleasant reunions. The Prince and Princess Soutzo, the Prince and Princess Constantino Carragia, the Archbishop of Mitylene, the Duchesse de Guiche, the Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Chancellor Anguillesi, and Professor Rossini, are the general *habitués*. Literature, the fine arts, and the peculiar usages of the different countries to which the individuals composing this friendly circle belong, form the usual topics of conversation. Politics are never named, and scandal is banished.

These reunions are never dull, and seem to induce a more than ordinary sentiment of good-will between the parties, founded, probably, on the circumstance, that each is aware that, in all human probability, a

few fleeting months will scatter them as wide asunder as are their native lands, never more to meet; and that the agreeable evenings now passing will return no more between the same persons.

The Count Pozzo di Borgo, residing here, is nephew to the celebrated Russian ambassador of that name at Paris. He is lively, agreeable, and good-natured, answering perfectly to the French denomination of *un bon enfant*. The Countess is a most amiable woman, but in such very delicate health as to be wholly confined to her own *salon*, and two pretty daughters, *not yet come out*, form the family at present here. The Count and Countess de Maistre are also residing at Pisa for the winter. The Count is the author of the amusing book entitled "*Tour autour de ma Chambre*," and of the highly interesting one of "*Le Lépreux de la Valle d'Aost*." He is a martyr to ill health, which nearly precludes his mixing in society, much to the regret of those who have once enjoyed his conversation. This pleasure I had a few evenings ago, when I was present at the representation of an Italian comedy, well got up at the residence of the Count Pozzo di Borgo, the principal characters in which were well enacted by his two pretty and accomplished daughters. All the rank and fashion, as the "Morning Post" would say, of Pisa, were at this representation; and among the ladies were some very handsome faces, though all agreed that none were comparable to the Duchesse de Guiche, who shone the beauty of the evening; a fact of which she alone seemed totally unconscious.

Mr. Francis Hare is arrived from Florence, to

spend a few days with us: he is as gay, clever, and amusing as usual, and, consequently, is an acquisition to our circle.

The news has arrived of the death of the dear good Duke of York, and has plunged us all in sadness. Never did a kinder heart beat in a human breast than in his; and never was there a person more beloved by his friends, and they were numerous. How many instances of his good-nature have recurred to my memory since I heard the sad news of his death; and how many are now sympathising with my feelings of regret for him! He never allowed a difference of political opinion to produce any coldness between him and those he honoured with his regard; and honest and conscientious in his own, he was disposed to give others credit for the same good motives for theirs. The stability of his friendship was as admirable as was the placability of his resentments. His was a heart in which rancour could not find a place, nor deception a harbour. I have heard him, when the tide of public opinion ran high against an individual of his acquaintance, silence the malignity of some (an encounter with whose tongues few would have dared), by a frank avowal that, however appearances might be against the individual, *he would* not, *could not* credit the reports until they were proved, and begged they might change the subject. Peaceful be his rest, kind-hearted and excellent man! who, to many virtues, added as few errors as ever fell to the share of humanity.

Pisa, ever dull, sober Pisa, has its carnival; and a more *triste* abortion of an attempt at gaiety, as far at

least as the public part of the exhibition goes, never was seen. Some fifty old carriages, of the most outré shapes and fashion, drawn by horses caparisoned in trappings as obsolete, and attended by servants in liveries *à-la-mode* of a century ago, parade along the Lung' Arno, the occupants of these antediluvian equipages dressed in their gala garments. One or two modern carriages, well appointed, belonging to *parvenu* families here, make those of *l'ancien régime* look more absurd; but the owners of these last are proud of their antiquity, and would not, on any account, suffer them to be modernized. The people, too, seem to look on the old vehicles with more respect than the new; a proof that *they* have not yet adopted the liberalism of the French, shown in the mockery levelled by the people of that nation against all that is old.

The pedestrians that crowd the Lung' Arno are nearly all in masquerade dresses, most of them of the fashion of centuries gone by. The balconies and windows are decorated by tapestry, and damask curtains of gay colours; so that the whole scene resembles some of those seen in the old pictures, and has a curious effect. The theatre, too, is open, and the performances are tolerable. The ladies go masked, and pay visits even in the boxes of strangers, to whom they address many civil speeches; never, however, violating the laws of decorum and good breeding. The Italian ladies are peculiarly polite to those of other countries, sending gifts of flowers, fruit, and *bonbons*, offered with a delicacy of manner very agreeable.

The weather has been uninterruptedly mild, and free from rain, since we have been here, resembling the fine days in the early part of October in England.

*March.*—Mr. Wilkie,* our celebrated painter, has come to spend a few days with us. He enjoys Italy very much; and his health is, I am happy to say, much improved. He was present, last evening, at a concert at the Duchesse de Guiche's, where a delicate compliment was offered to her, the musicians having surprised her with an elegantly turned song, addressed to her, and very well sung; copies of which were presented to each of the party, printed on paper *couleur de rose*, and richly embossed. This *galanterie* originated with half a dozen of the most distinguished of the Pisans; and the effect was excellent, owing to the poetical merit of the verses, the good music to which they were wedded, and the unaffected surprise of the fair object to whom they were addressed. Mr. Wilkie seemed very much pleased at the scene, and much struck with the courtly style of beauty of our hostess.

Mr. Lister, the author of "Granby," has come here for a few days. He is a very gentlemanly, well-informed young man, of peculiarly mild manners, and with a good taste for the fine arts.

We went to Leghorn yesterday: a large party, consisting of the Duchesse de Guiche, Mr. Lister, Mr. Wilkie, and our own family. A portion of our party went on board Admiral Codrington's ship, which was in the harbour; and returned much gratified by the

* Now Sir David Wilkie.

inspection of it. I, who have seen so many ships, devoted the time during which they were absent to an examination of the English cemetery; where repose the mortal remains of so many of my countrymen, who came to this mild climate in the vain hope of recovering health, and remained to die. A cemetery, at all times and in all places a sight that appeals to the feelings, does so most forcibly when sacred to our compatriots in a foreign land; and I could not look at the graves without thinking how many fond hearts have yearned to behold these last resting-places of the loved dead, from whom seas divide them.

The tomb of Horner is distinguished from all others, by a cameo, the work of Chantrey, admirably executed. Smollett's grave, who could pass without a sigh? remembering the delight his works have so often afforded. The guide pointed to a tomb, and said, "There, signora, is one that few of your compatriots look on without smiling: strange, that people can smile at an epitaph, which I am told is so very melancholy."

The following is the inscription, written by the defunct, and engraved on the tomb by her express desire:—

"Under this stone lies the victim of sorrow; fly, wandering stranger, from her mouldering dust, lest the rude wind, conveying a particle thereof unto thee, should communicate that venom, Melancholy, that has destroyed the strongest frame and liveliest spirits. With joy did she resign her breath, a living martyr to sensibility."

There was no resisting the two last lines, which,

I fear, prove incontestibly that the deceased was an Hibernian.

"Ah! signora, you too smile, like all the rest, at that monument," said the guide; "well, for my part, I cannot understand why."

The shop of a Jew, named Hadbid, at Leghorn, filled with shawls, and various other objects of Eastern manufacture, is much frequented, and offers an assemblage of very rich merchandise to tempt strangers. We dined at Leghorn, and returned home in the evening, well pleased with our excursion.

*April.*—Paid a visit yesterday to the Prince and Princess Carragia, who reside in the Palazzo Lanfranchi, in which Byron lived. I was glad of an opportunity of seeing the rooms he inhabited; and the scene I beheld in them reminded me of him: *he* would have been struck with it. The room in which the Princess received us is a large one, and contained several articles of furniture in the Turkish style. Her dress, too, was more in the Oriental than French or Italian mode, and gave her a very picturesque appearance. The Princess is far advanced in years, and speaks no language but her native one, so that we were compelled to have recourse to an interpreter. She was attired in a robe of very rich Turkish materials, and of a peculiar form; and on her head was a small embroidered kerchief, with a bunch of natural flowers. She wore, although in the morning, a necklace of splendid pearls, with a magnificent diamond clasp, and bracelets and rings that might have excited the longing of a queen. She sat on a low ottoman,

covered with a rich India shawl, and another was placed at her feet.

*Vis-à-vis* to her sat the aged Prince her husband, in his Turkish costume, his grey beard flowing over his breast, and his magnificent pipe by his side. He speaks Italian and French, and is a shrewd old man. Count Pozzo di Borgo, who accompanied us in the visit, and who frequently spends an hour with the Prince and Princess, asked the latter to let us see some of her jewels, a request with which she good-naturedly complied; and the Prince ordered pipes to be brought to the gentlemen.

It was curious to behold the barbaric paraphernalia glittering before our eyes. On one side were the pipes, sparkling with rubies, sapphires, emeralds and diamonds, with which the amber mouth-pieces and handles were encrusted; poniards, and Damascus sabres, equally enriched with precious stones; and on the other were shining, in the open casket of the Princess, diamonds, uncut rubies, and emeralds, of immense value. One necklace particularly caught my attention. It consisted of a single row of pear-shaped diamonds, pierced at one end, through the punctures of which was passed a silver thread. There was no setting of any kind to this necklace, and never did I see so beautiful an ornament. Coffee was served *à-la-turque*, in delicate china cups incased in silver fillagree ones; and the Prince and Princess did the honours of their residence with a grave dignity.

Dined yesterday at the Archbishop of Mitylene's, and partook of a repast in which many Turkish and

Greek dishes were introduced. I found them excellent; particularly a pillaw, the rice served with which was so admirably dressed, that, white as snow, and very hot, each grain might be separated from its neighbour without being crushed: yet it was perfectly boiled. A kid, roasted whole, and stuffed with pistachio nuts, was delicious. The dinner was sumptuous, consisting of three courses *à-la-française,* besides *hors-d'œuvres;* among which were caviare and various other Russian delicacies. The choice and abundance of the *sucreries* surprised us, though accustomed to the variety and excellency of them in Italy. Endless were the sweet things composed of flowers, and not only tasting, but impregnated with the odour of them. One cake of rose-leaves was a *chef-d'œuvre;* and another, of orange-flowers, was pronounced worthy of being served with nectar. The truth of Moore's song, in which he asserts that beauty cannot live on flowers, might be disproved by the sight of the dessert *à-la-turque* and *à-la-grecque,* for never did more tempting cates court the appetite of woman.

The party consisted of the Duchess de Guiche, the Prince and Princesse Soutzo, the Prince and Princesse Constantino Carragia, and our family, with Mr. Mostras. After dinner coffee was served *à-la-turque,* and in a separate chamber pipes were laid for the gentlemen; who rejoined us, breathing, not of the insupportable fumes of tobacco, but of rose-water, through the medium of which they inhaled it. In the evening some additional guests were added to the circle, and a more agreeable party I have seldom met.

*May.*—We gave a dinner yesterday in the forest of

Pisa, one of the most beautiful spots I have seen in Italy. The trees are magnificent, the verdure of the most vivid green, and the sea bathes one side of the forest with its blue waters, in which the lofty pines are reflected. But what adds considerably to the Oriental aspect of the scene, are the droves of camels wandering through it. Yesterday the illusion was completed by the presence of Prince Soutzo, and some others of our guests, in their Turkish costumes. As we sat at a table spread under the stately trees, through which the bright sun glanced on the plate with which it was piled, the turbans, flowing beards, and rich robes of some of the guests, and the snowy draperies of the ladies, had a very picturesque effect; while groups of camels, passing and repassing in the background, gave a notion of the halt of a caravan in some Eastern country.

*June.*—Dull as this place might be considered by most people, we depart from it with regret; for in it we have passed some pleasant days, and we leave behind us some whom it would grieve me to think I should meet no more. The Pisans are excellent people, kind-hearted, friendly, and obliging. In their society we have spent some agreeable evenings, and from them we have received many civilities.

Our Greek acquaintances we have learned to regard as friends: clever, intelligent, and amiable, we shall greatly miss the pleasure which our intercourse with them affords us; but I trust we shall meet again. This trust is founded on the talents of Prince Michael Soutzo, which are too remarkable not to place him in a distinguished position, whenever his country is suffi-

ciently tranquil to permit a government to be established; in which, doubtless, he would be called on to fill an important situation. I have never known a more interesting family than his, nor one in which talent and worth are so united.

The good Archbishop, too, I regret to leave,—so mild, so full of Christian virtues. In the gay and dissipated society of other places, where people only meet for amusement, and have little opportunity of becoming really known to each other, they part without regret. But in a quiet, secluded town like this, the habit of daily intercourse, and in a limited circle, establishes an intimacy somewhat resembling that formed by guests in large country-houses, who might have met nightly amid the festivities of a crowded metropolis, without creating anything more than a slight acquaintance. Innumerable are the *gages-d'amitié* we have received from our new friends here; and deep is the regret expressed, and I do believe felt, at our approaching departure. They kindly and flatteringly assert, that they shall never be enabled to pass the Casa Chiesa without sorrow; and more than one poetical effusion has been already written on the subject. Yes, parting is a melancholy thing, and so I have ever felt it.

FLORENCE.—Arrived here three days ago. The heat intense, and inhaling in this inn, good though it be, the odour of the cuisine, and the flesh-pots therein preparing all day, the smell alone is enough to make one fat, and yet to preclude appetite, so overcoming are its fumes.

Much as I had heard of the flowers of Florence, their variety, profusion, and beauty surpass my expectations, and tempt me to undraw my purse-strings frequently during the evening drive. The delicacy of their hues, and the delicious odours they exhale, must surprise as well as delight those accustomed only to the paler and less odoriferous flowers of our colder clime; but even at Rome and Naples there are none to be found comparable to those daily offered for sale here.

Among the other *agrémens* of Florence is an excellent bookseller's shop, where most of the new productions of literature can be purchased, and where I half ruined myself to-day. But who can resist flowers and books?—Not *I*, I am sure.

Made the acquaintance of Walter Savage Landor, ten days ago, and have seen him nearly every day since. There are some people, and he is of those, whom one cannot designate as "Mr." I should as soon think of adding the word to his name as, in talking of some of the great writers of old, to prefix it to theirs. Of Walter Savage Landor's genius, his "Imaginary Conversations" had, previously to our meeting, left me in no doubt: of the elevation of his mind, the nobleness of his thoughts, and the manly tenderness which is a peculiar attribute of superior men, and strongly characterises him, I had learned to form a just estimate; but the high breeding and urbanity of his manners, which are very striking, I had not been taught to expect; for those who spoke of him to me, although sincere admirers of his, had not named them. His avoidance of general society,

though courted to enter it, his dignified reserve when brought in contact with those he disapproves, and his fearless courage in following the dictates of a lofty mind, had somehow or other given the erroneous impression that his manners were, if not somewhat abrupt, at least singular. This is not the case, or, if it be, the only singularity I can discern is a more than ordinary politeness towards women — a singularity that I heartily wish was one no longer. The politeness of Landor has nothing of the troublesome officiousness of a *petit-maître*, nor the oppressive ceremoniousness of a fine gentleman of *l'ancien régime;* it is grave and respectful, without his ever losing sight of what is due to himself, when most assiduously practising the urbanity due to others. There is a natural dignity which appertains to him that suits perfectly with the style of his conversation and his general appearance. His head is one of the most intellectual ones imaginable, and would serve as a good illustration in support of the theories of phrenologists. The forehead broad and prominent; the mental organs largely developed; the eyes quick and intelligent; and the mouth full of benevolence. The first glance at Landor satisfies one that he can be no ordinary person; and his remarks convince one of the originality of his mind, and the deep stores of erudition treasured in it. It is not often that a man, so profoundly erudite as Landor, preserves this racy originality, which,—as the skins employed in Spain to contain wines impart a certain flavour to all that passes through them,—gives a colour to all that he has acquired. He reads of the ancients, thinks, lives

with, and dreams of them; has imbued his thoughts with their lofty aspirations, and noble contempt of what is unworthy; and yet retains the peculiarities that distinguish him from them, as well as from the common herd of men. These peculiarities consist in a fearless and uncompromising expression of his thoughts, incompatible with a mundane policy; the practice of a profuse generosity towards the unfortunate; a simplicity in his own mode of life, in which the indulgence of selfish gratifications is rigidly excluded; and a sternness of mind, and a tenderness of heart, that would lead him to brave a tyrant on his throne, or to soothe a wailing infant with a woman's softness. These are the characteristics of Walter Savage Landor, who may justly be considered one of the most admirable writers of his day, as well as one of the most remarkable and original men.

*July.*—Tired of Schneiderff's, with its perpetual bustle, and never-ending odour of soup, we have been so fortunate as to find a charming retreat in the Casa Pecori, on the Lung' Arno, formerly arranged as a *maison de plaisance* for Elise Bacciocchi, when Grand Duchess of Tuscany. Here she retired from the pomps and cares of royalty, to sip sorbetti, or enjoy the privacy of a *petit-souper* with a few confidential friends. It is thus ever that people seek enjoyment in a sphere which is not their ordinary one. Sovereigns delight in occasionally laying aside their grandeur in some less-glittering home than the palace, which seems so enviable a dwelling to all but them; while those not born to splendour imagine that, if in possession of it, happiness would be theirs. Alas! both are in

error. It is the heart and mind which constitute content—happiness is not for earth.

The Casa Pecori is small, but charmingly arranged; the principal rooms open to a terrace covered with orange-trees, with a delicious pavilion at the end, overlooking the Arno. Nothing can be prettier than this spot; and here we have decided on passing the sultry months of summer.

*August.*—I enjoy our *séjour* here exceedingly. The mornings are devoted to the galleries, where an intimate acquaintance is formed with the best works of art, which, like those of nature, can only be appreciated by long and frequent study. Every day some fresh beauty of the old masters makes itself felt; and in contemplating their works, one can fancy oneself acquainted with the minds of those inspired painters of the olden time. It is delightful to pass whole hours lounging through apartments, the walls of which are glowing with landscapes, or forms divine, steeped in an atmosphere of beauty; but it is doubly delightful to have the rooms free from the herd of travellers, who rush from picture to picture, uttering, in audible tones, "the cant of criticism," acquired from some guide-book, or book of travels, without feeling the merits they praise, or the defects they censure. At this season, Florence is free from travellers; and this immunity constitutes one of its chief attractions in my eyes.

The evenings are passed in enjoying the delicious freshness of the Cascina, or in driving in the pleasant environs, until the shades of night send us home to enjoy iced tea and sorbetti in our charming pavilion

overlooking the Arno, where a few friends assemble every evening. Walter Savage Landor seldom misses this accustomed visit, and his *real* conversations are quite as delightful as his imaginary ones. In listening to the elevated sentiments and fine observations of this eloquent man, the mind is carried back to other times; and one could fancy oneself attending to the converse of a philosopher of antiquity, instead of that of an individual of the nineteenth century; though, to be sure, one of the most remarkable persons of this, or any age.

We have an acquisition, as well as an addition to our circle, in the Duc de Richelieu, who has arrived. He is very agreeable and unaffected, and seems to enjoy Florence much, or at least our mode of life in it. The effect of this climate on the spirits is sensibly experienced by all who come from the frigid north. A cheerfulness, if not a gaiety, is engendered by the genial atmosphere, even in those of a saturnine disposition; and life itself is felt to be more pleasurable than in our clouded land. The adventitious aids to which people have recourse, in order to urge the flight of time at home, are here never employed or even remembered; for the speed of the ruthless tyrant is found to be rendered quite rapid enough, though his footsteps are unheeded, by the agreeable frame of mind which the bright skies and sunshine here occasion.

*September.*—I have been much amused by a long visit from the Prince Borghese, who is lately returned from England, of which he speaks very highly. Such is the obesity of this noble Roman—for a Roman he

is, though he resides at Florence—that he dare not indulge in repose in a horizontal position; and sleeps either in his carriage, in which he drives about during the greater part of the night, or in a large chair, constructed for the purpose. His features are handsome, and the expression of his countenance is remarkably good-natured, but it is never illumined by a ray of intellect; and he seems so overpowered by the vast mass of flesh in which he is encased that all personal movement is so difficult as to render him averse from attempting it. He gives one the notion of a man sheathed in a *couvre pied* of eider-down, from which he cannot extricate himself, and suffering incessantly from its warmth. His voice, too, is feeble, and, issuing from so huge a frame, reminds one of the fable of the *Montagne accouchée d'une Souris*. He wears a profusion of rings of great value, so large in their dimensions that they might serve as bucklers for men of small stature. Altogether, he out-Herods Falstaff in size, but wants the activity and vivacity of the fat knight. It took him ten minutes to recover his breath after ascending the stairs to the drawing-room, though two servitors assisted him in the operation. And this was the husband of the *petite et mignonne* Pauline! Never surely did Hymen join two persons so dissimilar before.

In speaking to Prince Borghese one is unconsciously tempted to raise one's voice to the loudest pitch, as if addressing some person in an inner room, he seems so hermetically enclosed by his huge envelope of flesh, yet his sense of hearing is not impaired. The wealth of the Prince is immense, and

his hospitality is commensurate with it. He is said to have a kind heart (I wonder how it is to be got at through the thick rampart by which it is encircled), and, though not gifted with much intellectual power, is not deficient in resolution, witness his pertinacity in resisting Pauline's efforts to extract a portion of his wealth. The beautiful Pauline (for beautiful she continued even to her dying day), ascertaining that the allowance granted by her husband when she separated from him was too small to satisfy her expensive habits, and finding every attempt to induce him to pay her debts unsuccessful, sued him in a court of law for a restitution of conjugal rights, and gained her suit. She believed, and so did all who knew both parties, that *il marito* would pay any sum rather than have her again as an inmate in his palace. But she was mistaken, for he submitted to the law, said he was ready to receive her, but refused to admit any of the numerous suite of *dames de compagnie, gentils-hommes de la chambre, secrétaires, médecins, &c. &c.*, who were attached to her establishment; her two *femmes-de-chambre* only being allowed to accompany her. With these hard conditions want of money compelled *la belle Pauline* to comply, and she arrived at the Palazzo Borghese determined to achieve anew the conquest of the heart of her husband. She arrived all smiles: the Prince met her at the top of the stairs and embraced her. "*Cara Paulina*" and "*Carissimo Camillo,*" were gently murmured by the lips of each, as he led her, nothing loth, to the wing of the Palace appropriated to her use. He inquired kindly about her health; not a word or look of reproach

escaped either, and his manner was so amiable that she fancied her empire already established. He took his leave, that she might, as he considerately said, repose from the fatigue of her journey, and kissed the beautiful little hand tenderly held out to him. Pauline was delighted; everything looked *coleur de rose;* but lo! when, having examined the suite of apartments allotted to her, she wished to enter those of the Prince, that she might thank him for the attention paid to her comfort in the arrangement of them, she found the door of communication between the two suites *walled up.*

Finding, after a short residence beneath the conjugal roof, that neither smiles nor tears could unloose the purse-strings of her husband or restore to her his affections, she left it and returned to her former abode, unable to commence any new suit against the Prince, he having given her no ostensible cause of complaint; *au contraire,* having treated her with marked politeness during her residence beneath his roof.

*October.*—Lord Caledon, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, and Mr. Hallam, spent last evening with us. The latter is an agreeable man, with an acute mind, prone to examine all that interests him, and not disposed to adopt any opinion without investigating it in all its bearings. It is an amusing study to observe how much men's minds are influenced by the peculiar occupations to which they devote their time. I think I should have quickly discovered that the author of the "Middle Ages" was an historian, had I never heard the fact, from the manner in which he unconsciously sifted circumstances detailed in

the conversation to which he listened. His appears to be a mind that never trifles, but sets seriously to work on whatever subject engages his attention. Even now, in this delicious country, instead of enjoying his holidays from literary labour, it is plain that it is not idle, and that in society he is laying in a store of information to augment the treasures he already possesses. Mr. Hallam's is a peculiar countenance, but a very intelligent one, indicative of no ordinary share of acuteness and good sense. I anticipate much gratification from the prospect of seeing him frequently at Rome this winter. When Mr. Hallam's name was announced, some Italian ladies who were present immediately asked if that was indeed the author of the "Middle Ages," and felt gratified at having seen him. A group of English ladies might possibly be less acquainted with the work referred to by the Italian ones with so much pleasure, or might probably have evinced less satisfaction at beholding its author. Except T. Moore, I never saw any other writer received with peculiar distinction by my countrywomen; and even the gifted poet might owe his popularity among the gentler sex to his songs, to which his peculiar and charming mode of singing them adds such attractions.

*November.*—Lord Lilford has departed for England, and, having had him for a daily guest during the last three months, we miss him very much. He is so good-natured and good-tempered (two qualities that, whatever people may assert to the contrary, do not always go together), that, like sugar, which amalgamates with things the most opposite, and softens

the acidity of the most sour, his mildness smooths down the asperities of all with whom he comes in contact. He is formed to dwell in Italy and enjoy the *dolce far' niente* of its luxurious climate, but I cannot fancy him engaged in the active duties of a senator at home. There is an imploring expression of *laissez-moi tranquille* in his good-natured face that is very rare in so young a man, and argues ill for his distinguishing himself in life, if distinction, as most people believe, can only be attained by active pursuits and persevering exertions. Lilford will make an uxorious husband, an indulgent father, and a quiet master; and, after all, it is not of every one of whom so much good can be predicted.

ROME.—Arrived from Florence late last night—to find the house prepared for our reception wholly unlike what we expected, and totally unsuitable for so large a family as ours. And this the Romans call a palace! But so they do every house with any pretensions in this city. It is astonishing that with such an influx of English the Romans have not, like the Neapolitans, rendered their houses more fitted for their accommodation. They have contented themselves with demanding prices *à l'Anglaise*, but have left the dwellings for which such exorbitant rents are asked in all the pristine nudity of Roman discomfort. I like the grandeur of the old foreign houses, faded though it be, infinitely better than the tawdry attempt at modern French decoration, now so prevalent at Rome.

I have occupied the whole day in house-hunting,

and never beheld less tempting habitations than those I went over. Not one offered a single room in which a person accustomed to comfort could say, or fancy, "Here I can manage to render the apartment cheerful and liveable." In one of these dreary mansions I met Mr. Hallam, who looked as ruefully as myself at the gloomy, half-furnished rooms; but more surprised, I imagine, at the rent demanded, as he is a stranger in the land, wherein I have been a sojourner of some three years' standing.

I have, at length, found an abode, in the Palazzo Negroni, of which I have engaged the two principal floors, at one hundred guineas a-month, for six months certain, a sum for which an admirable house could be had in England; while this is, though the best to be had, anything but desirable in my opinion. The entrance is through a small court-yard into which the stables open; and the task of Hercules, in cleansing the Augean ones, was not more required than here. The suites of rooms are good, but the furniture of the whole would not be sufficient to arrange two of them with comfort: so that, now the house is obtained, we must look out for furniture to be hired, to put into it. This acquisition will, I am told, cost about twenty pounds a-month; and, after all, the abode will not be comparable to any of those to be had at Naples. But murmuring will not render things any better: so, *Courage!* and to-morrow I will try if, with the aid of countless yards of white muslin, for clean window-curtains, innumerable table-covers, with which we are always provided, to conceal the ill-polished wood, and

some dozen of eider-down pillows, smartly cased, to lay along the hard backs of the miserable half-stuffed sofas, I can render the three saloons habitable.

Half the inconvenience of travelling is removed by the possession of a capacious fourgon, that "real blessing to women," as Dalby's Carminative is advertised to be to mothers. From its roomy storehouse is drawn forth those moveable articles so indispensable to the "comfort of the learned and curious—not only in fish-sauces," but in arranging houses. Thence comes the patent brass bed, that gives repose at night; and the copious supply of books, which ensure amusement during the day. Thence emerges the modern inventions of easy chairs and sofas to occupy the smallest space when packed; *batteries de cuisine*, to enable a cook to fulfil the arduous duties of his *métier:* and, though last, not least, cases to contain the delicate *chapeaux*, *toques*, *bérets;* and *bonnets* of a Herbault, too fragile to bear the less easy motion of leathern bandboxes crowning imperials. Yes, a fourgon is one of the comforts of life. Peaceful be the fate of its inventor!

It was fortunate that the house engaged for us was only hired for one month; or we should have had to pay for it for the whole term. We have, therefore, got off well with the loss of forty pounds for two nights' lodging.

Rome is filled with English, and in every street the carriages, liveries, and faces of my compatriots are so continually met, that one could fancy oneself at home, instead of being so far distant from it. English shops, and among these a confectioner, too, is established.

Hear it, ye gods of ancient Rome! an English confectioner in Italy, which surpasses the rest of the world in its *sucrerie*. The Romans laugh and shrug their shoulders at our national tastes, and well they may.

We are established in the Palazzo Negroni; and now that a sufficient quantity of furniture has been introduced, the rooms look very habitable. The Duc de Laval-Montmorenci, the French ambassador here, spent last evening with us, and was very entertaining. I like this French and Italian mode of visiting, which gives up the evenings to society, reserving the mornings for one's occupations. The *prima sera*, devoted to paying or receiving visits, is the portion of the evening that intervenes between dinner and the time for attending the balls, *soirées*, or the theatre; which, as the dinner hour here is two hours earlier than in London, might otherwise fall heavily on the hands of those who depend on society *pour passer le temps*.

The Duc de Laval-Montmorenci is a singular but amiable man, always in a hurry, with a strange mixture of acuteness and simplicity, high breeding and *brusquerie*, chivalrous feeling and mundane wisdom, ostentation and prudence, wit and *naïveté*: each of these qualities influencing him in turn; and their opposing dictates produce the most extraordinary effect, and occasion the strangest inconsistencies in his manner and character. Some one speaking of him as being very agreeable, Lord Dudley observed that the Duc was as much so as a man could be who cannot hear, see, or speak plainly. The truth is, he is deaf, extremely short-sighted, and stammers very much. Nevertheless he *is* very agreeable, for he has seen much of the

world, abounds in anecdote, has an excellent heart, a good temper, and is always good-natured and obliging. A passionate admirer of beauty, he talks in raptures of charms he is too short-sighted to see, even where they exist, and which he is prone to attribute to every woman he meets. He speaks of *les beaux yeux bleus* of a lady whose eyes are black, *le teint délicat* of a dame highly rouged, and *la gentillesse d'une charmante jeune personne* who is near forty. He recounts a story full of interest, pauses in the middle, turns an appealing look to the listeners, and exclaims, "*Mais, mais c'est drôle, tout-à-fait drôle; j'ai tout oublié! je n'y comprends rien . . . . qu'est-ce que c'est donc ce que je disais?*"

This forgetfulness is so frequent, that those who live much with him are accustomed to remind him of the point at which he stopped, and then he resumes. At other times, in the midst of a conversation, he drops asleep, without in the least changing the dignified posture which he always maintains; and, after slumbering for a few minutes, says, "*Oui, oui, vous avez bien raison, c'est clair: je vous fais mes compliments: c'est impossible d'être plus juste.*"

Of the smiles produced by these peculiarities he is, owing to his being so short-sighted, totally unconscious; and should a laugh, as is not unfrequently the case, escape from those around him, his deafness precludes him from hearing it. His appearance, bearing, and manners are so distinguished and *comme il faut*, that he never can be an object of ridicule; although he sometimes forces even those who esteem and respect him to smile at his peculiarities. His

abilities in diplomacy are said to be of no inferior order, and his general information is very extensive. The *prestige* attached to the name he bears predisposes people to look for in him those qualities said to be indigenous to true nobility. Nor are those who seek them disappointed; for the Duc de Laval-Montmorenci, notwithstanding the peculiarities I have noticed, possesses a delicacy of sentiment, nobleness of mind, and amiability, worthy of "the first Christian baron" of his ancient ancestors. He is in high favour with the Pope, and is much beloved by the Cardinals. The generosity of his conduct to Pius VII., when in France, has won him golden opinions from the whole Catholic hierarchy. Conscientious motives induced that Pope to conceal some of his personal wants from Napoleon, from whom he wished to avoid incurring obligations; the Duc de Laval discovered and removed the wants, with a liberality only to be equalled by the delicacy with which they were supplied.

*December.*—Lord Howick and Mr. Wood dined here yesterday. The former is quick and intelligent, but grave, beyond his years; and he wants the suavity that tempers the aristocratic *fierté* of his father, and lends such a peculiar charm to the natural dignity of that enlightened statesman. Lord Howick is decidedly a very clever young man, but is too distant and reserved to be a very popular one. Mr. Wood is lively and entertaining, with an originality of manner indicative of an originality of mind. The besetting sin of too many young Englishmen of the present day is a conventional tone, in which two very opposite pe-

culiarities, abruptness and reserve, seem to be equally blended; and, as the union is never agreeable, one is glad to meet some person who has courage enough to preserve his natural manner, instead of adopting that of his contemporaries. It is tiresome to see a number of young men, as similar to each other, in behaviour at least, as so many pieces of cambric muslin, and, like these, the intrinsic qualities concealed by the artificial stiffness of the dressing.

Letters from home—What a yearning of the heart does the word *home* excite! When distance divides us from our native land, we cease to recollect its dense fogs, chilly atmosphere, gloomy skies, and uncertain climate, and remember only the many nameless blessings and comforts to be found in home, and in home only. Perhaps, however paradoxical the supposition may appear, some portion of the charm of home may be derived from the severity and uncertainty of our climate. With what pleasure do we enjoy the genial warmth of a blazing fire, a well-lighted apartment, and the luxurious comfort of an easy chair or well-stuffed sofa, after having the physical feelings chilled, and the mental ones rendered gloomy, by the cold and cheerless atmosphere to which in England we are so continually exposed! It is certain that we most frequently think of home, as associated with the comforts we draw around us in a winter's evening.

Mr. Hallam, and Mr. Terrick Hamilton, the translator of "Antar," dined with us yesterday. I like both, for they are clever in their different ways. Mr. Hallam's literary reputation has preceded him in Italy, where his "Middle Ages" is as generally read

as duly appreciated. I like meeting Mr. Hallam among the ruins of Rome, or in the Vatican, where he may be frequently encountered, anxiously exploring every spot, and examining every object likely to throw a light on the subjects to which he has turned his comprehensive mind. He has with him a son, a youth of very extraordinary promise; and, though scarcely out of boyhood, already capable of being the sharer of his father's pursuits, as he will, I trust, one day become the successor of his fame. Mr. Hallam is treated with deserved distinction at Rome, not only by his countrymen, but by foreigners, many of whom, if not all, are conversant with at least one of his works, "The History of the Middle Ages."

Mr. Terrick Hamilton is brother to Mr. Hamilton, formerly minister at Naples. Sensible, well-informed, and gentleman-like, he is sure to be esteemed by those who can appreciate an honesty of mind and firmness of purpose that never permits him to conceal his own opinions, or tolerate what he deems defective in those of others. I refer to his politics, which are high Tory: nevertheless, his good-breeding precludes the expression of his sentiments from ever becoming offensive to those of opposite parties; for he assails their opinions, or defends his own, in a manner never calculated to interrupt the harmony of society.

My poor dear friend, Sir William Drummond, came to see me yesterday, and the alteration in his appearance absolutely shocked me. He was borne from his carriage (in which he reclines supported by pillows) by two servants, in a chair arranged for the purpose; and looked precisely like the sitting statue

of Voltaire, executed so shortly before his death. Though as emaciated and pale as it is possible to be while life yet remains in the frail tenement, his mind retains all its pristine vigour, and his conversation is as delightful as ever. He is conscious that "the King of Terrors" is fast approaching, and awaits his presence with all the dignified composure of a philosopher of old. He spoke to me of his approaching end with calmness; said he should have liked to have had time to finish the work in which he is engaged; and observed that it was a blessing, for which he was penetrated with gratitude to the *Most High*, that his mind still survived the wreck of his body, and enabled him to bear, if not to forget, the physical sufferings entailed by disease.

"Never did I enjoy composition or reading more than at present," said he; "and, engaged in both, I sometimes forget how soon I shall be called from this life; and wonder how, with this awful consciousness, I can enjoy these, which have been from youth the sources whence I have derived my happiness."

I have never witnessed such an example of the triumph of mind over body, as is exemplified in my poor dear friend; and how so frail a tenement can contain so bright a guest seems little less than a miracle. Sir William Drummond spoke to me in high terms of our friend Walter Savage Landor to-day, whom he looks on as one of the most remarkable men of our time. In referring to his own consciously approaching end, he said, "There is something in Rome, with its ruins, and the recollections with which it is fraught, that reconciles one to decay and death. The

inevitable lot of all things seems here so strongly brought before one, that the destiny of an individual is merged in that of the scene around him."

*February.*—Attended a very splendid *bal masqué* at the Duchesse de Bracciano's last night. The fine suite of apartments looked magnificently; brilliantly illuminated, and filled with crowds, attired in the most rich and varied costumes imaginable. A female mask, elegantly dressed, accosted me several times. Her observations were so piquant and witty, that I wished to discover who she was; but no one could or would tell me. At length a clue to the discovery was afforded me, for she approached leaning on the arm of the Duc de Laval-Montmorenci; and we had a very amusing conversation, in which he took part. In the course of the evening the Duc informed me that the agreeable mask was no other than *la Reine Hortense*, known, at present, as the Duchesse de St. Leu.

Before the ball broke up, she again spoke to me, avowed who she was, and expressed a wish to see me at her house; where I shall certainly take an early opportunity of paying my respects. A mask in a blue domino also accosted me several times, and kept up a lively and clever conversation. After some time he confessed who he was, and proved to be the ex-King of Westphalia. He is vivacious and agreeable in conversation, and his manners are very polished; with such evident good-humour, and good-nature, as to banish restraint from those with whom he converses. The Prince de Montfort, as he is at present styled, bears a striking resemblance to the pictures and busts of the

Emperor Napoleon, but he is taller, and much less disposed to *embonpoint*, than his brother. His complexion is a deep but clear brown, his eyes dark and animated, his teeth remarkably good, and the expression of his countenance quick, intelligent, and pleasant,

The *bals masqués* at the Duchesse de Bracciano's furnish an opportunity for the Duchesse de St. Leu and the Prince de Montfort to mix in general society, of which they frequently avail themselves, always maintaining a strict *incognito*, except to a chosen few. The Duc de Laval seizes these, the only occasions afforded to him, to give his arm to the Duchesse de St. Leu, and to enjoy as much of her conversation as he can ; his position as Ambassador of France here precluding him from going to her house. The Bonaparte family, except at the masked balls of the Duchesse de Bracciano, never enter into any general society at Rome. The Duchesse de St. Leu receives twice a-week at her palace; and her parties, never large, are considered the most agreeable at Rome. The Princesse de Montfort receives also twice a-week ; and her *soirées* are attended by all the foreigners of distinction, several of the Roman nobles, and the Ambassador of Russia and his attendants; the near connexion of the Princesse de Montfort with the Emperor of Russia inducing every possible demonstration of respect to be paid to her and the Prince, by his Ambassador. The Prince uses the imperial liveries, of green and gold ; the Princess drives out daily in a handsome equipage, accompanied by her children, their governante, and her lady in waiting;

and the Prince rides attended by his Chamberlain and two or three others of his suite. The Bonaparte family are greatly esteemed and respected at Rome, where they expend much money, not only in a liberal hospitality, but in extensive charities.

Our old and clever friend, Mr. J. Steuart, the nephew of Sir William Drummond, is arrived here, and with him Lord King; they spent last evening with us. I call Mr. J. Steuart our *old* friend, though he is in the prime of youth, because we knew him so well at Naples. He is very clever and kind-hearted, with an imagination that only requires to be mellowed by time to produce good fruit, and possesses many of the qualities of his uncle. Lord King is a young man of great promise, highly educated, and of a studious turn: he has travelled much, and missed no opportunity of gaining information which may fit him for being a useful and distinguished member of either house of Parliament.

The Count Funchal is Ambassador from the Court of Portugal here, and has not forgotten his English, which he speaks with as much pleasure as correctness. He has seen much of the world and its strange vicissitudes, owing to the unsettled state of his country; but he has borne them with true philosophy, and is one of the most cheerful and amusing companions imaginable. Count Funchal lives with much splendour at Rome; inhabits one of its finest palaces, is extremely hospitable, and consequently popular. We see him frequently; and the more I see, the more I am pleased with him. His appearance is very peculiar, and his dress is still more so: the former offers

a perfect model of the ancient Portuguese aristocracy, or, at least, of our received notion of it; being exceedingly short in stature, with a large head and face, the features plain, but the expression full of benevolence. He gives me the idea of a beneficent fairy, condemned by the wand of some wicked necromancer to assume the shape he now wears; but through which the pristine goodness of his nature peeps forth, rendering ugliness bearable, nay, even agreeable. His dress is unique in its kind, and thrice too large for him. The garments suit him, and each other, so ill, that they give the notion of being purchased at the sale of some *fripier*; and, contrasted with the splendour and variety of the decorations conferred on him by his sovereign, and those at whose courts he has filled the office of Ambassador, look still more grotesque. But all these *petits ridicules* are forgotten when one has conversed with Count Funchal for an hour; his knowledge of the world, and kindness of nature, render him so agreeable.

A very *aimable* and *amiable* person here is the Marchesa Couzani. These two epithets, though nearly similar in sound, are widely different in signification: a person may be the one, without any pretensions to being the other, and *vice versâ*. La Marchesa is fortunately both, which renders her society very desirable. A dreadful occurrence took place in her family two years ago, from the terrible effects of which she is only now recovering. One day, having gone to attend divine service at St. Peter's, she ordered that, when her carriage came for her, it should bring two of her children and a nurse, that she might take

them into the country for a drive. Just as she reached the steps of St. Peter's after the service, she saw her carriage driving up, and her first-born, a lovely child, leaning forward, from the side window, to kiss hands to its mother. The door flew open as the carriage was in the act of turning round, the little girl fell to the earth, the wheel passed over its delicate form, and the vital spark was extinguished in a moment. The feelings of the agonized mother at witnessing this fearful event may be imagined, but never can be described. For many months her health and reason were despaired of; but time, the best friend of the afflicted, has soothed her sorrow, though it has still left a pensiveness in her countenance and manner that renders her peculiarly attractive. When I look on this amiable young woman, blessed with great wealth, a high station, noble ancestry, an excellent husband, and fine children, and think that, though in the possession of so many advantages, she has not escaped the general lot of human kind, severe trial, I am ready to admit that the destiny of even the most favoured is seemingly equalized with the less prosperous state of others, by some heavy affliction.

I seldom pass a day without spending two or three hours in St. Peter's. It is the most delightful promenade imaginable, offering the most perfect coolness in summer, and the most genial warmth in winter. Surrounded by all that can charm the eye, or elevate the mind, a walk through this beautiful fane is, to me, a high intellectual treat; and I feel to want some prized, though accustomed pleasure, whenever any *contretemps* precludes this enjoyment. There are

many days in which I have the glorious temple nearly to myself; or, at least, only a few sacristans are seen gliding through it with noiseless steps. These are precious days; and so dearly do I value the solitude so delicious in such a spot, that only the deepening shade of evening drive me from it. At other times, an approach of the voices of my compatriots painfully contact the silence of the place, and subjects the most to the and least suited to the scene are canvassed. The ball of the past or coming night, the last arrivals or departures, are discussed; and, as the sounds of these colloquies are borne along, I shrink back at this profanation of a temple where prayer and solemn music alone should give voices to the echoes.

Sometimes I meet a solitary pilgrim telling his beads; a devotee prostrate before the shrine of some saint; or a monk lost in a religious reverie. These are in keeping with the scene; and I involuntarily tread with lighter steps lest I should interrupt their devotions. But on the sabbaths, exquisite is the pleasure of sitting apart in some secluded spot, and hearing the solemn music of the pealing organ, and the thrilling chaunt of the singers, reverberating through the magnificent pile. In such moments the *present* is forgotten; its grovelling cares and puerile occupations appear as nought: but the mournful past, and the unknown and mysterious future, seem blended in my thoughts, which are lifted to the Supreme Being, whose omniscience alone sees the trials that await, and those that have been borne by, poor mortals.

The sublimity of the music was so impaired when

I sat in the chapel, and could *see* as well as *hear* the musicians, that I have avoided entering it. A stupid, inexpressive countenance, which indicates that the possessor no more feels the sounds he utters than a musical instrument is conscious of the sentiment of the harmony it breathes, robs the rich treat offered to the ears of half its charm; and a moving mo, and of obesity, in the garb of a priest half asleep, The yawning dignitary of the church, dissipates the illusion which the scene, and the enchanting music, are calculated to excite. At a suitable distance, all these disenchantments vanish, and the soul is wrapt in elysium for the time being. Why, on retiring from the temple, should the ears be shocked by overhearing the arrangements for the reunions for the evening talked of? Yet so it is.

*March.*—Though prepared to meet in Hortense Bonaparte, Ex-Queen of Holland, a woman possessed of no ordinary powers of captivation, she has, I confess, far exceeded my expectations. I have seen her frequently; and spent two hours yesterday in her society. Never did time fly with greater rapidity than while listening to her conversation, and hearing her sing those charming little French *romances*, written and composed by herself, which, though I had always admired them, never previously struck me as being so expressive and graceful as they now proved to be. Hortense, or the Duchesse de St. Leu, as she is at present styled, is of the middle stature, slight and well formed; her feet and ankles remarkably fine; and her whole *tournure* graceful, and distinguished. Her complexion and hair are fair, and her counte-

nance is peculiarly expressive; its habitual character being mild and pensive, until animated by conversation, when it becomes arch and *spirituelle*. I know not that I ever encountered a person with so fine a tact, or so quick an apprehension, as the Duchesse de St. Leu: these give her the power of rapidly forming an appreciation of those with whom she comes in contact; and of suiting the subjects of conversation to their tastes and comprehensions. Thus, with the grave she is serious, with the lively gay; and with the scientific, she only permits just a sufficient extent of her own *savoir* to be revealed to encourage the development of theirs. She is, in fact, "all things to all men," without at the same time losing a single portion of her own natural character; a peculiarity of which seems to be, the desire, as well as the power, of sending away all who approach her satisfied with themselves, and delighted with her. Yet there is no unworthy concession of opinions made, or tacit acquiescence yielded to conciliate popularity; she assents to, or dissents from, the sentiments of others, with a mildness and good sense that gratifies those with whom she coincides, or disarms those from whom she differs. The only flattery she condescends to practise is that most refined and delicate of all, the listening with marked attention to the observations of those with whom she converses; and this tacit symptom of respect to others is not more the result of an extreme politeness, than of a fine nature, attentive to the feelings of those around her.

The Duchesse de St. Leu never could have been what is called a beauty; but it might be said of her,

as it was of the celebrated La Vallière, that she possesses *la grace plus belle encore que la beauté;* for I never saw any person more graceful. It is not often that a woman so accomplished unites the more solid attraction of a highly-cultivated mind: yet in Hortense this is the case; for, though a perfect musician, a most successful amateur in drawing, and mistress of three languages, she is well read in history and *belles-lettres;* has an elementary knowledge of the sciences, and a general acquaintance with the works of the most esteemed authors of ancient and modern times. Her remarks denote an acute perception, and a superior understanding; and are delivered with such a perfect freedom from all assumption of the self-conceit of a *bas-bleu,* or the dictatorial style of one accustomed to command attention, that they acquire an additional charm from the modest grace with which they are uttered. Never did mortal escape the dangerous ordeal of a throne with less deterioration of natural fine qualities than this charming woman; or experience the no less trying touchstone to human nature, reverse of fortune, with a more perfect equanimity of character.

When I see her thus cheerfully conforming to the vicissitudes of the mutable goddess Fortune, and in the privacy of domestic life exciting as much respect and attachment as when she was queen, I am sometimes tempted to ask, can this be the woman who formed the pride and ornament of the brilliant court of Napoleon? *her,* whom he delighted to honour, and who, elevated to a throne, conciliated the affection while she won the esteem of her subjects. Hortense

has acquired much philosophy in the school of affliction, and it has strengthened her mind, without having hardened her heart, which is still as susceptible of pity for the misfortunes of others as if she had been exempt from similar trials.

She showed me her diamonds yesterday, and some of them are magnificent, particularly the necklace presented to the Empress Josephine by the city of Paris. It is a *rivière* of large diamonds, of such immense value that none but a sovereign, or some of our own princely nobility, could become the purchaser. Her other diamonds are very fine, and consist of many *parures*, some presented to her as Queen of Holland; and others bequeathed to her, with the necklace, by her mother. Her bed, furniture, and toilette service of gilt plate, are very magnificent, and are the same that served her in her days of regal state. The arrangement of her apartments indicates a faultless taste, uniting elegance and comfort with grandeur. She has some fine portraits of Napoleon and Josephine in her possession: on our contemplating them, she referred to her mother with as much sensibility as if her death had been recent.

At the Palace of the Duchesse de St. Leu we met the Marchesa Camarata, daughter of the Princess Eliza Bacciocci. This lady is said to bear a very strong resemblance to Napoleon; the freshness and bloom of her complexion, however, gives so totally different a character to her countenance, that, though the features may resemble his, the likeness to him did not strike me. The Marchesa has been brought up much more like a boy than a girl. She rides and

shoots with all the skill and boldness of a man; and is said to confine her studies to grave history and biography, the subjects that most generally occupy the minds of men. Though *brusque*, she is kind and good-natured, and treats women with a sort of air of protection, similar to that adopted by old soldiers towards the gentler sex; and which is *piquant* and amusing in a young and pretty woman.

Prince Louis Bonaparte lives with his mother, and never did I witness a more devoted attachment than subsists between them. He is a fine, high-spirited youth, admirably well educated, and highly accomplished, uniting to the gallant bearing of a soldier all the politeness of a *preux chevalier;* but how could he be otherwise, brought up with such a mother? Prince Louis Bonaparte is much beloved and esteemed by all who know him, and is said to resemble his uncle, the Prince Eugène Beauharnois, no less in person than in mind; possessing his generous nature, personal courage, and high sense of honour.

It is evident, that in relinquishing all the prerogatives of sovereignty, Hortense Bonaparte has not resigned those *d'une femme aimable qui veut plaire,* for she has won by her merit an empire over those who have the happiness of enjoying her society, perhaps more enviable than the imperial one she once possessed. I think it was Joseph II., who observed, that "*l'état naturel n'est pas d'être roi, mais d'etre homme;*" a truism which cannot be questioned: but it may with equal truth be asserted, that he who is most calculated to fill the *rôle* of a man, with honour and dignity, is the best suited to enact the less natu-

ral one of a sovereign. Judging by this criterion, it requires no stretch of belief to give credence to the praises lavished on the conduct of Hortense, when Queen of Holland; for she possesses all the qualities necessary to impart lustre to a throne, and to diffuse happiness in private life.

The trials through which the Duchesse de St. Leu has passed, and they have been neither few nor light, have only served to develop the many noble qualities of her nature, as the blade of Damascus becomes more finely-tempered, from the operation of the fire to which it has been exposed. I remember M. Casimîr Delavigne telling me, before I had the pleasure of knowing this amiable lady, that few women who possessed such solid qualities would have humility enough to condescend to please; especially when she might so easily command admiration, by the display of her superior mental powers and acquirements. He added, that the facility with which she suited her conversation to the level of those with whom she associated, had always appeared to him one of the most convincing proofs of superiority, knowing, as he did, the versatility and extent of her knowledge.

Many of the romances written and set to music by the Duchesse de St. Leu were addressed to her brother, the Prince Eugène Beauharnois, when he was with the army. They breathe the very spirit and soul of tenderness, allied to the chivalrous sentiment of honour, and thirst for fame for the beloved object, that characterised the ladies of old; and while she sang, I could fancy I saw before me one of the dames

chosen to adjudge the prizes of *la cour d'amour*, to the most peerless knight in love and in arms.

The stirring times in which Hortense passed her early youth, when every courier announced a battle in which those nearest and dearest to her were engaged, impressed on her character many of the attributes peculiar to women in the days of chivalry: namely, an heroic love and devotion to her country, and a generous pride in those heroes who were reflecting honour on it by their prowess in war. These sentiments, in our "times of *piping* peace" and utilitarianism, may to many appear romantic and exaggerated; but, to my thinking, they invest this charming woman with increased interest; more especially, as their indications escape from, instead of being exhibited by her. Of Napoleon she speaks with respect and admiration. It is, however, evident that his divorce from her mother deeply wounded the feelings of this attached daughter; and though his reverses and misfortunes awakened afresh in her bosom the sympathy and interest experienced for him in other days, the same affection never could revive. She consequently deserved the more credit for the readiness with which she hastened to him in his hour of need, and the generosity with which she pressed upon him the wreck of the fortune left to her. The Empress Josephine she never names without her eyes becoming suffused with tears; and, seeing the adoration and reverence in which she holds her memory, I consider it no trivial proof of esteem, that she has presented me with a turquoise and diamond ring, worn by the Empress

during many years, and which, on that account, the Duchesse greatly valued.

*April.*—Returned yesterday from the Château de Bracciano, which the Duc and Duchesse of that name were so obliging as to lend us for a week. Our party was a very agreeable one, consisting of our own large family, Sir William Gell, Colonel D'Esté, and Mr. Terrick Hamilton. The château is, I am told, the most perfect specimen of a feudal castle left in Italy, and is truly magnificent. Placed on a lofty eminence, it commands a boundless prospect on both sides: on one is seen the beautiful lake, with the fine woods that surround its shores; and on the other, the picturesque town of Bracciano. The ascent to the castle is so steep, that carriages can only with great difficulty be drawn up it; but this steepness gives a more imposing effect to the building. The gothic towers, formed of black lava, stand boldly out in strong relief against the blue sky that surrounds them; and the whole place forms just such a picture as the pen of a Radcliffe delighted to trace. Nor would the lives of some of its former owners furnish an uninteresting subject for one of those dark romances, the perusal of which so often blanched my cheek with fear in the days of my early youth: for here dwelt the bold and lawless Orsino, Duc de Bracciano, the lover, and afterwards the husband of Victoria Accoromboni, whose romantic life and tragical death form so striking an episode in the history of Tuscany.

The castle contains some fine suites of rooms, and the principal ones still retain many of the vestiges of their former splendour. The tapestry and hangings

are said to bear date from the time of the Orsini, and the grim shadowy figures in the first, and the barbaric splendour of the second, accord well with the solemn grandeur of this noble pile. The principal apartments overlook the lake, whose blue and broad expanse, bounded on three sides by woods, has a fine effect. Many old portraits, as well as other pictures, nearly coeval with the building, decorate the walls; and massive chairs and sofas, on which the originals of the portraits may have sat, are still arranged beneath them.

During the day, we amused ourselves in exploring the castle, pacing the battlements, and rambling by the side of the lake, which supplied us with some delicious fish; and in the evenings, we sat round a blazing wood fire, and told ghost stories. To render them more terrific, we extinguished the candles, and as we listened to, or related, every fearful tale which memory or imagination could furnish, and saw the scowling faces of the tapestry and pictures lighted up by the fitful blaze of the fire, the whole scene resembled one of those of which we sometimes read descriptions, but rarely have an opportunity of seeing. At intervals, I could almost fancy that the grim face of the murdered Peretti, the first husband of Victoria Accoromboni, scowled from the wall; and, as the light fell on a female countenance, it seemed as if that ill-fated heroine glanced pensively down on the strangers who sat within her halls.

A ghost story loses half its terrors, unless told in a feudal castle like this, with every object around appealing to the imagination with irresistible power.

Sir William Gell, whose nerves are weakened by the disease under which he has so long laboured, became so much alarmed, that he declared he had not courage to face the gloomy and faded grandeur of his vast sleeping-room alone, and positively had his servant to sleep on a couch in his room: while I dreamt of the supernatural horrors of which we had prated, and awoke more than once to see my night-lamp throwing its flickering light on the frowning countenances, that seemed to menace me from the walls of my large and lofty apartment. The present possessors of the Château de Bracciano are much and deservedly beloved by their dependants and neighbours here, to whom they dispense, with a liberal hand, many of the comforts of life.

We left Bracciano with regret, after having passed a few days as agreeably and harmoniously as possible; and, what does not always happen, after being inmates beneath one roof, the individuals composing the party seemed perfectly pleased with each other.

On our route to Bracciano, Sir William Gell proposed our stopping to see Galeria, a village occupying the site of the citadel of an ancient Etruscan town of some importance, but in modern times inhabited by a small population of about one hundred souls. Seated on the top of a steep and insulated knoll, projecting into the beautiful valley, through which the river Arona glides along, nothing can be more picturesque than this village; and perhaps that, and the valley which it overlooks, acquire increased beauty from being contrasted with the bleak and arid country around, in which it stands like an oasis in the desert. Galeria is

about half way between Rome and Bracciano, and half a mile distant from the high road. This village was deserted some years ago; why, or wherefore, none can, or at least none will, tell. The houses remain in nearly the same state as they were left; a simple wicket admits the stranger into the silent abodes, once cheerful with the voices of their inhabitants. Images of the Madonna, and the patron saints of the proprietors, still decorate the humble edifices, though no votive lamp now burns before the *Madre Santissima;* and the walls are dight with many a gaudy print, once objects of pride and pleasure to the unadulterated tastes of the rustic denizens of Galeria. The ashes are still piled on the lonely hearths, where, in winter nights, merry faces were assembled round the blazing fire; and melancholy echoes resound to the footsteps of the stranger, where mirth once awakened joyous ones. Many articles of furniture were left in the houses when the inhabitants fled, apparently regardless of their moveables. The church, where prayers were offered up to the Deity, is now desecrated by the bird of night; and the cemetery, where repose the ashes of the dead, that last stronghold of the affections, is neglected, and perhaps forgotten. Powerful must be the motive which could induce persons to desert the last resting-place of those dear to them, that which constitutes the most binding tie of home—the ashes of our dead, which, mingling with the earth of our country, gives it its most sacred claim on our memories and tenderness. The well, with its bucket and chain still dangling,—though the iron, from disuse, is thickly coated with rust,—looked the picture of desolation;

and the stone bench, sheltered by trees, where once sat the aged, as the young danced to the brisk sound of the *tambour de basque*, appeared not less solitary.

Though so early in the spring, an abundance of wild flowers were peeping through the tangled mazes of the ruined gardens scattered through the hamlet; and the rank grass was waving through the pavement of the streets, while innumerable birds were flitting about, and sending forth their joyful notes, which rendered the silence and solitude of the Deserted Village still more sad and gloomy. The guide who conducted us from the Osteria could, or would, give no explanation of the motive which led to the extraordinary desertion of the inhabitants of Galeria: but on questioning the people at the post-house on our return, a few hints, rather than an acknowledgment of the fact, led to the conclusion that some act of sacrilege, committed at the hamlet, had brought down excommunication on it, and led to the result we witnessed. Whatever might have been the cause, the effect was striking; and I have never beheld a more interesting or romantic spot than the secluded and ruined village of Galeria.

*April.*—Mr. Hope, the son of the author of Anastatius, has arrived here, and has brought an introduction to us. He is gentlemanly in his manners, but so is now almost every young Englishman of good family, and he is vivacious and intelligent, which all of them, I grieve to say, are not; witness the difficulty often experienced in maintaining anything like conversation with many of those worthies. The son of a very clever father must be more than ordinarily clever himself, to gain consideration for talents. People are so

prone to institute comparisons between the father and the son, and so disposed to adjudge the superiority to their contemporary, that the son is apt to be underrated. He shares the fate of an actor, who succeeds another in a very successful *rôle;* whatever may be his merit, the first impression being considered at best but a good copyist: or if he enacts the part differently, he will be found fault with, because his performance does not resemble that of him with whom he is compared. If a son happens to possess the qualities that distinguished his parent, people say, "Yes, he does remind one of his father, but how different!" If he has merit of another kind, they shake their heads, and say, "Ah, how unlike our old friend!"

*May.*—Walking in the gardens of the Vigna Palatina yesterday, with our amiable friend the owner, Mr. C. Mills, we were surprised by the arrival of the Prince and Princess de Montfort, and their children, with Madame Letitia Bonaparte, or *Madame Mère,* as she is generally called, attended by her chaplain, *dame de compagnie*, and others of their joint suite. Having heard that Madame Mère disliked meeting strangers, we retired to a distant part of the garden; but the ex-King of Westphalia having recognised my carriage in the court-yard, sent to request us to join them, and presented us to his mother and wife. Madame Letitia Bonaparte is tall and slight, her figure gently bowed by age, but, nevertheless, dignified and graceful. Her face is, even still, remarkably handsome, bearing proof of the accuracy of Canova's admirable statue of her; and a finer personification of a Roman matron could

not be found, than is presented by this Hecuba of the Imperial Dynasty. She is pale, and the expression of her countenance is pensive, unless when occasionally lighted up by some observation, when her dark eye glances for a moment with animation, but quickly resumes its melancholy character again: yet even when animated, her manner retains its natural dignity and composure, and she seems born to represent the mother of kings. The Prince de Montfort and his excellent wife treat her with a watchful and respectful tenderness; each supported her, and suited their pace to her feeble steps, listening with deep attention to her observations. She was dressed in a robe of rich dark grey Levantine silk, and a bonnet of the same material, worn over a lace cap, with a black blonde veil. Her hair was divided *à-la-Madonna* (her own white hair), showing a high and pale forehead, marked by the furrows of care. A superb Cashmere shawl, that looked like a tribute from some barbaric sovereign, fell gracefully over her shoulders; and completed one of the most interesting pictures I ever beheld. I must not omit recording that her feet are small, and finely formed, and her hands admirable. Her voice is low, and sweet, with a certain tremulousness in it that denotes a deep sensibility. She spoke of the Emperor Napoleon; and her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

"I shall soon join him in that better world, where no tears are shed," said she, wiping away those that chased each other down her cheeks; "I thought I should have done so, long ago, but God sees what is best for us."

Sorrow, sanctified by resignation, has given to the countenance of this interesting woman an indescribable charm. The Prince and Princess de Montfort, led the conversation to other topics, in which *Madame Mère* joined, but by monosyllables; yet her manner was gracious and gentle, and marked by much of that affectionate earnestness which characterises Italian women, and particularly those of advanced years and elevated rank. When we had made the tour of the garden, walking very slowly, in order to avoid fatiguing her, she entered her carriage, into which she was assisted by Jerome, and my husband; the ex-King and Queen of Westphalia kissed her hand, the latter performing the ceremony with as profound a respect, as if a diadem encircled the brows of Letitia, and that she herself had not borne one. *Madame Mère* invited us to visit her, and at parting touched my forehead with her lips, and shook hands with Lord Blessington, saying kind and flattering things to us both. The gentlemen, including the Prince de Montfort, all remained with their hats off, until her carriage had driven away, when that of her son and his suite followed.

There was something highly dramatic in the whole scene of our interview. Here was the mother of a modern Cæsar, walking amidst the ruins of the palace of the ancient ones, lamenting a son whose fame had filled the four quarters of the globe, and formed an epoch in the history of Europe; her tottering steps supported by another son from whose brow the diadem had been torn, and who now, shorn of his splendour, reminded one of the poet's description of a dethroned sovereign :—

"He who has worn a crown,
When less than King, is less than other men:
A fallen star extinguished, leaving blank
Its place in Heaven."

The other supporter of *Madame Mère* added much to the effect of the picture. The daughter of kings of the old legitimate stock, and allied to half the reigning sovereigns of our day, she has nobly, femininely, and wisely adhered to the fallen fortunes of her husband, resisted the brilliant offers of her family, and shares the present comparatively obscure destiny of him, on whose throne her virtues shed a lustre. There is something touchingly beautiful in the respectful tenderness of this admirable Princess towards the aged mother of her husband, and her unceasing, and affectionate attention to him, and her children; while the unaffected sweetness of her manners inspired us with a more profound reverence for her than the possession of the most brilliant crown could have excited in our minds.

Colonel Tiburce Sebastiani, brother to the General of that name, a Corsican by birth, and connected with the Bonaparte family, told me at Avignon, that *Madame Mère's* accouchement of Napoleon took place in a *salon*, on a carpet, on which was represented a scene in the "Iliad." She had been to church, where she was taken ill, and had only time to be brought back to her house, and placed in the first *salon* on the *rez-de-chaussée*, when she gave birth to a hero, destined to create as much wonder in modern days, as did any of those of Homer in ancient times. How far this natal contact with imagined heroes may have influenced the future destiny of Napoleon, might serve as

a curious subject for speculation to idealists; and persons are not wanting who would maintain that it had a considerable one!—so prone are mankind to superstition. Great, however, as all must allow Napoleon to have been, not even his abilities could have raised him to the eminence he attained, had not circumstances, over which he had no control, rendered his ascent practicable. Colonel Sebastiani told me, that while her children were yet in infancy, Madame Letitia Bonaparte had been remarked for the dignity and self-possession of her manner, and conduct. With a large family and a small income, she practised a rigid system of economy, which never degenerated into meanness; and this prudence seemed in her to be much more the result of a laudable pride, and principle, than of avarice. In later years, when she saw her son not only a monarch himself, but the dictator of monarchs, with all Europe (England excepted) looking to him as the arbiter of her destiny, neither the palaces, nor the income of a million of francs which he assigned her, could blind her to the insecurity of his power, which she saw was based on sand, while all others considered it to be built on a rock. The economy urged by foresight, and practised by this sensible woman, when the necessity of such a measure was deemed out of the pale of possibility, has enabled her to support her station with decent dignity, and renders her old age exempt from all pecuniary cares.

With Napoleon's quick perception of the effect produced by his near relations on those around him, and with the *fierté* which formed a characteristic of

his nature, it was peculiarly fortunate that his mother's appearance was so calculated to assort with the rank to which she was elevated. Her tall and slender figure, her graceful demeanour, distinguished countenance, and cold, but polite manners, were well suited to the part she had to fill. It is recorded of her, that one day at the palace of the Tuileries, Napoleon, walking up and down in the *salle de reception*, was approached by different high personages, who had the *entrée*, and who came to kiss his hand: some of the members of the Imperial family were among the number, and *Madame Mère* entered when the courtly circle was reduced to only a few of these last. When she approached, Napoleon, with a gracious smile, offered her his hand, as he had previously done to his sisters and brothers, but she gently repulsed it; and holding out hers to him to be kissed, said in Italian, "You are the Emperor, the Sovereign of all the others," looking round, "but *you* are *my* son." Napoleon took her hand, and kissed it affectionately and respectfully; and probably never felt more satisfied with his mother than when she uttered this dignified rebuke. The eminence to which Napoleon was raised might have dazzled a less strong mind, and have rendered giddy a less steady head, than that of Madame Letitia; but she was neither to be elated by prosperity, nor depressed by adversity. In Napoleon's most prosperous days, she has been heard to doubt the constancy of fortune; and since he has fallen from a height that few but he could have attained, it is evident that she mourns the son of her affection, more than the Emperor of her pride: the

reverses of the latter she could have borne, but the exile and captivity of the former have bowed her to the earth. The Duc de Reichstadt is said to occupy much of her thoughts, which, since Napoleon's death, revert continually to this interesting youth. There is so much self-control in the manners of Letitia, that conclusions are drawn more from the expression of her countenance, significant shakes of the head, or deep sighs, than from her words. Though gracious and kind, she is neither demonstrative nor communicative, and there is a natural dignity about her that must ever check the incursions of curiosity. She may well be called the Niobe of Mothers; for if her offspring have not been physically destroyed before her eyes, they have been one by one hurled from the thrones where they had been seated. Exiled from the scenes of their greatness, and shorn of the splendour with which she had seen them surrounded, with nothing left them but the remembrance of past happiness, which renders the present change in their destinies more insupportable, Letitia finds in religion her only source of consolation. She sought the aid of this sure prop when grandeur courted her; and it has not failed her, when all else eluded her wounded heart.

Spent two hours yesterday with the ex-King and Queen of Westphalia, at present known as the *Prince* and *Princesse* de Montfort. Jerome Buonaparte is sensible, well-informed, and well-bred, with a good-natured kindness of manner, that detracts not from the dignity acquired by having possessed sovereign power. The *Princesse* is a daughter of the King of Wirtemberg, consequently is nearly related to our

royal family, to whom she bears a striking resemblance. The *Prince* de Montfort still retains the shadow of the regal station, of which he has lost the substance. An etiquette, bordering on that of royalty, is kept up in his palace. Visitors are conducted by a Chamberlain to the presence of the ex-King and Queen, who give them an audience in the *grand salon de reception*, attended by *une dame d'honneur, et un gentilhomme de chambre.* We were received with great politeness; and the constraint of ceremony was soon broken through, by their asking us various and pertinent questions relative to England, about which they seemed to experience much interest. Two remarkably fine children, a boy and girl, with the preceptor of one, and the governess of the other, were present; and both parents seemed gratified by our admiration of them.

The *Princesse* is of the middle stature, rather disposed to *embonpoint;* her complexion fresh, her hair brown, her features regular, and her countenance beaming with good humour and kindness. Her manners are dignified, mild, unaffected, and gracious; her conversation intelligent, and betraying, rather than displaying, a very cultivated mind. Without the *prestige* attached to her high birth, reverses, and admirable qualities, she must always excite a lively sentiment of respect and esteem from the heroic firmness with which she has adhered to her conjugal duties; and refused, when the fortunes of Napoleon had fallen, the most brilliant offers to forsake her husband, and return to the bosom of her

family. If Jerome has lost a throne, he has found what thrones cannot give, a wife who is a model for her sex; and one on whom the frowns of destiny have had no other effect, than to bring forth more prominently virtues which prove that, however she may have adorned a crown, she could not derive a purer lustre from it, than her many high qualities impart to her. The Prince de Montfort appears fully sensible of the value of the treasure he possesses in this truly admirable Princess; and is a most affectionate and devoted husband and father.

The palace in which the Prince and Princess de Montfort reside is a very large one, containing a fine suite of apartments, richly and tastefully furnished. Two rooms are appropriated to memorials of the Emperor Napoleon; one is hung with engravings of all his battles, in which he of course is the conspicuous object; and the other contains prints from all the portraits painted of him, from his first step on the ladder of glory to the pinnacle: underneath which are a second series of prints from pictures painted since his reverses, concluding with one representing the last scene of the drama of his eventful life, his death-bed, and tomb at St. Helena. Three of the hats worn in battle, and sundry pairs of gloves used on the same occasions, are placed in glass cases beneath the engravings of the actions where they were worn. Here, surrounded by all the memorials of his greatness, closed by that of his humble tomb in exile, there was ample food for reflection; and no more striking example of the instability of human grandeur, and the nothingness of

ambition, could be given. The next room contained a series of portraits in oil, by the best French artists, of the Emperor Napoleon in his imperial and military costume; and the resemblance between him and the Prince de Montfort struck me as being very remarkable. There was a warm sentiment of fraternal affection in thus dedicating these apartments to the memory of the Emperor, that showed how fondly his memory is cherished, and kept apart from the every-day business of life by his family; and in viewing these memorials of him, strong evidences of the feeling were visible in his brother.

A large gallery was filled with full-length portraits of the Prince and Princess de Montfort, painted when they sat on the throne of Westphalia, with various other pictures, representing them at different periods of their regal career, surrounded by portraits of all the individuals of the imperial family. The portrait of the Princess Pauline Borghese, which is considered a perfect resemblance, is exquisitely beautiful; and the Princess de Montfort observed, when we commented on its extraordinary loveliness, that it was less beautiful than the original. The *boudoir, chambre-de-toilette,* and *chambre-à-couché,* of the Princess, are richly furnished. The hangings are of satin, and all the articles in the rooms, either useful or ornamental, are of the rarest and most magnificent description, being those used in her days of sovereignty.

But amid all this splendour, indications of the domestic habits, and simple but refined tastes of the Princess are everywhere visible. Her writing-

table, with its *tiroir* open, showed that she had been making extracts from a favourite author placed by it : a recess, well filled with a select collection of books, and portraits of her children and family were hung around. In an *armoire* with glass doors, were placed the various gifts presented to her on birth and fête days, forming a very valuable and unique collection. The Prince de Montfort showed us a large case filled with arms of the most costly description, the greater number of which had belonged to the Emperor Napoleon. The handles of many of them are set with precious stones of great value.

The Princess expressed a strong desire to visit England, but added, and she sighed while making the reflection, "I am too nearly related to the royal family of England to go there, situated as we are, without feeling myself placed in a painful position. My children may perhaps visit it under more propitious circumstances!"

Few women were ever more beloved and esteemed, and few certainly ever more merited to be so, than the Princess de Montfort. What a contrast does her conduct present to that of the Empress Marie Louise ! The reverses of Jerome have only served to render her still more devoted to him, and she has found her reward in the happiness of her domestic life ; idolized by her grateful husband, and venerated by all around her. The unpretending amiability and kindness of this Princess, uncomplainingly conforming to the circumstances in which the vicissitudes of life have placed her, argue much, not only for the superiority of her head and heart, but for the family

whence she has sprung, and the education she has received. Wherever she is known, her virtues shed a lustre on the house of Wirtemberg, and the strangers who visit Rome from every country unite in offering homage to her character.

I met *La Contessa* Guiccioli last night at the *Duchesse de* St. Leu's. I had previously been introduced to her at a *fête* given by the *Duc de* Laval Montmorencie, and at other places. She is much admired, and liked, and merits to be so, for her appearance is highly prepossessing, her manners remarkably distinguished, and her conversation *spirituelle* and interesting. Her face is decidedly handsome, the features regular and well proportioned, her complexion delicately fair, her teeth very fine, and her hair of that rich golden tint which is peculiar to the female pictures by Titian and Georgioni. Her countenance is very pleasing: its general character is pensive; but it can be lit up with animation and gaiety, when its expression is very agreeable. Her bust and arms are exquisitely beautiful, and her whole appearance reminds one very strikingly of the best portraits in the Venetian school. *La Contessa* Guiccioli is well educated and highly accomplished, she speaks her native language with remarkable purity, French with great fluency, and understands English perfectly. Her reading has been extensive, her memory is retentive, and her imagination has been elevated by the study of the best poets of her own country and ours. With so many qualifications for society, it is not to be wondered

at, that her presence is much sought, and that those who knew her feel a lively interest in her favour.

To-morrow we leave the Eternal City — perhaps to see it *no more*. This presentiment filled me with sadness when I this evening from the Monte Pincio saw the golden sun sink beneath his purple clouds his last beams tingeing with a brilliant radiance the Angel on the fortress of St. Angelo, and the glorious dome of St. Peter's. How many evenings have I watched from that spot this beautiful sight, and wondered why others felt not the same delight in viewing it! And now, sun after sun will sink, but I shall be far away from the scene whence I so loved to witness its departing glory. I have taken leave of my favourite haunts, the Coliseum, St. Peter's and the Pantheon, as if they were dear friends, instead of inanimate objects, and never will they be viewed by eyes more partial to them than mine.

We dine at the Vigna Palatina, where our kind friend Mr. Mills has assembled those of our Roman friends most dear to us, with our good Gell, and Mr and Mrs. Dodwell. I shall pass with them the first melancholy hours I ever knew in their society Yes, parting is a sad ceremony!

THE END.

London :—Printed by W. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street.